



Minervas Laureate breathe, whose face  
 I here acquainted first with brass:  
 His lofty stile, yet smooth and trim,  
 Can make ev'n Tumours beautiful seem.  
 Rome's Orpheus, who creates a GROVE,  
 Which to th' Musicke could but move:  
 Singing Thebes's Ruines, hee does teach  
 The listening stones to mend the breach.  
 Wouldst know him? read his strainer Thould find  
 This shews his face, but Those his Mind.

AN ESSAY  
 UPON  
 STATIVS:  
 OR,  
 THE FIVE FIRST BOOKS  
 OF  
 PUBLI PAPINIUS STATIUS  
 his THEBAIS.

Done into English Verse  
 By T. S.  
 With the Poetick History Illustrated.



JUVENAL. Sat. 7.  
*Tunc par ingenio pretium: nunc utile multis.  
 Pallere, & toto vinum nescire Decembri.*

L O N D O N,  
 Printed for Richard Royston, at the Angel  
 in Ivy-Lane. 1648.



NOBILI AMICORUM PARI,  
Do. G#LIELMO PASTON BARONETTO,  
E T

Do. G#LIELMO D'OTLY EQV: AVRATO,  
MVSARVM EXVLVM ASYLIS, ET  
RELIGIONIS PROFLIGATAE ASSERTORIBVS,  
PATRONIS EIVS PLVRIMVM HONORANDIS,

THOMAS STEPHENS

VOTO ET MANCIPI CLIENS ADDICTISSIMVS,  
HASCE STATIANAS PRIMITIAS,  
IN GRATI ANIMI TESTIMONIUM, L. M.  
M. M. D. D. C. Q. :



## To the ingenuous Reader.

READER,

**T**hou art here presented with a piece of Statius metaphrased: The Authour was twice crowned Laureate, in the most Poeticke, and best judging Times. It is not the least part of his glory, that he deserv'd Juvenals envy, as some judiciously suspect the applauding Satyrist. I intend to pick no quarrels with his Name or Country: but shall be well satisfied, if thy courtesie will allow him to be Naturaliz'd amongst us. For those Criticall pens which have published their ingenious disputes, between Ursulus and Surculus, (although, I conceive, neither were of kin to our Statius) would have deserv'd better of the Common-wealth of Learning, if they had held a torch to the darke and mysterious places of the Poem: Which, I dare say, would not be so much neglected, but that it is so little understood. The subject matter of the worke, is the most ancient of any History recorded by the Poets: And were it not preserv'd in our Authour, it had been, long since, worne out by Time: Appearing now like old ruines, which preserve the memory of a place, although the forme be wholly decay'd. For those (a) teeming wits, which have been delive-

<sup>a</sup> Homer (applauded by Pausanias: ) Autimachus, Ponticus, &c.

red

## To the Reader.

red of Poems on the same subject, (the comparing of which, would have been the best light to an interpreter :) have nothing but their Names, now remaining. The iniquity of Time! which has not onely defaced Thebes, but rob'd us of that Poesy which might repaire it: at least with paper-wals, more lasting then Amphions stones.

The translation was meditated, midst all the clamour and imployments of a publike Schoole; and so, cannot be so accomplish'd, as might be expected from a vacant retirednesse. And, when I shall tell thee, that it was intended for a help to my Scholars, for understanding the Poet, thou wilt not wonder at my marginal explications of the Poeticke story. Those grander proficients, who have digested that in their owne braines, may save themselves a labour of glancing on them: (I would provoke no man to looke asquint :) For others that want bladders, however in honour perhaps they had rather sinke, safety will perswade them to swim with this inferiour help.

I know the common Fate of Translations, which are seldome read intire, but by snatches; and such pieces onely, as are pre-judg'd by the critick Reader, where the Translatour is sentenc'd, according as he jumps with the others fancy. Yet censure me as thou wilt: So I benefit any, I have my end: And if any thing here prove satisfactory to my candid, ingenuous Friends, it will encourage my progresse in that worke, which otherwise here receives its period. Farewell.

In Statium omnibus numeris accurate Anglicā  
Poesi donatum, a doctissimo viro  
Dno. Stephens.

Nec dignius unquam  
Majestas mentitur sese Romana locutam.

Claudian.

Quis novus hic Hermes vatem felicibus umbris  
Evocat? & lucem tanto cultore superbam  
Elysiis viduat? Manes, quibus esse sodalis  
Dignatus fueris, merent; passim innuba laurus,  
Et Paphia marcent myrti, florentque cupressi.  
Post Coam quisnam Venerem tenuaret Apellem?  
Hoc facit! Auctoris tamen hic Veneres, Charitesque  
Spiras, & in versu redituus Statius omni.  
Embeus ille calor vatis migravit, & in Te  
Congestus: major collectis viribus exit.  
Atque eris ambiguum populo fortasse nepotum,  
Interpres potius fueris dicendus, an Auctor.  
Tam similis vix ipse sui est: Sic garrula vocem  
Nymphæ referit, repetitque sonos, lingua æmula nostræ.  
Non adeo similes, peperit quos Leda, gemelli;  
Lactea utrique cœna est, par frons, cademque genarum  
Purpura, consimiles accendunt lumina flammæ.  
Thebana portenta domus, Iocasta marito  
Quos peperit fratres, confusa enigmata stirpis  
(Heu! male virginem que incestum uomina chartam)  
Dum recitas, alio superas ea monstra Cothurno.  
Si pulchras pingas (fucus decet iste) puellas;  
Si non illarum, flagramus amore Poetæ:  
A facie nulla, veniunt sed ab Arte sagitta,  
Sini tædas celebres, & casti fœdera læsti,  
Frigida corripitur tam pura Cælia flammâ,  
Imagæque rapi vellest, vel spouse Sabina.  
Personat & jam festus Hymen, ducuntur ad aras  
Nativæque crocus muratur sanguinis ostro.  
Sponsæ, virginco tinguntur popla rubore.  
Stupet strim cantes, nobis suis alacra crescit,  
(Tamahic hic fieri quis vult? ) sola levare  
Hæm Agarippæ poterit Permessidos unda.  
Quo pede capisti faustè pergas, iterumque  
Theban surgent meliore Amphione muri,

Reginaldus Bekenham.

To his approved friend, and late reverend Master  
Mr. Thomas Stephens on his judicious, and  
incomparable Translation of Statius.

Diamonds forme diamonds: who'd know the just  
Length of your worth, by your own labours must  
Take meature. Honour to my verse it is  
(Admired Sir) to dawning th' frontispice  
And usher day, which flowers in each page  
Of your learn'd Paraphrase: which should my rage  
(Misguiding-folly rather) fondly praise  
'Bove the deserving text and Authors bayes,  
Swear th' anger kindled in the brethrens pile,  
Duels more sprightly in an English stile,  
'Twould injure him and you. To overdraw  
Were error in Apelles 'gainst the Law  
Imagery commands, since in these arts  
The beauty of the liknesse wonder darts,  
And makes the miracle; Hence flows your fame,  
We can but onely say 'tis not the same.  
The short-liv'd issues then of such, whose braine  
Needes others workes as bladders in the maine  
Of wit and fancy, these we terme Translation;  
You're brooke no other Title then creation.  
From the old Latin stock new stemmes are sprung,  
Statius new borne, speaks a new mother tongue.  
Live then bright Suns of Masculine Poetry  
Phoenix and heire at once, Parcelii,  
These and all else are weake, except that one  
Betweene your selves there's no comparison.

Rob: Baldocke.

Argia & Di-  
phile.

Lib. 2.

Lib. 4.

To my honoured friend Mr. Thomas Stephens on his  
admirable Comment and Translation of the  
first five bookes of the Thebaid.

**A**Rt, Sir, workes miracles: she can Revive  
Men dead, in years and Fame, and bid them Live;  
And speake a Language which they knew not, and  
More sense perhaps, then They did understand.  
(Some Comments courtcouſly bely, and wit  
Authors into more Raptures, then they writ.)  
Your Statius ne're knew English ſure: ſcarce we  
Know it our ſelves, but by Dictionary;  
Tis ſo new caſt, and molded, we oft looke  
For our owne Mother-tongue i'th' conſtring-booke:  
Yet here he ſpeakes't ſo in the mode and trim,  
The Finers ſelves envy both you, and him;  
Who is your debter for his ſtuffe, and glaſe;  
His text owes wit unto your Paraphraſe.  
Which you ſo turn'd, wrought, ſweat untill you hit  
What Statius in Engliſh ſhould have writ.  
Which coſt you ſo oft watchings, it pleads right  
To ſhine now: Day's due, after ſo many nights.  
Five Bookes, ſo abſolutely juſt, and beſt,  
There's nothing wanting to them, but the reſt:  
For Comment and Translation ſo agree,  
They ſhew the Beauty, and they helpe us ſee.  
Strange Artiſt! who doeſt thus miraculoſly  
Paint Shapes: And then paint'ſt Day to view them by.

Clem: Paman.

To his much honoured friend, and late reverend  
Maſter, Mr. Thomas Stephens, on his  
deſerving Translation of  
Statius.

**T**He world's refin'd, we ſee; and golden wits  
Spring up i'th' iron age; more terſeneſſe ſits  
On Pallas's ſmoother brow; and every river  
Can nobler ſtreames then Helicon deliver.

If ſo, why are thoſe a Feſtivals forbid  
That crown'd our Author? where's the baies that did  
Inrich his glorious head? ſhall vertue riſe  
To a higher pitch, and have a cheaper price?

Yet with neglect there's ſafety: Seldome's praiſe  
Secure, but emulation blaſts the baies.  
If thou wrot'ſt Laureate too, others we ſee  
Have envy'd Him, his Ghoſt would envy Thee.

a The Quinquatria, in which Statius was crown'd.

Perrig: Doyly.

To his highly esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Stephens,  
on his incomparable Translation of Statius.

WE thanke you (Noble Sir) you've caus'd to be,  
What we have wish'd, but yet despair to see :  
Statius translated ; One, all Spbinx to us,  
Till we had met with Thee, an OEdipus.  
T' encounter whom, 'tis far more glory then  
Iudeus his conquering of the fifty Men.  
And thus Ethocles with his Brother, are  
In Thee more glorious, then in Thebes they were,  
Thou writest of Princes, yet I'de rather be  
Aubour, then subject of thy Poetry :  
And yet be Prince too ; since thou art of all  
Minerva's traine, the wit imperiall.  
The Muses here had ne're been free from doubt,  
Had'st not Thou Hermes come to helpe them out.  
'Tis that which raises wonder to thy Booke.  
To see therein light out of darkenesse strooke.  
Lucan and Ovid, with such easie men,  
Are a fit worke for a meere Rimers pen :  
And cryptick Furcival, though darke he be,  
We see unlighted is by Farnaby.  
This makes me praise thy choice ; thou'lt ta'ne a Poet,  
Which to translate, is to be Author of it.  
For had we not thy clear invention seen,  
Statius to us had not half publish'd been.  
Methinkes, I hear the Aubours ghost repine,  
To see his owne worke thus out-vied by thine.  
Now let dull Rabbies, that learne nothing better,  
Then to pick quarrels with an Hebrew letter ;  
(Of which crook'd Characters, to find the way,  
They make their faces more deform'd, then They : )  
Let them contemne thy Booke : Thy Noble straines  
Are made for clever, and unwrinkled braines.  
Go on ; make up the rest ; and let us know  
The perfect height, that Art can reach unto :  
That so the learned World may owe Thee more  
Then to the Authors selfe it did before.  
When thou hast thus displaid the Thebane war,  
'Twill be more during, then tis Ancient far.

Thomas Poley.

In eruditissimum Statiana Thebaidos interpretem, olim  
Praeceptorem ejus observandum.

Qualiter in mundi votis, aviūque querelis,  
Nata recens, surgit gratior inde dies :  
It meliore comā, flavos spondetque capillos,  
Lamigo tenera lucis, Apollo, tuae :  
Nostratis Stari, sic dum crepuscula spargis,  
Optamus totam, quae sine nube, diem :  
Sylvæ ut detonsæ, cælo videantur aperto ;  
Nulla sit obscuro textilis umbra loco.

Sic erit ; & lætam faciet nunc Statius urbem :  
Thebais & populo fiet amica novo.

Gulielmus Copinger.

To his ingenious friend Mr. Tho: Stephens concerning  
his judicious Translation of Statius his Thebais.

I'M not ambitious that the Presse should sweare  
In torturing the harmeleffe Alphabet  
To print my rurall Genius ; nor do I  
Pride it to list my common Poetry  
'Mongst those Commander-wits which lead the Van  
Of thy Heroicke wars, whose each pen can  
Muste an Army of Poetick straines.  
To rout those Rebels of the vulgar braines  
Ignorance, envy, obloquie, and scorne  
And truely make all their base hopes forlorne :  
No 'tis thy love, 'tis thy word of Command  
In thy Battalia's front makes me thus stand  
And dare the peevish world to charge thy wit  
Censure-proof with what e're would pistoll it.  
Let envy squint her venom'd lightning, Thou  
Shalt stand unblasted with thy Laureate brow.

Ch: Woodward.

# ERRATA.

Reader, thy ingenuity will correct those literall errors, which doe not much pervert the sense; especially if thou have reference to the Latine Copy. The most materiall I have thus observed.

**P**Ag. 1. in the Comment, lin. 1. read, ravish'd. p. 4. ver. 93. r. Then bear; I. p. 17. dele lineam primam. p. 42. in the Comment, 14. r. venomous; Lytarge. (y) —. p. 56. v. 715. r. Fove's. p. 72. 308. r. Harmione. p. 78. in the Comment, l. 6. r. Oicles. p. 83. 629. r. stumps and rocks. p. 109. v. 613. r. hated God. p. 115. in the Comment. m. r. almost all winter. p. 116. v. 761. r. shrill. p. 118. v. 814. r. sleepe. p. 118. v. 827. r. curled. p. 119. in the Comment l. 1. Interpone, m, A fontaine or well in the Nemeæan wood. p. 120. v. 889. r. Curetes. p. 122. in the Comment. l. 5. interpone, 1. on whose bankes Laurels. & l. 6. r. Theſſalian river. p. 123. r. now's the. p. 126. v. 89. r. women. p. 130. v. 196. r. angry (y) God. p. 131. in the Comment, r. \* solvit sua Brachia. p. 137. v. 426. r. sterne. p. 138. v. 441. r. corne p. 140. v. 499. r. close flames. in the Comment, interpone, d, Sou to Thiodomas, squire to Hercules. and in the Comment, l. 6. r. Heroes (d) of the losse. p. 141. v. 523. r. and nurse.

## Argument. Lib. 1. Statii Thebaidos.

*Blinde OEdipus, th' incestuous parricide,  
Invokes Tisiphone to scourge the pride  
Of's scornfull sons: Who reigne by joynt consent,  
In course; then change their Crownes for banish-  
The first lot fell t' Etheocles: But Jove (ment.  
Sends Hermes down, for Laius Ghost, to move  
Quarrels between them. Polynices flies  
To Argos, weather-beaten: Thither hies  
Young Tydeus too: There they contest, and fight:  
Till King Adrastus, thus disturb'd i'th' night, (follow  
Makes peace; invites them; asks their names: They  
To'th' Altars; where he chaunts Hymnes to Apollo.*

**A** Sacred heat inflames me, to relate  
The (a) Brethrens quarrels, and inveterate hate  
For an alternate Crown; and to rehearse  
Thebes's guilt. Great Powers, whence shall I fetch my verse?  
5 Shall I that Nations infancy display?  
(b) Europa's rape? (c) Agenor's fatall Law?  
Or Cadmus scowring th' Ocean? 'Twere too far,  
Should I discourse, how th' (d) Plowman, sowing war  
In his seditious furrows, stood amaz'd  
10 At his own new-sprung blades: How th' wals were rais'd  
With Tyrian Stones, charm'd by Amphions ditty:

(a) Etheocles and Polynices. (b) Banished by Jupiter (c) Forbid-  
ding his son Cadmus to return without his sister Europa: (d) Cadmus  
in the place sowed serpents teeth, which grew to Giants, who killed  
one another.

Whence grew that (e) rage, wch seiz'd on (f) *Bacchus's* City:  
(Sterne (g) *Juno*, twas thy work : ) against whose brow,  
Unhappy (h) *Athamas* did bend his bow :  
Why, slighting the Ionick sea, the (i) Mother  
Leapt with *Palamon* in, the second Brother.

But farewell these ; farewell both grief and joy,  
Which *Cadmus* found : The miseries which annoy  
The house of *OEdipus* must be my song :  
Who dare not sing the triumphs that belong  
To (k) *Cæsars* banners ; nor the double baies  
He bore from (l) *Rheine*, or *Danow* : Or that praise  
The conquer'd *Dacians* yeild him, who were thrown  
Down from the (m) Hills they curs'd us on. 'Tis known  
How's (n) infant years brought succour to, the glory  
Of *Jove*, *Romes* Capitol — Thou larger story  
Of great *Vespasians* name, borne to compleat  
Thy Fathers Vict'ries, whom this (o) Royall seat  
Wishes eternall : Though the starres be crowded  
In narrower compasse ; Though the never-clouded  
East, the cold North, and Southerne climate, free  
From blasts, invite Thee : Though *Apollo* be  
Ambitious to set off his round with those  
Rich (p) glories of thy Raies : And *Jove* dispose  
Halfe of his mighty Throne to Thee, (Great Soule)  
Humble thy thoughts to earth, stoope to controule  
The Sea and Land ; a while Divinity smother,  
And make the heav'ns thy free gift to another.  
The time may come, when a diviner rage  
May swell my verse to thy great Acts. This page,

(e) By which *Agave* slew *Pembertus*. (f) *Semele* halfe Mother to *Bacchus* was a Thebane. (g) Jealous of *Jove* with *Semele*. (h) Who slew his son *Learchus*, instead of a young Lyon. (i) *Leucothoe*. (k) *Titus Domitianus* whom the Poet flatters. (l) He triumphed twice o're the Catti and Baravi. m Amongst these Nations mountaines were consecrated, on which they cursed their enemies. *Strab. Lib 7.* (n) *Domitian*, yet a child, freed his father from *Vitellius* his siege in the Capitol. (o) The *Romane* Empire. (p) The custome was to paint the Emperours with glories about their heads, in the similitude of gods.

Tun'd

45 Tun'd on my harpe, is fill'd with *Thebane* Wars ;  
One Crowne destructive to two Princes : jars  
Which death could put no end to ; funerall (q) flames  
15 Divided, like the soules they carry ; names  
Of dead Kings without Tombstones ; many a Towne  
50 I'th' ruines of the people overthrowne.  
When (r) *Dirce* blush'd, being stain'd with *Gracian* bloud :  
And *Joves*-beloved *Thetis* wondring stood  
20 To see (s) *Ismenos*, which was dry before,  
Flow with such violence and chide his shore.

55 What Champion (Muse) do'st first remember ? Is't  
Inraged *Tydeus* ? or *Apollo's* (t) Priest,  
Buried before he's dead ? Or is't the proud  
25 (u) *Hyppomedon*, whose slaughters stop the flood  
That overwhelm'd him ? Or wilt weep the tale  
60 Of young *Parthenopæus* funerall ?  
When that's spun out, take (x) *Capanæus*, and tell  
(But with a greater horror) how he fell.

30 The hand of *OEdipus* had eclips'd the light  
Of's wicked eyes, and brought eternall night  
65 Over his shame, whilst he still liv'd the longer,  
That he might long be dying : But a stronger  
Beam's darted from his soule, there Furies lyc  
35 In thousand shapes ( invited thither by  
His bosome sins ) which watch him ; whilst he hides  
70 Himselfe in his hugg'd darknesse, and resides  
In his close, unseen Chambers. Then he raises  
The fresh wounds he had made, those empty places  
Where's eyes had been, to heav'n : Beating the ground,  
The senselesse ground, with's bloody hands ; a sound  
40 Of horror thus breakes out : — Ye' infernall Fiends,

75 (q) When the two Brethren were burnt at one pile, that flame (as if it were angry) parted in the aire. (r) A founaine near *Thebes*. (s) A River of *Bæotia* emptying it selfe into *Euripus Euboicus*. (t) *Amphiaræus* who with his chariote was swallowed into the earth. (u) Fighting in the river *Hismeneta* he was drowned. (x) Brained with stones as he was scaling the walls of *Thebes*.



Which raigne or'e guiltinesse, and Hell, whose ends  
 Are narrower then our faults ; And thou darke Lake  
 Of *Styx*, whose prospect I, though blinde, can take.  
 Thou too, *Tisiphone*, which knowest best  
 That voice, th' hast heard so oft, grant this request :  
 If I have serv'd thee truly, whom I found  
 Nurse to my infancy, who heal'dst the wound  
 They (y) bored through my feet ; If I did go  
 At thy command to (z) *Cyrrha's* streames, which flow  
 Twixt the two-headed Hill, when I might rather  
 Have staid with (a) *Polybus*, my supposed Father.  
 Where in the Tower of (b) three-top'd *Phocis*, I  
 Grappled with th' hoary King, and did deny  
 Life to his trembling joints, seeking to find  
 What there I lost, a Father : If my mind  
 By thee inlightned could untie the knot  
 Of *Sphinx* her riddle : If the incestuous blot  
 By which I stain'd my (d) Mothers bed brought joyes  
 To my free spirit ; where I got thee boyes.  
 Straight on these hands I fell desiring death,  
 And to my Mother did mine eyes bequeath.  
 Then here I aske a noble boone, and that,  
 Which thou thy selfe would'st prompt : My sons of late  
 (Sonnes still, howe're (e) begotten) doe despise  
 Their mournfull Father, rob'd of's power, and's eyes.  
 They will not (f) guide me, will not cheere my heart  
 With words of comfort : But (O grievous smart !)  
 Grown proud, they raise their Scepters from my urne,  
 Triumph o're blindness, laughing when I mourne.  
 Am I accursed in these too? does dull *Jove*

(y) Then he was named *OEdipus*. This was commanded by his Father *Laius*, affrighted at the Oracle. (z) A Phocian City neere *Perunassus*. (a) King of *Corinib*, to whom *OEdipus* was presented by his Shepheard *Phorbas*. (b) Appearing with three Promontories. (c) His Father *Laius*. (d) *Jocasta* whom he married. (e) By incestuous marriage. (f) Onely his daughter *Antigone* would perform that office.

See this with silence ? Thou at least may'st prove  
 Their scourge : Sweet Mistresse of revenge, come hither,  
 Entaile a Curse upon their heirs for ever.

75 Put on that Diadem besmeard with gore,  
 105 Which from my fathers head these fingers tore.  
 Goe, winged with a Parents curse ; Divide  
 Between the Brethren : Let the sword decide  
 That title too : Dear Queen of Hell, invent  
 80 Some mischief, great as my desires : Th'event  
 110 Will shew their courage : Could'st thou plot a rage  
 Worthy their souls, they'd prove their Parentage.

This said : the Fury throwes a cruell glance  
 Upon him. She was sitting then by chance  
 85 On black *Cocytus* banks, where she did scatter  
 115 Her serpent locks, to let them drinke o'th water.  
 But swift as lightning, or some falling Star,  
 She flies from thence ; The ghosts give place, and fear  
 Their Mistresse presence : she her progresse makes  
 90 Through the black shades, where souls do swarm, and takes  
 The way to th' Iron gate ; at foot o'th' hill  
 Of (g) *Tenarus*, where's a free entrance still,  
 But no returne : The day shrunke from her sight,  
 And hid her selfe in that dark cloud, which night  
 95 Brought for her mantle : Distant (h) *Atlas* fled,  
 125 And let the heav'ns fall from his trembling head.  
 But from the plaines of (i) *Malea* she does hurry  
 I'th' beaten path to *Thebes* : Nor do's the Fury  
 Fly any way with greater speed, or takes  
 100 More joy in hell : A hundred (k) horned snakes  
 130 (The life-guard of her head) shades all her face ;  
 A darke black colour fills the hollow place,  
 Where stood her worn-out eyes : just as the Moone

(g) A *Laconim* promontory whence was supposed a passage to Hell.  
 (h) A high *Thessalian* Mountain, feigned to be Metamorphosed  
 from a man at the sight of the *Gorgow* head. (i) Part of the aforesaid  
 Promontory. (k) This kind of Serpent was ascribed to the Furies  
 locks for the more terror.

Blushes, when by Art (l) Magick shee's charm'd down.  
From heav'n. Thus puffing out her hollow cheekes  
With rage, and swolne with venom'd gore, there breakes  
A black flame from her ugly mouth : Whence came in  
An army of diseases ; Empty famine,  
Devouring plagues, grim death : Her tattered coate  
Sits wrinkled on her back, tied with a knot  
Or two about her : if she change that hue,  
The (m) Destinies spin her another clue.  
Then shakes she both her hands : this flames does weare,  
T'other with serpent fingers stings the ayre.

135

When she stood still, where long (n) Citharon meets  
Heaven with his cragged top, her hissing greets  
The earth so loud, that th'Ecchoed noise resounds  
Through vast (o) Achaia, and the Gracian townes.  
(p) Parnassius, the worlds navell, heard it : so  
Did sharpe (q) Eurotas ; doubtfull (r) O Ete too,  
Which totter'd at the sound. (s) Isthmos did wonder,  
And scarce had power to keep two seas asunder.

140

145

150

Leucothoe affrighted at the crack  
Pull'd her Palamon from the Dolphins back,  
And hid him in her lap. The Fury next  
Flying to (t) Cadmus Towers (which she had vexed  
With many stormes before ) begets strange passion  
I'th brethrens frighted mindes ; renews the fashion  
Of their u first founders rage ; then Envy tears  
Their tortur'd souls, and hate-begetting fears.

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(l) The superstition of the heathen thought that the Moon Eclipsed  
was conjur'd out of the heavens, at which time they sounded loud In-  
struments of brasse, lest she should hear their incantations. (m) Ju-  
stice is a servant to the Fates. (n) A mountain dedicated to Bacchus.  
(o) Containing Attica, Bœotia, Megaris, & Ætolia, and Phocis, besides  
the sea so called. (p) Proved to be the middle of the earth by Joves  
Eagles, which met there. (q) Laconia producing valiant men.  
r Whether belonging to Thessalia or Thracia. s A neck of land where  
Corinth stands, induring the violence of the waves on either side.  
t Thebes built by Cadmus, u The earth-born Gyants, which de-  
stroyed one another.

Now a desire of Government possessum :  
Their league is broke, whilst both strive to investum  
First, with the pall, and Scepter : Oh ! 'tis brave  
To be Lord Paramount, and not to have  
165 A partner in our royall Fortunes : Neither  
Will Crownes divided ever hold together.  
So, when the toying husband-man shall yoake  
Two untam'd steeres in's plow, they'l scorn the stroake  
They feele, and know not how, with down-press'd necks  
170 To draw such burthens : straight the carriage cracks,  
Rent with their sev'ral forces ; whilst they take  
Two divers paths, and crooked furrows make.  
Such was the Brethrens discord, such sterne Ire  
Had set an edge, on their untam'd desire.  
At length they cov'nant, year by year, t'exchange,  
175 By course, their Crownes for banishment : Tis strange,  
How they would cool their Fortunes : whilst the heire  
Gapes at the hopes of the succeeding yeare.  
This was that league, their wars were stopt upon :  
Scarce lasting to the next w Succession.

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And yet the world had not us'd then to guild  
Their seiled roofes, nor had it learn'd to build  
Piatzo's rais'd with x Gracian marble, able  
To shelter throng'd y retainers to their table :  
Kings slept (if Kings can sleep) without a Guard ;  
No Centinels at door kept watch and ward :  
No pretious Goblets made their wine look neat,  
No plates of gold were sullied with their meat :  
'Tis a bare power they seeke, an empty prize,  
A naked kingdome crownes their victories.  
Thus whilst both strive for a neglected soile,  
The humble throne of Cadmus, they defile  
Religion and themselves : The laws and right

w For the second year Ethocles denied it. x Lacedæmon and Corinth  
being most famous for it. y He alludes to the Romane custome of  
entertaining their clients with a sportula.

Are beaten down, & alive and dead they fight.  
 Misguided soules ! whither does passion bear you ? 195  
 What if both poles were th' purchase, should it dare you  
 To such impieties ? If all that's seen  
 By th' eye of heav'n, ith' East, or West, or when  
 He wanders out of's circle, to behold  
 The Southern heat, or squints o'th' Northern cold ? 200  
 What if *Tyre's* wealth, or *Phrygian* heaps invite you ?  
 But 'tis a dismall Palace does excite you  
 To rage : you'd buy from hell a wretched boone,  
 To sit in *OEdipus* his *a* cursed throne,  
 But now the lots are cast, and fate has crost 205  
 Stiffe *Polynices* hopes. How wast thou lost  
 In thine own joyes, proud *b* Tyrant then ? when all  
 About thee, were thy slaves ? when thou might'st call,  
 What 'ere thou fanciest, thine, and none deny thee ?  
 Yet by and by the commons whisper nigh thee 210  
 Some relish of dislike ; and (as they use)  
 The next successour in their heart they choose.  
 And one amongst the rest (whose minde was set  
 To blast the Scepter, and could never yet  
 With patience bear commands) cries out ; Oh Fate ! 215  
 Is't thus resolv'd to vex th' *c* *Ogygian* State ?  
 Must we exchange our fears still ? and indanger  
 Our subdu'd heads by course to serve a stranger ?  
 Th'ave made division of our lives, t'ave weaken'd  
 The hand of *d* Fortune. Shall I still be reckon'd 220  
 A bond-slave rul'd by banish'd spirits ? is't,  
 Great power of heaven and earth ! fixt in thy brest  
 To plague my country-men with such a doome ?  
 Or does this long-continu'd mischief come  
 Since *Cadmus* searching the *e* *Carpathian* seas, 225  
 & In their funerall flames. *a* The Scepter being alwaies fall to those  
 that sway'd it. *b* *Etheocles*, to whom the lot fell. *c* *Ogyges* was King of  
*Thebes* when the first deluge happened, long before that of *Dencalion*.  
*d* Choosing banishment willingly, the worst of misery. *e* *Carpathus* is  
 an Island twixt *Aegypt* and *Rhodes*, which names the sea about her.

For her who back'd the wanton *f* Bull, did please  
 To choose those fields of *g* *Hyas*, here t'rect  
 His new-found kingdome ? Might we else expect  
 This plague, from the first *h* Brethrens quarrels, when  
 230 Earth shew'd her sons, but call'd them back agen ?  
 D'ee mark, since t'others banishment, how sowre  
 He looks upon't ? How he has swell'd his power ?  
 How big his words ? how proud his pace is grown ?  
 Think you, that this man will be e're brought down  
 235 To his own private fortunes ? Yet we find  
 That none was once more gentle, just, and kind :  
 And reason good : he had a rivall then,  
 But we're contrould by all : Poor, abject men.  
 Like as two winds, from sev'rall quarters met,  
 240 Scuffle for mastery o're the sayles, and wet  
 The top-mast in the churlish waves : such fate  
 Hangs o're this doubtfull, this distracted State.  
 One Prince commands obedience, whilst t'other  
 Threatens as much if they obey his brother.  
 245 But at *Joves* high command the gods resort  
 To heavens Star-chamber : 'Twas the inner Court  
 Where they assembled, *i* equally between  
 The East and Western houses : whence was seen  
 The confines of the earth and seas : *k* The God  
 250 Shining i'th' mid'st, strikes terrour with the nod  
 Of his majestick countenance : Anon  
 He sets him downe, in his bespangled throne.  
 The rest stand, and expect : not one presum'd  
 To sit, till leave was beckned : Then they assum'd  
 255 The Demy-gods, toth' place they had assign'd ;  
 And th' heaven-begotten *l* Rivers : Nay the wind

*f* *Europa* *Cadmus's* sister, stoln by *Jupiter*, transformed to a bull. *g* Once  
 King of this place, after whose name, the *Basotians* were once called.  
*h* The Gyants springing from the Dragons teeth, who destroyed one  
 another. *i* In the middle of the heavens. *k* *Jupiter*. *l* Growing from  
 the raine, distilling out of the clouds.

Comes whistling too ; but's breath was stopt with fear.  
 Thus having fill'd the starry Quire, they wear  
 Such Majesty about them, that the face  
 Of heav'n's amaz'd : Such beauty fills the place, 260  
 That more then day breakes thence : The roofe's all gold,  
 The beames of *Chrysolite* hidden flames doe hold.  
 Having commanded silence, all the round  
 Gave care and trembled : ( for within that sound  
 Was an unchang'd decree ; the *m* Fates did make  
 His words a law : ) thus then aloft he spake. 265

The tainted earth; and mans polluted soul  
 I here impeach, whom vengeance can't controul.  
 How long shall guilty cries awake my rage ?  
 This arme istir'd with thundering. 'Tis an age'  
 Has wearied out the *n* Cyclops. Ev'ry cinder 270  
 In *Vulcan's* shop's burnt out. I would not hinder  
 Thy horses (*Phæbus*) ranging where they list  
 To fire the world, when their false *p* guide was mis't,  
 Hoping they would refine't : But all in vaine, 275  
 As was thy labour, *Neptune*, when the *q* Maine,  
 Rais'd by thy trident, found a way to passe  
 Beyond its bounds, and wash'd Earths dirty face.  
 Now come we arm'd with vengeance 'gainst two Nations  
 Sprung from our *r* loynes : One's *Greece*, the habitations 280  
 Of *Perseus* : T'other's *Thebes*, built in that tract,  
 Which men once call'd *s* *Aonia* : One neglect  
 Has seiz'd on all their soules. Who does not know  
*Cadmus* his ruines ? Whilst the powers below,  
 Charu'd from their darker vaults, oft quarrel'd here. 285

*m* Divinely enough, contrary to the fond opinion of the *Stoicks*.  
*n* *Vulcan's* men which made *Jove* his thunderbolts. *o* *Ætna*, the flaming Sicilian Mount. *p* *Phaeton* throwne headlong into the river *Pardus*. *q* In the great deluge. *r* The *Argives* challenge from *Perseus* the son of *Jove* and *Danaë*, the *Thebans* from *Cadmus*, of the line of *Epaphus*. *s* Afterward *Bæotia*, from the Oxe which the Oracle commanded *Cadmus* to follow.

D'ee see their *t* Matrons wicked joyes ? D'ee heare  
 The out-cries from their *u* groves ? I would conceal  
 Those daring sins that strike at *w* heav'n : to tell  
 All those lewd manners, which defile that place,  
 One day and night would be too short a space. 290  
 Yet *OEdipus*, more fruitfull in his sin,  
 Covets his Fathers bed, and strives to win  
 Strange pleasures from his Mother. Who, before him,  
 E're forc'd a passage to that wombe that bore him ?  
 But just revenge has *x* reach'd him : He has banish'd 295  
 All day, and comfort : Heav'n it selfe is vanish'd  
 Out of his sight : whilst his malignant brood  
 (Wicked beyond all president ) have stood  
 Triumphant o're his blindness. Th' hast obtain'd,  
 300 Old Mischief, what thou ask'dst : Thy *y* night has gain'd  
*Joves* care, and's hand : Ile arme their rage, and mock  
 At th' ruine of both kingdoms : All that stock  
 Ile root and branch destroy. The quarrel's spun  
 With ease : *z* *Adrastus* pitying's exil'd son,  
 305 Joyn'd to that *a* Line unhappily, shall give  
 Assistance. 'Tis decreed : Nor must they live.  
 Deceitfull *b* *Tantalus* sticks in our breast :  
 We han't digested yet his bloody feast.  
 So spake the God : But *Juno* deeply wounded  
 310 With such unlook'd-for news, this answer rounded.  
 Must I to Armes (great Justice ? ) must I fight ?  
 'Tis known full well, what strength of men, what might  
 I always brought to th' towers of *c* *Greece* : that Crowne

*t* As that of *Agave* triumphing in *Pentheus's* death, and that of *Jocasta's* incest. *u* Where *Athamas* slew his son *Learchus*. *w* As *Niobe* against *Latona*, *Pentheus* against *Bacchus*, and *Senecle* against *Juno*. *x* Having torn out his eyes. *y* Of blindness. *z* King of the *Argives*. *a* His daughter *Argia*, was married afterward to *Polynices*, but it is spoken here as if done and past, as all things are in the foreknowledge of the gods. *b* Once King there, who intending to try the divinity of the gods, whom he had invited, serv'd up his son *Pelops* to the table. *c* Call'd the *Cyclops* towers for the excellency of the workmanship.

Which my *d Phoronæus* wore, with what renowne  
 Hast flourish't? I have wink'd at one dull sleight,  
 When sleeping *e Argus* found eternall night  
 Within those borders: when in a Golden shower  
 Thou found'st a passage to the guarded *f* tower:  
 'Tis pardon'd: 'twas a borrow'd shape offended.  
 But when thou wor'st *g* thy selfe, and wast attended  
 With flames, the tokens of our nuptiall sports,  
 My hate may justly blast such rivall Courts.  
 Let *Thebes* be punish'd: what had *Greece* deserv'd?  
 Yet take thy pleasure: If thy Queen's reserv'd  
 An object for thy scorne, levell her Cities,  
*h Samos*, *h Mycene*, and *h Sparta*: Sure it pities  
 Thee, shee's so great: What needs perfuming wood  
 To warme her Altars, wash'd with sacred blood?  
*i Coptos* in *Egypt* sends a better savour,  
 Where *Isis* teares *k* with *Nile* obtaine more favour.  
 But if old scores t' a new account we call,  
 And 'tis decreed to squeeze the dregs of all  
 The times are past: Where shall this task begin?  
 What age will serve to purge Earths raging sin?  
 Looke back upon that *l* kingdome, whence by cunning  
*m Alphæus* is joyn'd with *Arethusa*; running  
 Through sea and earth, to find her; Is't not shame,  
 Th' *Arcadians* should build temples to thy name  
 In so unchast a place? There were the forces

*d* Who bounding the dominion between *Neptune* and *Juno*, gave sentence on her part, and was therefore honoured by her. *e* Made the keeper of *Joves* beloved *Io*, and slaine by *Mercury*. *f* Where *Acrisius* imprison'd *Danac*. *g* As he appear'd to *Scæla* in *Thebes*. *h* *Græcian* Cities dedicated to *Juno*, *Samos* had the honour to see her Nuptials. *i* A City devoted to *Isis*, formerly *Io*, now deified. *k* This sacrifice began with sound of kettledrums, where *Isis's* teares for her *Osirion*, were thought to cause *Niles* inundations. *l* *Pisa* in *Arcadia*, by whose wall *Alphæus* flowes, neere which was *Joves* grove. *m* *Alphæus* after a long course under earth and sea, rises againe with the fountaine *Arethusa* in *Sicily*.

340 And charrets of *n OEnomæus*: whose horses  
 Might make *Getulian o Æmus* a fit stable:  
 Behold the mangled limbs of a whole rabble  
 Of suiters lye unburied there. False *p* Ide,  
 The place of my disgrace, thou mak'st thy pride:  
 345 So's *q Crete*, which has bely'd thy sepulcher.  
 May not poore *Greece* be left thy spouse? Forbear  
 Such furious threats. Take pity on that Nation,  
 That claimes from thee, by a most neere relation.  
 The world has many kingdomes: None's so good,  
 350 But may be dy'd, in the false brethrens blood.  
 Thus ended she her suit, made up of teares  
 Lin'd with reproaches: But *Joves* patient eares  
 Heard her without disturbance: then replies;  
 'Twas not expected, any curse should seize  
 355 Upon thy *Gracians*, were it ne'r so right,  
 But thou wouldst frown: Nay *r Bacchus*, if he might  
 Have liberty, would plead for's *Thebes*, I know:  
 And (durst she speake) so would *s Dione* too.  
 But witnesse all th' infernall lakes, and those  
 360 Black *Stygian* floods, my brother *Pluto* chose,  
 There's an irrevocable sentence past:  
 Wherefore my swift-wing'd *t Mercury*, make haste:  
 Outstrip the winds that beare thee: Through the ayre  
 Glide downe to th' darker region: There repaire  
 365 To grandfire *u Laius*; call him back from hell:  
 (He's not yet pass'd the *w Gulfe*: because he fell  
 Untimely by the sword of *OEdipus*:

*n* Who propos'd his daughter *Hippodamia* a prize to him that conquer'd him in a chariot combat, which cost the lives of thirteen wooers. *o* *Thracia*, where *Diomedes* his horses were fed with mans flesh. *p* Where *Paris* gave the rash judgement against *Juno*. *q* The place of *Joves* nativity which does likewise bo: it of his tombe. *r* There worship'd. *s* Mother to *Venus*, and solicitous for her granchild *Hermione*. *t* The Embassadour of heav'n. *u* Father to *OEdipus*. *w* Of *Lerhe* whence no returne.

This is that kingdome *x* Fundamentall :) Thus  
 Quickned by thee, send him to's *y* Grandchilds Court,  
 With these commands : His brother (whose resort  
 To *Greece*, in's banishment, will swell his pride,  
 And strengthen's sufferings) must be deni'd  
 Access to's presence, (He himselfe would chuse it)  
 And when the throne is ask'd, let him refuse it.  
 Hence will I ground their anger, and dispose  
 The rest as order bids me. *z* *Hermes* goes  
 As *Jove* commanded, putting on a paire  
 Of winged buskins ; whilst his golden haire,  
 And starry head was shadow'd with his hat :  
 Then takes his charming rod, the scepter that  
 Commands sleep, or forbids it : He looks over  
 Death's Court with this : This can lost life recover.  
 Thus vaulting downe, he flutters in the ayre ;  
 Which parted gently ; Neither stops he there ;  
 But with his sodain flight, the welkin sounded,  
 And darting downward, all the skie was rounded.  
 Now *Polynices*, banish'd from his throne,  
 As 'twas contracted, wanders all alone,  
 By *a* stealth i'th' *Thebane* deserts : Whil'st his minde  
 Feeds on the hopes, of what must be resign'd  
 E're long to's hands. Sometimes he thinks the Sun  
 Stands still ; 'Tis tedious e're the yeare be done.  
 One thought, asleepe and waking has posselt him ;  
 What beames will guild that howre, that shall invest him  
 I'th strength o'th Kingdome ; When his humbled brother  
 Must goe and seek new fortunes, whil'st *b* another  
 Shall weild the scepter. This were such a day  
 He'd spend an age to see't. But the delay  
 Is irkesome to his fancy : Yet that thought

*x* That the souls of slaughtered bodies wander a hundred yeares.  
*y* *Eteocles*. *z* Called *Atlantides* from his grandfire *Atlas*, King of  
*Arcadia*. *a* Not daring openly to appear there in his brothers year.  
*b* Himselfe by course.

400 Is quell'd, remembring how he shall be brought  
 With pompe to th' Diadem ; and sit on high,  
 To laugh at's wandring brothers misery.  
 Thus various passions do his soule annoy,  
 And over-greedy wishes spend his joy.  
 405 But now he settles his undaunted pace  
 To *c* *Innachus* his City's, and the place (hide  
 VWhere *d* *Danâus* reign'd ; To *e* *Mycene*, which would  
 Her black deeds from the startling Sun : His guide  
 VVas rage, or chance, or destiny. He flies  
 410 By the *f* *Ogygian* caves, where frantick cryes  
 Of the mad Priests are eccho'd : where the fields  
 Fatned with *g* sacred bloud more plenty yields.  
 Then pass'd he by *h* *Cisherons* gentle plaine,  
 VWhere the high mount stoops downe to kisse the Maine.  
 415 Next climbs he *i* *Scyrons* dangerous craggy rocks :  
 And sees, where *k* *Nisus* with his purple locks  
 Once reign'd. Then leaves he quiet *Corinth*, where  
 Two neighbour *l* seas made musick in his eare.  
 By this time had the Moon begun her station,  
 420 And *Sol*, tir'd out with's last perambulation,  
 VVas gone to bed. The silent world does view  
 Her Ayery charriot, pearld with drops of dew.  
 No beasts doe roare, no birds doe chatter, sleep  
 Or'e mans desires, and carefull thoughts does creep :  
 425 And nodding through the aire, brings downe in hast,  
 A sweet forgetfulnesse of labour past.

*c* First King of the *Argives*, whence they are called *Inachida*. *d* Who  
 expelling King *Sthenelus* governed *Argos*. *e* Where *Atreus* frighted  
*Thyestes* with a banquet of his own children. At which sight the Sun  
 fled backward. *f* In which *Bacchus's* Priestesses performed their  
 howling sacrifices. *g* Of the *Bacchæ* which lance themselves. *h* A  
*Bæotian* mountaine devored to *Bacchus*, on whose smooth top was a  
 long continued plaine. *i* A famous thiefe, who threw the passengers  
 he had rob'd, from this place, headlong into the sea. *k* The City  
*Megara* where *Scylla* cut off her fathers fatall haire. *l* The *Isthmos* where  
*Corinth* stands is between the *Ionian* and *Egean* Seas.



But the gray skie promis'd no glorious beamies  
 From th' morning sun : The duskie Twilight scemes  
 To put out day too soone, and keeps no light  
 Reflected from the absent sun : Grim night  
 Arising thicker from the earth, does cloud  
 Heavens glittering fires. Whilst the windes aloud  
 Knock at th' *m* *Æolian* barrs, and rudely force  
 A passage from their prisons. Straight the hoarse  
 And hollow throat of winter comes on, scolding :  
 The winds fall out among themselves ; Each holding  
 Heav'n by a proper title, for his owne ;  
 Till Poles are rent, and th' Axle's overthrown.  
 But the prevailing Southern blast has giv'n  
 Most clouds to th' worke, and chiefly mantles heav'n :  
 Opening a thousand spouts ; whose drops are stay'd  
 By th' dry cold Northern breath, and haile are made.  
 Nay heav'ns artillery comes in ; the Thunder  
 And subtile lightning, tear the clouds asunder.  
 By this time *n* *Nemæa*, and the *o* hills that scatter  
 About th' *e* *Arcadian* groves, are drench'd with water.  
 Old *p* *Inachus* with nimbler floods does roare,  
 Cold *q* *Erasine's* more active then before.  
 In sandy channels, where men walk'd but now,  
 In spite of damms, huge streames doe overflow.  
 You'd think that *r* *Lerna's* poy's'nous, troubled lake,  
 Sweld with new venome. Every wood does cracke :  
 The trees let fall their armes : And heav'n beholds  
 What it ne're saw before, *s* *Lycean* folds.  
 Our frighted travailer's amaz'd to see  
 The stones drop from the craggy cliffs : But he

*m* *Æolia* is a part of *Asia* minor ; where *Æolus* king of the windes kept Court. *n* A woody country, near the city *Cleona*, where *Hercules* slew the famous *Lion*. *o* Five in number : viz. *Cyllenus*, *Lycaus*, *Lycornis*, *Argoleon*, and *Mænalus*. *p* Named from the first *Argive* king. *q* Arising in the Nor.h. *r* The poole where *Hercules* killed the serpent *Hydra*. *s* In which shades *Pan* kept his summer Court of residence.

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The stones drop from the craggy cliffs : But he  
 Startles at harsher musick, whilst each mountain  
 In dreadfull Cataracts powres down a fountain  
 Of cloud-begotten waters ; which orethrow  
 460 Both folds and cottages of shepheards too.  
 Benighted thus, and mad at this disaster,  
 He gropes on : Fear and's brother, spur him faster.  
 So when a storme has caught the mariner  
 In raging seas, when neither Moon, nor star,  
 465 Lights him this channel ; troubled reason leaves  
 His soul to th' angry heav'ns, and boistrous waves :  
 Now fears he treacherous shoals ; now thinkes he knocks  
 His reeling ship against the foming rocks.  
 Thus through the woods does *Polynices* flie ;  
 470 Rousing with's trusty spear the beasts that lie  
 In their wild mansions : His stout brest does tear  
 A way through thickets : now grown bold with fear.  
 Till from *Larissa's* top, he spies a light,  
 (*t* *Lariss'* a tower of *Argos*) conquering night,  
 475 Through all the winding streets, to this he plies  
 With all his power. O'th left hand, he descries  
*Juno's* *u* *Prosymna*. On the right, he sees  
 The lake of *Lerna* drain'd by *w* *Hercules*.  
 At length he enters th' open gates, and straight  
 480 Beholds the *x* Palace, in whose porch he might  
 Repose his stiffened limbes : Here rests his head,  
 And sleep's invited to so hard a bed.

*Adrastus* then was King ; whose quiet fate  
 Had spun his years beyond a middle date :  
 485 Nobly descended ; challenging from heav'n  
 In both his *y* parents. Yet the gods had giv'n  
*z* For there was a *Thessalian* City of that name, which named *Achilles*  
*Larissaus*. *u* Where stood *Juno's* Temple. *w* This lake was dried  
 up by *Hercules*, burning the spongy ground about it : The name of  
*Hydra* being fetch'd ἀνὰ τὴν ὕδραν. *x* Where *Adrastus* kept Court.  
*y* Son to *Talaus* the grandchild of *Jupiter*, and *Eurynome* daughter to  
*Zeus*.

No male successor to him : All his hope  
 Rests in two *z* daughters, which must underprop  
 His throne. *Apollo*, once being ask'd about um,  
 Reply'd : (you'd think the god had meant to flout um)  
 (But time discovers Truth) Their chosen love,  
 A bristled Hog, and Lion fierce, shall prove.

This riddle couldst not thou, grave Sire, untwist,  
 Not thou *a Oicles*, great *Apollo's* Priest.

The god forbid it: Only care posselt,  
 And gnaw'd upon their Fathers doubtfull brest.

As't happen'd: *b Tydeus* at that instant, leaving  
 His native *Calydonia*; (Horror cleaving  
 Fast to his guilty soul, for's *c* brothers blood)  
 I'th' dead of night, trac'd the same desert wood,  
 And felt that storm of Ice, and haile; till raine  
 Had wash'd his face; and thaw'd his back again.  
 Then chances on that shelter, where before  
 T'other had stretch'd his limbs upon the floore.

Here chance presents a bloody rage. The weather  
 Can't make one roose shroud both their heads together.  
 Their tongues beat the preparative, till both  
 Swoln big with anger, rise: And first they 'uncloath  
 And strip their shoulders naked: next they dare  
 Each other (Champion-like) t'a single war.

The *Thebane* was the taller, and had told  
 Most suns o'th' two: yet *Tydeus* was as bold,  
 And equal'd him in's courage; Give him's merit,  
 In a lesse roome there raig'n'd a greater spirit.

By this time they were faine to cuffes: the blows  
 Like *d Scythian* haile, or darts an Army throws,  
 Flie thick about their ears: Nor do they stick

*a* Deiphile, and Argia. *a* Amphiaraus Oicles's son. *b* The son of  
*Oeneus* reigning over *Calydon*. *Pleuron* and *Olenos*, Cities of *a* *Etolia*.  
*c* Menalippus, whom unawares he had slaine, as he was hunting.  
*d* Rhiphaea the most Northern mount of *Scythia* is famous for these  
 storms.

With buckled hammes their empty guts to kick.

So when th' Olympick games returne again

520 At five years end to *Jove*, on *e Pifa's* plain,

The dust is laid with falling drops of sweat,

And the spectators differing votes do what

The striplings valour; whilst the *f* Matrons barr'd

From entrance, stand expecting their *g* reward.

525 Thus quickned by their rage, they fight this duell,

(For 'twas not praise they look'd for) whilst their cruell

Hook'd fingers, claw their faces: Each man tryes

How he can best tear out his fellows eyes.

Perhaps their angry swords too had been drawn,

530 Which they had girt about them; where thy bane,

Unhappy *Thebane*, had been better wrought

By a strangers hand: But that *Adrastus* thought

He heard some deep-fetch'd groans, and outcries passe,

I'th dead o'th night, which call'd him to the place:

535 Whose hoary head, since care and age did cumber,

He could not freely harbour quiet slumber.

Thus, when by torch-light he was brought in state

Down, through the Courts, and had unbar'd the gate;

He spies strange faces there: scratcht mangled cheeks,

540 Which dropt large showers of blood: With that he breaks

To these expressions: What inflames your angers

To these uncivil broyles, young fiery strangers?

None of my subjects durst presume I'me sure,

To breake the peace thus rudely. Why does your

545 Unbounded rage disturbe the silent night?

Is the whole day too short? Or d'ee delight

To banish peace, and rest? Speak: whence d'ee come?

Or whither go ye? why so quarrellsome?

Your rage say's y'are not base: A noble house

*e* A City of *Elis*, 'neer which the Olympick games were celebrated  
 every fifth year to the honour of *Jupiter*. *f* No women were admira-  
 rs to these sports.



## Statii Thebaid. Lib. I.

is wrot in bloody letters, on your brows.

Scarce had he done : when speaking both together,  
They mixe these words, and frown on one another.  
Milde King, what need we talke this quarrell over ?  
These streames of blood you see, our wrongs discover.  
They utter'd this confusedly : But next,

*Tidens* goes on, alone : My soul being vext  
At her *h* misfortunes, left her native Land  
Of *i* Monster-bearing *Calydonia*, and  
Th' *Aetolian* *k* plaines ; hoping to find some ease :

But close within your borders, night did seize  
With all her powers upon me : Who is this

Denies my head a shelter here, cause his  
Took' first possession in the place ? We see  
The double shapen *l* Centaures will agree  
To lodge together : And the Cyclops rest

But in one *m* *Aetna* : Nay the wildest beast  
Knows natures Laws, and can't one roof contain  
Us two ? — But why do I spend my self in vain ?

Be who so'ere thou wilt, thou art not like  
To triumph long. If guilty *n* blood don't strike  
New horror to my soul, Ile make thee know

I'm *Oeneus* son, and *o* *Mars* his grandchild too.  
We have both stock and courage too, says t'other :

But 'twas a startled *p* conscience made him smother  
His Fathers name. Stay, saies the King : asswage  
Such churlish thoughts begot by night, or rage,  
Or valour. Use my Court : come enter hither,  
And let your shak'd hands joyn your hearts together.  
'Tis not in vain, nor were the gods asleep,

*h* Killing his brother unawares. *i* The boar slain by *Meleager* and sent by *Diana*. *k* Which were wash'd by *Achelous*, a river springing in *Theffalia*. *l* Halfe men, halfe horses, indeed *Theffalians*, the first char back'd horses. *m* The shop where they make *Joves* thunderbolts. *n* Of his late slaughter. *o* *Meleager*, the father to *Oeneus* was son to

580 When first you quarreld : Love perhaps may creep'  
Through these rough paths ; & then you may with laughter  
Remember these past discontents hereafter.

How truly did this reverend King foretell  
Their fortunes ! when this storm was o're, they fell  
585 In such a league, as made another *q* paire ;  
And might with *Theſeus* and his *r* friend compare,  
In their long progresse : Or with *s* *Pylad's* stand  
Who freed *Orestes* from *Megara's* hand.

Their wounded minds were heal'd now, with the balme  
590 Dropt from *Adraſtus* lips : Like as a calme  
Quiets the troubled waves, when th' storm is over,  
And the last blast expiring now, does hover

About the sailes. Straight into th' Court they passe ;  
Where the good King beholds the comely grace  
Of their attire, and armes : He spies the skin

595 Of some great bearded Lion ( sure, of kin  
To that young *t* *Hercules* in *Tempe* slew  
*u* *Teumessi* in *Tempe*, long before he knew  
The *w* *Cleonean* monster ) hang about

600 The *Thebanes* shoulders : whilst a bristled, stout,  
And tusked boar, of *x* *Calydonian* kind,  
Had parted with his coat, which spred behind  
*Tydeus* his back : The aged Prince, posselt  
With strange amazement at the sight, confess

605 *Apollo's* sacred truth, remembering then  
What Oracles he heard, i'th *y* speaking Den.

*q* The four paire of friends are famous : *Theſeus* and *Perithous*, *Pylades* and *Orestes*, *Patroclus* and *Achilles*, *Tydeus* and *Polynices*. *r* *Perithous*, accompanied by his friend to hell in search of *Proserpina*. *s* *Orestes* haunted by the Furies for *Clytemnestra's* murder was freed by *Pylades's* advice. *t* *Hercules* whilst a child slew a Lion neer *Teumessus*, whose skin he always used as a mantle. *u* For there is another *Tempe* in *Theffalia*, this in *Baotia*. *w* Afterwards one of his twelve labours. *x* Famous formerly for the great boare *Diana* sent. *y* Where the *Tripos* was.

This spectacle confounds him : Joy does thrill  
Through all his soul ; He reads express'd the will  
O'th' gods, that brought them higher : Now he sees,  
What beasts they were, the riddling god did please  
To point out for his sons-in-law : then raises  
His hands to heav'n, and chants these solemn praises.

Thou sacred power of Night, which dost embrace  
The cares of heav'n, and earth : whilst every place  
I'th' sky, is spangled by thy hand ; Repairing  
Our wearied natures, 'gainst the Suns appearing :  
Thy darknesse is my guide : through the thick mist  
Of perplex'd error : Thou dost best untwist  
Thy threds of foretold destiny. Go on ;  
Perfect, great Queen, the work thou hast begun.  
This Court shall pay a yearly sacrifice  
To thy great Deity : On thy altar dyes  
Two faire, & black heifers ; whose & fat guts shall soake  
I'th' newest *b* milke, and make thy Temples smoake.  
Haile faithfull *c* *Tripes*, and ye close aboads  
Of the dark Oracle. I've found the gods.

This said, he grasps their hands, and guides them right  
To th' farther court : Where th' Altars still look'd white  
With their late *d* fires ; I'th' ashes yet there fumed  
Some sparkes alive, with fragments unconsumed.  
He bids them bring new fewell, and prepare  
A second offering. His servants heare  
With rev'rence and obey him : All the Court  
Rings with their diligence : One goes to sort  
New broydred coverings for the beds, and calls  
For richer tapestry to hang the walls.  
Another scours the pots. One puts out night,

*g* The colour making them proper for the night. *Macr.* *a* Having been shut up five years, whence they were called *Lustralia*. *b* With which they used to sprinkle the inferuall sacrifices, and those offered to the *Dii minores*. *c* The place where the *Pythia* late, when she prophesied. *d* Having sacrificed the day before to *Apollo*.

And fills the branched candlesticks with light ;  
Some play the Cooks, and spit the joynts of meat ;  
Others make paste, when they have ground their wheat :  
*Adrastus* joys to see them ; putting on  
His richest robes, and mounts his Ivory throne.

Of th' other side, the strangers tooke their places,  
(Their wounds being wash'd) and view'd each others faces ;  
Then tooke acquaintance. Th' aged King soon after  
Sends for *Acestes* (she had nurs'd his daughter's,  
And had their virgin chastity in care  
Till *e* *Hymen* ask'd for't) whispering her i'th' eare.  
Who soon perceiv'd his mind : And forthwith came  
Her double charge, (you'd think their shape the same  
Which armed *Pallas* and *Diana* wore,  
But with lesse terrour) from their chamber dore.  
Soon as their looks were on the strangers fixt,  
A blushing red, and paler white were mixt  
Within their comely cheeks ; their eyes did rove  
A glance, or two, but duty check'd their love.  
When the last course o'th' feast, was served up,  
*Adrastus* calls for's graven gilded cup,  
Which *f* *Danaus* and *f* *Phoronæus* us'd of old  
In sacrifice : 'T had many stamps i'th' gold.  
On th' one side *g* winged *Persæus* sets upon,  
And kils the snake-hair'd *Gorgon*, which being done  
He seems to mount i'th' aire : But she lets fall  
Her ghastly eyes ; and, though in gold, looks pale.  
Neer her, takes *h* *Ganymede* his glorious flight,  
And leaves the hills behind ; *Troy's* out of sight :  
His fellow-huntsmen sadly look about,

*e* At whose Altars they use to be presented spotlesse on their marriage day by a matron. *f* Two former kings of the *Argives*. *g* He was said to flye to the *Gorgons* execution, because he was the first that used a ship with sailes. *h* *Tros* his son, beloved of *Jupiter*, and mounted to heaven on an Eagles back, where he was made the gods cup-bearer.

And's dogs in vain do barke at every cloud.  
 This cup was crown'd with wine : Whilst all the gods  
 By course were call'd on : But *Phœb'* got the ods.  
 The servants crown'd with ; chaste unspotted baies  
 Chant at *Phœb's* shrine their Chorall Hymnes of praise.  
 This day's his festivall : The fire ne're falters,  
 But fed with incense shines on's smoaking Altars.

Then saies the King : Perhaps my noble guests,  
 You'd aske what cause begat these solemn feasts ;  
 Or why, 'mongst all the gods, w'adore *Apollo*.  
 It is no vain religion which does hallow.

This time : The *Argives* long since groaning under  
 A curse began it : Marke, and hear the wonder.

After the god had pierc'd the speckled skin  
 Of th' earth-begotten *Pytho*, folding in  
*Delphos* with's numerous circles, wearing out  
 With's taile the well-grown oakes ; whilst spread about  
 The springs of *Helicon*, his forked tongue

Lick's poyson from the crysell streames ; 'Twas long  
 E're many darts dispatch'd him ; spreading over  
 The *Phocian* plains his yet-twin'd bulke did cover  
 A hundred acres. Then the god resorts

(To cleanse the / guilt of bloud) to th' humble courts  
 Of our *m Crotopus*, whose young *n* daughters eye  
 Rul'd o're his house : In her, sweet modesty,  
 And beauty strove for conquest : Happy maid,  
 Could shee *Apollo's* close desires avoid.

For on the bankes of *Nemœa*, giving way  
 To th' sportfull god, she there conceiv'd a boy :  
 And after ten moons wanes, brought forth her son,  
*Latona's* royall grand-childe. But anon

*i* Retaining still *Daphnes* temper. *k* Said to be born of the earth,  
 and slaine by *Apollo*, because the sun dries up those vapours which are  
 exhaled from the moist ground. *l* Nothing staine'd with bloud, before  
 expiation made, might be admitted to the court of heaven. *m* Once  
 king of the *Argives*. *n* *Psamathe* beloved of, and ravish'd by *Apollo*.

Fearing

Fearing her fathers vengeance (for he knew  
 700 Nothing of those imbraces) she withdrew  
 To desert walkes : Where she expos'd (for fear)  
 Her infant 'mongst the folds t'a shepherds care.

Sweet babe ! such entertainments don't become  
 The stock thou springst of : Earth prepares thy room ;  
 705 Garnish'd with flowry beds, and thatch'd above  
 With oaken leaves close woven ; whilst the grove  
 Lends bark to make thy garments ; gentle sleep  
 Is whistled on ; Thou battlest with the sheep.

Yet Fate thought this too good a place for him,  
 710 For deep-mouth'd bloud-hounds tore him limb from limb  
 And feasted on his members, which were spread  
 Upon the grasse, where he with aire was fed.

This newes no sooner strook his mothers care,  
 But she forgot both father, shame, and fear :  
 715 She fills the Court with outcries, and uncovers  
 Her naked breasts ; Then the whole truth discovers  
 To the hard hearted King ; who publisheth  
 The sentence which she hop'd for, present death.

Could *Phœb'* forget his joyes thus ? But too late  
 720 He plots her just revenge, and does create  
 A monster, hell would owne ; conceiv'd between  
 The coupling Furies : In whose shape was seen  
 A virgins face and brest, but from her crown,  
 A snake, that hiss'd eternally, hangs down,  
 725 And parts her cloudy brow : This Impe does creep  
 To their close-chambers secretly when sleep  
 Sits heavy on them ; tearing infants from  
 The breast that suckle them ; devouring some  
 With rav'nous jaws, before their Parents eyes,  
 And fets herself with publike miseries.

730 But *Chorab's* skilfull valour could not brook  
 This plague without revenge : Who straight betook  
 Himself to's chosen band of friends, whose souls,  
 Priz'd credit more then life, The Monster rous

More death before her still ; and then she stood  
Where two wayes parted, smeard with infants blood :  
On both sides of her hung a babe, whose hearts  
Reak'd with her claws, which search their vitall parts :  
Our Champion here sets on her, guarded round  
With all his traine ; His sword sinks intoth' wound.  
It made in her black brest ; and hunts her soule  
Through all her limbs, till hell receives her foule  
Bespotted carcesse : 'Twas a joy to come  
And see her ghastly lookes, and panch that wombe  
In which sh'ad cram'd our sucklings ; To behold  
Her venom'd brest : Amazement strooke us cold :  
And these extremes of joy turn pale again.  
Some thrash'd her senselesse limbs, seeking in vain  
This solace for their griefs : Others brought trees  
To dash her teeth out : rage their power out-vies.  
The rav'nous shrieking birds flew from these grounds,  
Though hungerbitten, when as deep-mouth'd hounds,  
And chap-faln wolves, gaping at distance stood,  
Greedy of prey, yet durst not take such food.  
Inrag'd *Apollo* sets an edge on's spleen  
Thus disappointed: Sitting then between  
*Pharassus* double top, he armes his bow  
With poyson'd arrows ; Whilst the fields below,  
And all the *Gracian* houses seem'd to flame,  
Through the thick clouds, which hung about the same.  
Sweet souls of all sides dropt : Death cut the thred  
Of Fate, and captive townes in triumph led.  
But when the Oracle was sought to, why  
Such flames and dire Aspects posselt the sky :  
The same Power bids, their lives should pay to hell  
Sacrifice, by whom his monster fell.  
Couragious soul ! deserving when th'art dead  
Lasting name : Thou didst not hide thy head  
Not broke it off, as in common destinies. q As that of the dog-  
er, so generally hurtfull.

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Through

Through base degenerous fear ; nor trembled it when  
Thou metst grim death to th' face, Thus *Corabe* then  
With an undaunted looke, stands at the dore  
Of the gods Temple, and inrageth more  
The divine brest, thus speaking : I me not sent,  
r *Phaeb'*, to thy shrine ; nor come I to relent,  
And beg thy pardon : 'twas mine own free spirit  
And care to th' publike, brought me : 'Twas my merit  
That tam'd thy vengeance, god, 'tis me th' hast sought  
With clouded foggy dayes, and pest'lence brought  
From heav'n unjustly. But if gods delight  
So much in monsters, and regard so slight  
The losse o'th' world, and death of men : if heav'n  
Be so unkind ; How have the *Gracian* giv'n  
Just cause of anger ? May not I suffice  
(Great Power) to be the Fates just sacrifice ?  
Or does thy gentle heart declare more pity  
When it depopulates a well-fill'd City ?  
When the fields shine with bonfires, which are made  
Of plowmens bones ? But why should I dissuade  
Or stop thy striking hand ? The matrons vow  
Powr'd out long since attends me. 'Tis enough :  
I have deserv'd that : stroke, that shall not spare me :  
But draw thy well string bow : Let th' arrows tear me,  
Send a triumphing soul to th' grave : But then  
Drive that black cloud away, that blasts our men :  
So that I die, be satisfied : 'Tis just  
To punish onely those who break their trust.  
*Phaeb'*'s rage gave back at this, and grants a boone  
More then was ask'd ; His life : The tempest soone  
Blew from our heav'n : whilst *Chorabe* is intreated  
To leave the startled god. This cause created  
These solemn feasts, which yearly we renew  
To appease the god, whose Altars now ye view.

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r Called *Thymbræus*, from a place near *Troy*, where he was worshipped.  
s Provoking it by these affronts.

But

But what blood fills your veins, my Friends? Although  
(If fame deserves believe) : Tydæus does owe,  
His birth to *Calydonia*, and may claim

\* *Parthaons* ancient scepter. But what fame  
Brought you to *Argos*? Tell me, who's this other?  
Since 'tis a time to talke in, nothing smother.

The noble *u* *Thebane* now with down-cast eyes  
Swolne big with grief, now with side-glances spies  
*Tydæus* his wounds; then breakes his silence thus:

Before these Altars here, it fits not us  
To mingle such discourses: What I am,  
How stock'd, what bloud, the country whence I came,

Will blast your sacrifice: yet if yee'r bent  
To know my wretched fortunes; My descent  
Came from my grand-sire *w* *Cadmus*; *Thebes*, the joy

Of *x* *Mars*, my Country; I *Jocasta's* boy.

And now *Adrastus* startled with his guest  
Discover'd thus, saies, why d'ee hide the rest?

'Tis known already: Fame does take her rise

Not so remote from *Argos*. He that lies  
Under the North pole, chatt'ring: He that drinks  
I'th' *Indian* Ganges; He i'th' West, that thinks

To trace the sun to bed, and those that saile  
Amongst the *Africk* shoals have learn'd the tale

Of *Thebes* beset with Furies; and those eyes  
Which shrunk from their own guilt: Let this suffice

To thy complaints; and seore not up their sin  
On thine own head; Such stains may be of kin

To us from our *y* forefathers: But that blot  
Don't prejudice their off-spring. Equall not

Their vices; but endeavour by thy merit

\* Son to *Oeneus* King of *Calydonia*. \* *Ætolia* where now reign'd  
*Prætus*, *Tydæus's* uncle. *u* Named her from *Ismenos* a *Thebane* river.  
*w* Modestly for shame concealing his fathers name. *x* Either from  
Queen *Hermione* *Mars's* daughter, or for the Gyants springing from the  
dragons teeth, both being the delight of *Mars*. *y* As from *Tantalus*.

To

To purge their guilt: Them, not their faults inherit.  
But now *z* *Charis-waine* declines, and the chill *z* fire  
Does disappear: with fresh cups feed the fire:

Chant out *Apollo's* hymnes; repeat his praise,  
Our guardian still from our *a* fore-fathers dayes.

Great Father *Phœb'*, whether the snowy tops  
840 Of *b* *Patara* delight thee; Or the drops  
Of pure *c* *Castalian* dew do bath thy haire,  
Thy golden haire: Or whether *Troy* does weare  
Thy *d* name and presence; where thou didst submit  
Thy self to labours for thy selfe unfit,

845 And serv'dst the *e* *Mason* willingly; or tir'd  
With seeking floating *f* *Delos*, if desir'd  
*Cynthus*, *Latona's* welcome mount, does please:  
*Cynthus*, whose top shades the *Ægean* seas:

The *Quiver's* thine, and bow stiffe-bent, to quell  
850 Thy daring foes: *g* *Eternall* youth does dwell  
Upon thy cheeks: Thou canst foretell the doome  
Of th' unjust Fates, and know'st what is to come:

Know'st what decrees *Jove* means to passe; dost shew  
What plagues or wars shall raigne; what overthrow  
855 Of crowns *h* heav'n points at: 'Twas thy harpe subdu'd  
The *i* *Phrygian* minstrell. Thou didst drag the rude  
Earths offspring *k* *Tirius* downe to hell, and take  
Just vengeance for thy mother: Thou dost shake  
Envenom'd *Python* with thy lookes; and quail

*z* Two Northern signes, viz. *Septentrio* and *Ophiuchus*, which at the first  
appearance of the morne, burne dim. *a* As when *Apollo* taught *Thye-*  
*stes* after *Atreus* his wickednesse, to marry his own daughter *Pelopœa*, on  
whom he begat *Ægisthus*, who reveng'd his father by *Agamemnon's*  
death. *b* A *Lycian* City dedicated to *Apollo*. *c* *Apollo* enamour'd of  
*Castalia*, who threw herself into a fountain, used to dip his locks in the  
waters. *d* That of *Thymbræus*. *e* When he and *Neptunus* were hired  
to build the wals of *Troy* by *Laomedon*. *f* When *Delos* could not be  
found by *Latona*, *Cynthus* the highest mountaine discovered it self, where  
she brought forth *Apollo* and *Diana*. *g* The sun never grows old.  
*h* By Comets. *i* *Marsias* who challeng'd *Apollo*. *k* Seeking to inforce

The Theban *l* dame, with thy triumphant spoils;  
 Wrinkled *Megara* is thy Minister  
 Tormenting hungry *m Phlegias*, who does fear  
 The ever-falling stone; she proffers meat  
 To's empty stomach, but he loathes to eat.

Great God be present, think upon the place  
 That *n* entertain'd thee; shew a smiling face  
 To *Juno's* land; whether thou please to choose  
 Faire *Tirans* name, which th' *o Achæmonians* use;  
 Or if *p Osiris's* title take the more,  
 Whom *Egypt* makes the Author of her store.  
 Or, as the *Persians* in their caves below,  
*q Mitra*, which drawes by th' hornes a stubborn Cow.

*l Niobe*, contending with *Diana*, was deprived by *Apollo* of all her children. *m* Who burning the temple of *Apollo*, was placed in hell under a huge stone; whose downfall was daily threatened, and he fed there by *Megara*. *n* In *Crotopus's* time. *o* These were part of *Persia*, named from their King *Achæmenes*. *p* Worshipped under that name by the *Egyptians*. *q* The *Persian* worshipped the sun eclipsed in a Cave, by the name of *Mitra*, in the shape of a Lion with a Tiara on his head, holding by the hornes a struggling Cow, representing the Moon, which labours to avoid him.

Finis Lib. I. Statii Thebaid.



Argument. Lib. 2. Statii Thebaidos.

Hermes returnes with *Laius's* Ghost, which steales  
*Tiresias's* shape, and in a dreame reveales  
 To th' Tyrant, Joves decree. *Adrastus* gives  
*Argia* and *Deiphile*, for wives  
 To *Polynice* and *Tydeus*: They are married  
 With prodigies, because *Argia* carried  
*Hermiones* chaine. The Theban Prince desires  
 His Crowne; which *Tydeus* in his name requires.  
 Denied by th' King, he war denounceth; then  
 Returnes by *Sphinx* her rock; where fifty men  
 Way-lay him; they're subdued: He sends this story  
 By *Mæon* back, and sings *Minerva's* glory.

**M**Eane time wing'd *Mercury*, with *Joves* embassage  
 Returns from hell: thick clouds oppose his passage,  
 And troubled aire infolds him: Ne're a blast  
 To drive't away; but stinking fogges are cast  
 Out of the silent region: Then appear  
 The spreading floods of *Styx*, and flames of fire,  
 Belch'd out of sulph'rous streams, which choak the way.  
 Behind crawles *Laius* trembling, whose delay  
 His wound might yet excuse; for in his side  
 His sons rash sword sunke, hilts and all; He try'd  
 The onset of the *a Furies*; yet he creeps,  
 And *b Hermes's* powerfull wand doth guide his steps.  
 The barren groves were startled, and those coasts

*a* Which possess his son *OEdipus*. *b* *Mercurius* *Caduceus*, which can  
 charme soules from hell.



Where the dark shades were fill'd with trembling Ghosts.  
 The Earth herself amaz'd, to see her womb  
 Lye open back again ; nay there were some  
 In their cold, senseless Urnes, whose wither'd brows  
 Spoke envy : One amongst the rest, whose vows  
 Were still unlucky, and (which wrought his bane)  
 Heav'n's grief his joy, heav'n's joy his grief began ;  
 Saies, Go and prosper whatsoe're designe  
 Thou'rt call'd for, whether *Jove* did so injoyne ;  
 Or uncontrol'd *Erinnys* by thee sent  
 Greeting toth' day ; Or some *c* Enchantresse spent  
 Her charmes upon thy Tombe. Thou shalt have sight  
 Of the fresh aire, and the forgotten light  
 O'th' sun; thou'lt tread upon the springing grasse,  
 And hear the warbling Rivers, as they passe  
 From their clear fountaines. Yet at last with pain,  
 Look to return to these black shades again.

No sooner *Cerberus* spies them, from the dark  
 Cell, where he lay, but he begins to bark  
 With all his mouthes at once : The cur does grin  
 At such strange ghosts as seek to enter in ;  
 But now he swels his bristled neck, iraged,  
 And would have torne them piece-meal ; But asswaged  
 By the gods powerfull Scepter, down he lies,  
 And treble sleep tames his *d* three paire of eyes.

There is a place, which the old *Gracians* said  
 Was *e Tanarus*, where foaming *Malea's* head,  
 Which seamen tremble at, towers to the sky's,  
 Till it hath quite lost the beholders eyes.  
 The lofty top's still faire, and does disdain  
 Th' inferiour power of wind, or force of rain :  
 But the tir'd stars rest on it ; and the wind  
 When out of breath, hops there, new lungs to find.  
*e* These were wont to counterfeit a phrensy before their incantations.  
*d* Answering to his three heads. *e* A *Laconian* promontory, where  
*Hercules* had a Temple in a cave, which Poets imagine the passage

There ye may trace the lightning ; and the ranks  
 And shapes o'th' clouds are moulded on those banks.  
 The soaring Lark could never raise her flight  
 50 So high, nor thunder could this Mountain fright.  
 But when the day grows old, the shade does flee,  
 (Strange bounds are these) toth' midst o'th' neighbour Sea.  
 There *Tanarus* crooks his broken shoars, as though  
 His coward banks gave backward from the rough  
 55 And boistrous waves : Here *Neptune* lands his steeds  
 Tir'd in th' *f Aegean* Sea, whole *g* fore-hoof treads  
 The sands, but spread to a fishes tail behind.  
 From hence, as men report, the pale Ghosts find  
 A by-way path, through which due Custome's reard  
 60 By death, to *Pluto's* Court : Here may be heard  
 Strange shrieks and groans, (if any truth be found  
 In the Arcadian Plow-men) all the ground  
 Rings with a hellish noise : Sometimes a stroak,  
 Sometimes a word which the last Fury spoak,  
 65 Sounds till high-noon : It frights the Country-boare  
 Out of the fields, to hear *b* Deaths Porter roare.  
 Here *Hermes*, with a Stygian fog surrounded,  
 Springs into th' ayre. The clouds, which late abounded,  
 Break with his Glory : His warm breathing makes  
 70 Fair weather round about him. Thence he takes  
 His circuit by *i Arcturus*, mounting then  
 Through *Phaebes* *k* silent Orbe, ore lands and men.  
 Sleep meets him with Nights chariot, and does rise  
 With reverence, and straight departs the skies.  
 75 *Lainus* beneath him hovers, and does view  
 The stars he's *l* robb'd of, whence his *m* soul he drew.

*g* Named so from *Aegaeus*, son to *Neptune*. *f* The description of the  
 Sea-horse. *b* Three-headed *Cerberus*. *i* The Northern Star, which  
 Climate was chosen by *Mercury*, because the most windy and most ad-  
 vantageous for his flight. *k* She being Nights Mistress. *l* By dying  
 unnaturally on his sons sword. *m* Either because of the Nobility of  
 his Progenitors, or from the Stoicks opinion, who fetch the Souls of  
 men from the Stars.

And now to *n* *Cyrrha's* craggy top was come,  
Whence he spies *Phocis*, stained with his tombe.

At last he reaches *Thebes*; there sighs out tears  
Neer his sons threshold: Yet at first forbears  
To passe those wel-known dores. But when he spies  
Those stately roofs, whose beauteous tops did rise  
On pillars he had laid, and saw those *o* wheels  
Stain'd yet with bloud; troubled, he backward reels:  
The Thund'rers high command, the charming force  
Of the *p* Arcadian rod, scarce stopp'd his course.

As't chanc'd too, 'twas a solemn *q* Day, which heav'n  
Mark'd out with *x* thunder; when young *Bacchus*, giv'n  
To's Fathers thigh, found a too early birth  
From *Semele*: This caus'd the Tyrants mirth  
To banish sleep that night; but spread abroad  
Through house and ground, belch'd out the pursie *f* God  
Amongst their Crowns and empty Cups, till day  
Did part them: There ye might have heard them play  
On their loud Pipes, and Trumpets, which o'recome  
In their shrill noise the ratling of the Drum.  
And glad *t* *Citheron* tic'd the women out,  
Inflam'd now, not *u* inrag'd, to dance about  
His un-trod thickets. So the *w* Thracians spread  
Bankets to their rash troupes, o'th' snowy head  
Of *Rhodope*, or Dale of *x* *Ossa*: where

*n* The Boeotian mountain which over-looked *Phocis*, where he was slain. *o* Of the Chariot in which he was slain. *p* *Mercuries* *Caduceus*, given him by *Apollo* in *Arcadia*, after the Oxen were stoln. *q* Called *Bacchus* his first Birth-day. *r* *Semele* desiring to see *Jove* in his Majesty, was thunder-struck, yet the God pitying her Babe, not ripe for nativity, took him from her womb, and nourished him in his thigh. *f* *Bacchus* to whom that day was dedicate. *t* A Boeotian mountain dedicated to *Bacchus*. *u* As once, when *Agave* tore her son *Pentheus* piece-meal; hence our *Poe* calls *Bacchus* now, Their more gentle God. *w* Named here from *Biston* a Thracian King; they used to feast upon their mountains. *x* A mountain between *Thrace* and *Thessaly*, which in the middle incloseth a famous Valley.

The panting limbs of beasts, which they did tear  
From Lions jaws, and bloud with milk allaid  
Proves a rich Feast: but if their sense be staid  
105 With wines inraging sent, then 'tis their play  
To dash their cups, throw stones, or any way  
To shed their partners bloud; with which the rabble  
Will make new feasts, and garnish a new-table.

Such was the night, when swift *y* *Cyllenius* crept  
110 Toth' *Thebanes* privy-Chamber, who then slept  
Stretch'd out at large upon his Ivory bed,  
With cov'rings of Assyrian tap'stry spread.  
How carelesse is mans heart! He feasts, he sleeps!  
But *Laius* did, as he was taught, and creeps  
115 In blind *a* *Tiresias's* borrow'd hiew; lest this  
Might seem a dream, he wears his voice and fleece:  
His own locks still remain'd, and the driv'n snow  
Upon his chin, so did his paleness too:  
But a false Miter on his hair was plac'd,  
120 And's veyle with wreaths of Olive boughs was grac'd.  
Then seems to touch the breast o'th' sleeping King  
With's bough, and thus the Fates decrees to sing.

This is no time for sleep, secure from fear  
Of thy false brother, Dullard! Doest not hear?  
125 Heroick acts invite thee: Doest not see,  
What preparations, Foole, he makes for Thee?  
Thou dalliest, like a sleeping Pilot, when  
The Sea works high with winds, his Compass then  
Is quite forgot, his Stern let loose: And yet  
130 Thy brothers new-match'd spouse, Fame saies, has set  
New wings on's soul: He's gathering strength to gain

*y* *Mercury* named from *Cyllene*, an Arcadian mountain, his birth-place. *z* *Esheacles* named here from *Echion* one of *Adams* his companions in building *Thebes*: *a* A blind Theban Prophet, punished by *Juno*, for passing verdict on *Joves* part against her.



Thy Kingdome from thee, and *b* deny't again :  
 H'appoints thy Court, the nurs'ry for his age :  
*Adrastus* his Wives Father, does ingage  
 His resolution deeper, with what force  
 Her Dowry th' *Argives* bring : Nay (which is worfe)  
*Tydeus*, who's stain'd in's brothers blond, has tied  
 A solemn knot of friendship : Hence his pride  
 Puffs up it self : this raises his intent  
 To promise thee a lasting banishment.  
 The King of heav'n, in pity sent me down,  
 With this advice ; Keep *Thebes* ; It is thine own :  
 Banish th'ambitious brother, who would deal  
 As ill with thee ; let not his gaping zeal  
 For thy destruction, any longer trust  
 To his close plots, or think the Græcians must  
 Come, Lord it over *Thebes*. Then, leaving him,  
 When this was said, (for now the Stars burn'd dim  
 Before the day) he first uncloaths his face  
 Of's borrowed mask, confessing that he was  
 His Fathers Sire ; and falling on the bed  
 Wher's cursed Grand-child tumbled, he does spread  
 His throat, still gaping with the wound, before  
 His eyes, and seems to bath him in his gore.

This breaks his sleep ; then starting up, he stoed  
 Scar'd with these prodigies ; and shook the blood,  
 The seeming bloud from's trembling joynts ; together  
 He fears his Grand-fire, and demands his Brother.

As when a Tyger th'Hunts-mans Eccho hears,  
 She rouses up her sluggish limbs, and tears  
 The toyls she's trap'd in : 'Tis her sport to meet  
 With some bold foe ; She yawns ; She sucks her feet ;  
 Straight intoth' midst o'th' company she hurries,  
 And in her jaws, some panting soul she carries,  
 To feast her bloody Whelps : So rage perswades  
 The King, he'has vanquish'd now his Brothers aides.

165 But now the Morn rose from her *c* Phrygian cell,  
 And wiping her dew'd locks, she did expell  
 The nights cold darknesse, blushing on the Sun  
 That follows her : Bright *d* *Lucifer* was one  
 O'th'last that wooes her, with his parting glances,  
 170 But now resignes the Sky : And *Sol* advances  
 His Chariot ore the heavens, whose glorious light  
 Deprives the world of his pale sisters sight.  
 When old *Adrastus*, leaves his chamber, where  
 The *e* *Thebane* and the *e* *Calydonian* Peere  
 175 Did not stay long behind : Sleep had refresh'd  
 Their wearied limbs, (since the last storme had flesh'd  
 Each in his fellows blood ) with all his store  
 Of blessings : But *Adrastus* breast found more  
 Unquiet thoughts ; whilst he recalls the gods,  
 180 And his new guests, with what strange fate abodes  
 His sons-in-law, found thus unlook'd for : Those  
 Meeting i'th'midst o'th'Hall, shook hands, and chose  
 A place fit to discourse their private cares :  
 And first *Adrastus* thus salutes their cares.  
 185 My noble Sparks, whom the black night brought hither  
 By the gods care ; whose steps through stormy weather,  
 And thundring showres, *Phæb'* guided to this Court :  
 Y'ave heard (I doubt not) what a troop resort  
 To wooe my daughters ; both whose equall yeares,  
 190 Are all the pledge my hopes can find of heires.  
 What modest beauty sits upon their brow  
 (Trust not a Fathers eyes) your selves may know  
 From last nights entertainment. Puissant Kings,  
 Whose thoughts soare on their Armies spreading wings,  
 Make these th'ambition of their vows. 'Twere long  
 195 To tell how the *f* *Pharaean* Princes throng,

*c* Named here from *Migdon*, a King of *Phrygia*, where *Tithonus*, *Aurora's* beloved, lived. *d* The morning star, which drives his other flock before him. *e* Named from *Dirce*, a *Thebane* fountaine, and *Achelous* an *Ætolian* river running into *Calydonia*. *f* Either a *Missenian*, or rather an *Achæan* towne, by which the river *Pierius* floweth.

And the *g* *Lacian* Lords: With what strong hope  
 Th' *h* *Achaan* matrons strive to underprop  
 Their house with plants from hence. *i* *OEnone* thy father  
 Has not refus'd more courteous proffers: Neither  
 Has the *k* *Pylæan* Chariotceer; But I  
 Both *Spartane* brood, and *Elean* kind decry  
 To be my Sons-in-law: This blood is due  
 With all my care, by th' Fates decrees to you.  
 The Gods are kind, which send such valiant Knights  
 Within my Court: How th' Oracle delights,  
 And feeds my soul! This honour you achieve  
 Through the hights storms; this balm your wounds receive  
 They heard him, when their eyes a while were fixt  
 On one another; who should answer next,  
 Their looks did complement: But *Tydeus* spirit  
 More daring still, began: How is thy merit  
 Eclipsed by thy modest soul, which tames  
 Thy growing Fortunes? Who can claim more names  
 And kingdoms then *Adrastus*? Is't not knowne  
 How thou wast woo'd to leave thy *Grand-fires* throne  
 Of *Sycion*; to curb th' unbridled lust  
 Of th' Argives. Would the Gods be pleas'd to trust  
 Those nations to thy hands, which lie within  
 The *Græcian* *m* *Isthmos*, and whose banks are seen

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Beneath it: Savage *Mycene* had not then  
 Scar'd back the *n* Sun; nor th' *o* *Elean* vale had been  
 The Theatre of blood: And other Kings  
 Had scap'd the Furies lash, whose venom'd stings  
 225 This *o* Thebane, who has felt, may speak. But we  
 Have ready minds to serve thee. So said he;  
 And th' other then subjoyns: Who would not toile  
 To find such fathers? Though love seldome smile  
 On banish'd wretches, yet all grief departs  
 230 Our soul, and Care bids fare-well to our hearts.  
 Nor doe our joyfull breasts lesse comfort find,  
 Then when a Ship, late toss'd with raging wind,  
 Beholds the welcome shore; 'Tis our desire,  
 Who have begun so luckily, t' expire,  
 235 And run our Fortunes with Thee. Thus they rise  
 Without more words: Whilst the old King out-vies  
 His last words with new promises: His might  
 Shall aid them back, t' instate them in their right.  
 The frolick Argives now, with joy did meet  
 240 This welcome news, which through the town did greet  
 Their ears: Their King had found a noble paire  
 Of sons, with whom *Argia*, and the faire  
*Deiphile* should kindle *Hymens* flame,  
 And lose their Virgin crop, now ripe. This Fame  
 245 Spreads through the neighbour Cities; all the round's  
 Fill'd with't, as far as the *p* *Lycean* bounds,  
 And the *p* *Parthenian* thickets: to the Coasts  
 Of *q* *Corinth*: Nay the tel-tale Goddessë boasts  
 The same in *Thebes*, where hov'ring o're the walls,  
 250 She frights the startled *r* King; whilst she recalls

*n* Which fled from the wicked acts of *Atræus* and *Thyestes* there  
*o* Where *OEnomaus* reigned. *o* *Polynices* in his Father and his Bro-  
 ther. *p* Two woody mountains of *Arvalia*, one dedicated to *Pan*, the  
 other to *Venus*. *q* There were divers other *Ephyra*, but *Corinth* her  
 was named so, from the Nymph *Ephyra*, Daughter to the Ocean, and  
*Thetis*. *r* *Ethocles*, named from *Libæus* Grand-father to *OEdipus*.

*g* Named from *OEnone*, a *Laconian* King. *h* As *Atalanta* the Mo-  
 ther of *Parthenopæus*. *i* For his Daughter *Deianira* for whom *Hercu-*  
*les* fought with the river *Archeolus*. *k* *OEnomaus*, whose Daughter *Hip-*  
*podamia* had triumph'd over the lives of thirteen Wooders, who were  
 vanquished by her Father in Chariot-combars. *l* The *Sycionians*  
 inhabited part of *Peloponnesus*, where *Agileus* stood, whose king *Pol-*  
*ylus* was Grandfire, to *Adrastus* by his Daughter *Lasianassa*, who was  
 married to *Talaus* King of the Argives: Their Son *Adrastus* flying  
 the rage of the Citizens, to his Grand-father, was made Heire to his  
 Crown, but was recalled by the Argives after his Fathers death. *Pau-*  
*san.* *m* This *Isthmos* divides the *Ægean* and *Ionick* Seas, being a pas-  
 sage between *Græce* and *Peloponnesus*: these Countries therefore are  
 pleasant, and the other Islands in both Seas.

His last nights Dream : ( what dares the Monster ? where  
Does her spleen end ? ). Shee sings o'th' solemn cheer  
That entertain'd his Brother : Of the hower  
That crown'd his Bride-bed : Of the league and power  
O'th' stock he's joyn'd to : Nay her fatall ditty  
Speaks war already. Now the pompous City  
On the set day, did all her train unfold ;  
Joy crouded in the Court : You might behold  
Their Fathers & statues march ; The brasse did strive  
With living faces, which was most alive :  
The artist durst make such comparison.  
Horn'd *u Inachus* fate o'th' left hand, leaning on  
His o'return'd *w Pitcher* ; old *x Iasius*  
And good *y Phoroneus*, bold *z Acrisius*  
Whose anger struck at *Love*, and *a Abas* too  
The warrier, with valiant *b Choroëbe*, who  
On's swords point bore a head, incompass'd him ;  
As *c Danaus* did, whose crabbed looks did seem  
Still to be plotting mischief. Then there stood  
A thousand chieftains more. When straight a floud  
O'th' common people roares within the gate,  
Set open now. Where first the Nobles fate,  
With those o'th' royall blood. The inner ground

*f Argos* where the marriages were solemnized. *t* On their Wed-  
dings and Funerals they used in triumph to produce the Images of  
their Ancestors. *u* First King of the Argives, but feigned by the  
Poets, to be changed into a River, and therefore said to be horn'd,  
either from his crooked banks, or because the murmuring of waters  
sounds like the lowing of Oxen, *Ælian. lib. 1.* *w* This was the old  
portraiture of rivers, and thus *Inachus* is described by *Virgil, Ænead.*  
*lib. 1.* *x* These are all Argive kings. *y* Who taught the people first  
to sacrifice to angry *Juno*. *z* First shutting up his Daughter *Danaë* from  
him, then exposing her to the mercy of the Seas. *a* Father to *Acri-*  
*sus* an heroick Champion. *b* Who killed *Apollo's* Monster, whose  
head he bore in triumph. *c* Commanding his fifty Daughters in one  
night, to murder all their Husbands who were Sons to his Brother  
*Ægyptus*.

Was warm with sacrifice, and did resound  
275 With womens chat : The Græcian Matrons there,  
( Yet interlac'd with Virgins every where )  
Make a chaste ring, and teach the Brides to tie  
This knot, and shake off fearfull modesty.  
These were led on, in Virgin robes, and state ;  
280 Staining their lilly-cheeks, with roses late  
Dissolv'd to blushes ; casting down their eyes ;  
When love of their Virginity did seize  
Closely upon them ; and the bashfull thought  
Of the first night a second blushing brought :  
285 This does bedew their cheeks ; Yet at those tears  
Their tender Parents smile. Just so appears  
*Pallas*, and rougher *d Dian*, when they slide  
From heav'n together, both have *e Armes*, beside  
Stern brows alike, and yellow locks tied up  
290 Above their Crown : She leads her troops to th' top  
Of *f Cynthus*, this to *g Aracynthus* : Then  
( If *h* eyes might see ) what eyes can judge between  
Their grace and lustre ? Who did most partake  
Of *Love* and majesty ? Or should they make  
295 Exchange of habits, then *Minerva's* quiver  
And *Delia's* helm, would suit as well together.  
The Græcians joyes o'reflow : The Gods were tired  
With vows ; As each mans house and state required,  
He brought a sacrifice : Some from the ground,  
300 Some from the folds. Yet all like favour found  
If pure hands offer'd it. The Gods were pleas'd  
With incense, and their dores with *i* garlands dress'd.

*d* Being alwaies accustomed to the woods. *e* The one a helmet  
and spear, in token of the vanquished *Gorgon* ; the other a bow and  
arrows, because she was a Huntresse. *f* A Delian mountain dedica-  
ted to *Diana*. *g* An Atticke mountain dedicated to *Minerva*. *h* Which  
their divinity denies. *i* Vsd both in private and publick houses on  
solemn daies, *Juvén. Sat. 6.*

But loe ! a Panick fear struck all their mind,  
 Upon a sodain, (thus the Fates design'd)  
 The peoples joy's were clouded, and the day  
 Disturb'd; They went with torches light to pay  
 Duty's to maiden *Pallas*, who accounts  
*e Lariss'* as much as her *f Munichian* mounts:  
 Here th' Argives, as their Fathers us'd, resort,  
 When their chaste years were ripe for nuptiall sport,  
 To dedicate their Virgin *g* locks, and plead  
 Excuse for Loves first sweets. But as they tread  
 O'th' greeces of the stately Towr; the shield  
 Of brasse, which brave *h Euhippus* won ith' field,  
 Comes tumbling from the Temples stately spire,  
 And puts the *i* torches out, Loves sacred fire.  
 And from the distant Quire a trumpet sounds  
 Frighting them back, wch now scarce kept their grounds.  
 All trembling, star'd at first upon the King;  
 But straight *k* deny they'd heard it. Yet this thing  
 Sounded unluckily within their ears,  
 And sev'rall whispers soon increas'd their fears.  
 No marvel: thou *Argia* did retain  
 Thy husbands fatall gift, *Harmion's* chain.  
 This mischief was far-fetch'd; but I'll discourse  
 Whence this new Present, gain'd such deadly force.

*l Vulcan*, long griev'd at *Mars* his stoln *m* content,  
 (As stories say) and finding punishment

*e* The City where these Nupti's were celebrated. *f* The mountains on which *Minerva's* festivals, called *Munichia*, were celebrated. *g* Virgins before they were espoused dedicated their locks, and whatsoever was an embleme of their Virginitie, to *Pallas* the guardian of it. *h* An Arcadian born, but a most prosperous king of the Argives, whose shield consecrated to the Goddess, was in their solemn triumphs born before the Conquerour through the streets; his greatest honor. *i* Significantly intimating that war should quench this love. *k* Flattering the King. *l* Thrown out of heaven for his deformity, into the Ile *Lemnos*, which here denominates him. *m* With *Venus*, for whom *Vulcan* made artificiall fetters, which could not yet hinder their embraces.

No

No bar to his delights, nor could his chains  
 Chastise the bold adulterer; he feigns  
 330 This bracelet as a Dowry, for his joy  
*n Harmione*, upon her marriage day.  
 The skilfull *o Cyclops* hammer'd it; (and yet  
 They'd *p* greater work, to which the *q* Telchines set  
 Their helping hand: But *r* he swears most; and works  
 335 Bright Em'rals in't, which shine with hidden sparks:  
 And th' Adamant, ingrav'd with charms: The ball  
 Of *s Gorgons* eyes: With cinders, which did fall  
 From *Joves* last thunder-bolt at *Aetha*: This  
 Was thredded with young Serpents manes: There is  
 340 Some buds beside of the *t Hesperian* tree,  
 Wrought in with *u Phryxus* golden fleece: Then he  
 Studs in his severall plagues, and th' Captaine snake  
 Pluck'd from the Furies head: such pow'r could make  
*Venus* her *w* girdle crack: All these, *x* anoints  
 345 With *y* Moon-froth, and with varnish'd poyson paints.  
 'Twas not *y Pasiphaes* work, the Graces Queen,  
 Nor *z Cupids*, nor *Aglaia's*: But 'twas Spleen,  
 Grief, Discord, Sorrow shap'd it: The first triall

*u* The Daughter born to these adulterers. *o* *Vulcan's* forge-men, which make——. *p*——*Joves* thunder-bolts. *q* Envious orcers, but cunning Artificers in working poysons. *r* *Vulcan* himself. *s* Stones as splendent and as dangerous. *t* Which bore the golden apples watched by the waking Dragon whom *Hercules* slew. *u* Who swimming ore the Straights to *Colchor*, on a ram with a golden fleece, sacrificed the ram to *Mars*, and hung up the fleece in his Temple, from whence *Jason* fetched it. *w* This girdle called *Ceston*, *Venus* puts on at lawfull Nuptials, whereas unlawfull wedlock is called *incest*, which this venom'd bracelet in *Jocasta* did more then threaten. *x* The Moon, mistress of Magicians, was thought to spit her jelly on the most powerfull charming herbs. Some please themselves in referring this to *Spuma Argenti* (the Moon in Minerals being Argent) which is glittering, but venomous. *y* *Lysarge* Daughter to *Jove* and *Harmione*, mother to the Graces, *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne*. *z* Named here from *Idalus* a hill in *Cyprus*, where his mother and he were worshipped.

Was wrought on poor *a* *Harmione*, who loyall  
 To her now creeping husband, with her brest  
 Plough'd up th' Illyrian sands, whilst she exprest  
 Her plaints by hisses. *Semele* next venters  
 No sooner on't, but beldame *b* *Juno* enters.  
 And thou too, curst *Jocasta*, once didst owe  
 This gilded mischief; which adorn'd thy brow,  
 To please strange, oh strange *c* Love: With mo beside,  
 Till now *Argia* shines in't: and does hide  
 Her sisters cheaper habit, with this gold,  
 Accursed gold. As't chanc'd, the *d* wife of old  
*Amphiaraus* spy'd it; and in sight  
 Of the Gods altars, and the tables dight,  
 Durst feed close Envy: Oh! might she inherit  
 This prize! Alas! her Lords prophetick spirit  
 Could not avail her. What a dismall honour,  
 What *e* mischief the fool strives to bring upon her?  
 Let her: but can her husbands cheated Armes,  
 Or her sons guiltlesse rage, deserve such harmes?  
 After twelve daies were spent in royall cheere,  
 And publike triumphs; the *f* *Ismenian* Peere  
 Looks back to *Thebes* and thinks of's Crown: For now  
 That day takes up his soul, when he stood low  
 In's brothers eyes; (such was his Fortune then)  
 He thinks the Gods deserted him, and men  
 Shrunk cowardly back; he naked; but the worst  
 Was Fortunes flight: Onely one *g* sister durst  
 Shew him the way to exile, but forbears  
 To passe the threshold, where rage stop'd his teares.

*a* Who accompanying *Cadmus* into *Illyria* (transformed there into a Snake) by kissing him assumes the same shape. *b* Perswading her to her destruction, to require of *Jove* such imbraces as he used to bestow on his own Queen. *c* That of her own son. *d* *Eryphile*, who afterwards obtained it. *e* No less then her Husbands death, her Sons madness, and her own destruction. *f* *Polymices* from *Ismenos*, a Theban fountaine. *g* *Antigone*, who likewise guided her blind Father.

Then

Then night and day he meditates, what joy  
 His absence brought to some; And who are they  
 335 Which wait on's brother: what moist eyes he saw  
 At his departure. Grief and anger gnaw  
 Upon his soul, but expectation most,  
 The greatest plague that ever mortall crost.  
 Thus plodding in his thoughts, still clouded, he  
 340 Resolves again forbidden *Thebes* to see.  
 So when a bull, leaves his beloved cow  
 I'th' pastures, whence his Conquerour but now  
 Has driv'n him; he stands off, and bellows; till  
 He thinks of's lovely mull, and blood does swell  
 345 His wrinkled neck: But then recruiting strength,  
 He's mad for t'other push, and gains at length  
 His captive herd: With's horns, and hoofs he fights,  
 And's conquering mate, with's herds-man too he fights.  
 Such anger whets our lusty *h* *Theban's* mind.  
 350 But his dear wife this close designe did find;  
 And as her soft imbraces did inclose  
 Her husband, when the pale-fac'd *Morne* arose:  
 Dissembler, saies she, what's this change? what flight  
 Doest thou intend? Nought blinds a Lovers sight.  
 355 I feel it: Do not deep-fetch'd sighs proclaim  
 Thy waking cares? How many a startling dream  
 Breaks off thy sleep? How often have I found  
 This face bedew'd with tears? this brest abound  
 With sobs, when ere I felt it? 'tis no bond  
 360 Of wedlock breaking moves me, nor the fond  
 Despair of widowed youth: (although Loves sweets  
 Be newly budded, and the bridall sheets  
 Be not yet fully ayr'd: ) Thoughts for thy quiet  
 And safety trouble me, I'll ne're deny it.  
 365 Wilt thou, without supplies of armes and men,  
 Demand thy Crown? Canst thou retreat agen,

*b* Named from *Taurus*, a Theban mountain dedicated to *Bac-*

Should he deny it? Fame that's nimble ey'd  
To trace the lives of Kings, reports his pride  
Rais'd with usurping; how, his love's diminish'd  
To thee; nor is his year compleatly finish'd.  
And, truth is, some late Prophecies, with all  
Prodigious; entrals, and th'unlucky fall  
Of birds, with startling dreames increase my feare:  
Hah! I remember, *h Juno* don't appeare  
In vaine: What journey's this? Does *l* love t'another  
Draw thee? Can *Thebes* a nobler stock discover?

Here *m* th'Echionian smil'd a while, and strove  
With soft imbraces t'undeceive his Love.

He dries her moistned eyes with welcome kisses,  
And with these friendly words her tears represses.  
Take courage, sweet; trust me, blest peace attends  
The Counsels of my best deserving friends.

Leave cares for riper years: *jove* may hereafter  
Behold our wrongs, if Justice be heavn's daughter;  
And daignes to looke beneath the clouds, to see  
The right maintain'd on Earth: The time may be  
Thy husbands palace shall with joy be seen,  
And through two Cities thou saluted Queen.

This said, he slips out closely, and repairs  
To *Tydeus*, now co-partner in's affairs;  
Whose brest sob'd equall cares: (such love combin'd  
Their once divided souls) to whom he joyn'd  
*Adrastus*'s counsell, sadly: Here they pause:  
But after long dispute, this sentence was  
Receiv'd of all: Best, feel his Brothers mind  
Fairly, and pray the Crown might be resign'd.  
Bold *Tydeus* freely undertakes the message;  
Yet (brave *Aetolian*) tears had stopp'd thy passage,

*i* Misplaced or speckled, which threaten heaven was angry. *h* The patroness of the Argives, and therefore would not deceive them. *l* Out of jealousy, lest he should have left another wife behind him. *m* *Polynices* from *Echion*, one of *Cadmus* companions in building of *Thebes*.

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445 Shed by *Deiphile*, had not the name  
Of a commanding Father overcame:  
Besides her sisters prayers, and that pow'r  
Which gives safe conduct t'an Ambassadour.

Now trac'd he rugged paths, through woods and rocks,  
450 By *Lerna's* poole, where the scorch'd *n Hydra* smoaks  
In the still boyling foord; By *Nemea's* bounds  
Where the blith *o* Shepherds pipe, scarce yet resounds  
Sweet roundelaies: By *Corinth's* Eastern side:  
And the *p* Sisyphian port, where *q* th'waves that chide  
455 Their crooked banks, are parted by the shore  
Of *Palamonian* *r Lache*: passing o're  
*f Nisus* from hence; o'th' left he spies the plain  
Of mild *t Eleusis*, and does straight obtain  
The Mount *u Teumessus*; reaching neer the tow'rs  
460 Of *w Thebes*; where he beholds the royall pow'rs  
Of stern *Etheocles*, whose lofty state  
Was guarded round with Armes: the Tyrant fate  
To judge the folk, beyond all right, and *x* time  
Prescrib'd, for's brother: Mischiefe hardned him  
465 For all adventures: Quarrelling because  
They came so *y* late to prove him. *Tydeus* draws  
To th' midst o'th' Court: His Olive-boughs discover  
He was a Legate: Who being question'd over  
His name and message; rude of speech and prone  
470 To choler, mixing threats, thus he begun.

*n* See *Polynices* his journey, lib. i. *o* As if he still feared the Lion which *Hercules* kild there. *p* Where *Sisyphus* formerly had practis'd his robberies. *q* Of the *ægean* Sea, which by the *Isthmos* is divided from the *Ionick*. *r* A Port of *Corinth*, under the Lee of a promontory, from which *Palamon* with his Mother leap'd into the Sea. *f* Either *Megara* where *Nisus* reign'd, or rather a Mountain of that name, where he was buried. *t* Where *Ceres* first was entertained of King *Eleusinus*, and afterwards worshipp'd as a Goddess. *u* Where *Hercules* kild the Lion. *w* Built by *Cadmus*, *Agænor's* son. *x* The year being now expired. *y* As if angry that he had no occasion to break his faith sooner.



If any faith posses'd thee, or just care  
 Of keeping Cov'nants, now th' halt raig'n'd thy year,  
 Thou wouldst have call'd thy Brother, and in course  
 Exchang'd thy fortunes, and resign'd thy force :  
 That he, long wandring, tofs'd with storms unfitting  
 Abroad, might find his due, a throne to sit in.  
 But since thou'rt thus inamour'd of thy Crown  
 And courtst thy pow'r ; We aske it. 'Tis well known  
 The sun has trac'd the *z* Zodiack, and the hills  
 Have their lost shades restor'd, since all the ills  
 Of banishment through unknown Coasts did seize  
 On thy poor Brother : Now's thy time to freeze  
 Under heav'n's spangled Canopy, and stand  
 Toth' mercy of the cold, and cap-in-hand  
 Beg entrance at anothers dore : Forget  
 Thy happy state : Those purple robes, beset  
 With plates of gold, have glister'd long : And thou  
 Hast sported with thy Brothers ebbe : But now  
 Unteach thy self, I advise thee, how to raig'n,  
 And by thy patient *a* flight deserv't again.

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This said, a secret flame was kindled in  
 The Tyrants brest : ( so when a Serpents den  
 Is batter'd, she springs up, who thirsty dwels  
 In her close coverts ; but now chaf'd, she filts  
 Her gums, and scaly neck with venom'd gore )  
 Had not I fully known (saies he) before,  
 My brothers anger ; had not's private spleen  
 Appear'd thus naked ; Faith alone had been  
 Sufficient pawn for's kingdome : Faith, which swels  
 Thy looks so big, that whilst thy fancy dwels  
 On him, thou ragest, as if Pioners  
 Now min'd our walls, or trumpets call'd to wars.

*z* Called the girdle of the year. *a* Let thy voluntary exile merit  
 of thy Brother at the years end, that thou be re-instated in the Throne.

Were this thy message to the *b* Thracians done,  
 Or the pale Scythians, which know no *c* Sun,  
 505 Thou wouldst use fairer language, and begin  
 With greater reverence : But 'tis no sin  
 Of thy rash soul, I blame : Thy errand's so,  
 Now since threats usher all, and faith's let goe:  
 Nor peace is brought to mediate, but thy sword  
 510 Does rest thy quarr'ling hand ; Returne this word  
 To my brave *d* Gracian Monarch ; not so sowre  
 As thine, yet my full answer : All that power  
 Which *e* equall fortune, and my birthright gives,  
 I hold, and will maintain : Thy wife relieves  
 515 Thy wants with Greece her dowry ; Thou mayst heap  
 The *f* Danaan wealth into thy lap : ( I keep  
 No envious thoughts to blast thy Fortune ) Rule  
 Argos succesfully, and *g* Lerna's pool.  
 Dirces bare pastures give content to me,  
 520 And the coast straitned with th' *h* Euboian sea,  
 Not sham'd with *E*Odipus my wretched father.  
 But thou from th' stock of *i* Tantalus mayst gather  
 Far-fetch'd Nobility, and *k* Pelops heire  
 Kindred with *j*ove mayst challenge. Can thy faire  
 525 Delicious Queen, indure this homely place ?  
 For whom our sisters may esteem't a grace  
 To spin, forsooth : where *l* Mothers dreery eyes  
 And that imprison'd *l* fathers dismall cries,  
 If heard, may fright her. And the common folke  
*b* Called Bistonians from Biston son to Mars and Calirrhoe, who built  
 the Metropolis of the Country after his name. *c* Which seldome de-  
 clines so far North as to behold them. *d* Enviously not allowing his  
 brother the name of Thebane, but intimating he may seek a kingdome  
 where he found a wife. *e* Because the lots determined it, according to  
 the right of age. *f* Either respecting Danae, courted in a golden showre,  
 or put for Gracian from Danaus the Argive King. *g* Said to be made  
 by the stroke of Neptunes speare, in the place where he deflowred A-  
 mimone Danaus's daughter. *h* The Euripus between Euboea and Boeotia.  
*i* The son of Jupiter and the Nymph Phocis. *k* Tantalus his son,  
 both Gracian Kings. *l* Jocasta and OEdipus.

Are now accustom'd to indure my yoake.  
 Hard were the peoples lot, should they submit  
 T' I know not whose command, and weeping sit  
 Under continuall changes; They'l repent  
 Of duty, to a doubtfull Tyrant lent.  
 Short raignes spare none. These loyall subjects view,  
 What horrour strikes them since this quarrell grew.  
 Shall these be left to thy sure lash? Thou art  
 Too hot on't, brother: Say, I would depart  
 My right, these Senatours would scarce approve:  
 The act, if I have known their purchas'd love,  
 Or find due thanks. *Tydeus* could brook no more,  
 But interrupts him thus: Thou shalt restore,  
 Tyrant, thou shalt: If iron rampires guard  
 Thy person, or *m Amphions* ditty heard,  
 Raise treble wals about thee; 'Tis no armes;  
 No fire shall stop me: Thou shalt feele thy harmes  
 Reveng'd on thine owne head: At thy deaths wound  
 Thy Captive Diadem shall beat the ground.  
 Thou justly: but I pity *n* these, whose lives (wives,  
 Thou mak'st (good King) so cheap: snatch'd from their  
 And children to these dismall wars. What blood  
 Will stain *o Citharon*? What a barb'rous flood  
 Will fill *p Ismenos* banks? This is thy care,  
 This thy much talk'd-of faith. But I forbear  
 To wonder at thy Nations crimes: The frame  
 Of thy whole *q* stock is such, rais'd from the shame  
 Of thy incestuous Parents; yet ther's *r* one  
 Has cleans'd the staine of's birth: 'Tis thou alone  
 Shalt be *OEdipodes*; Thy manners here,  
 And sins, rash man, deserv't: We aske our year.

*m* As formerly when his harp drew stones to the worke. *n* He seeketh to undeceive the people whom *Ethiopes* had flattered. *o* A *Boetian* mountain, with *p* a river not far distant. *q* Sprung from *OEdipus* by incestuous copulation with *Jocasta*. *r* *Polynices* whose sweet temper makes amends for his native pollution.

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560 But I delay — This he roares out i'th doore,  
 Turning himself about; then tumbles o're  
 The crowd in's flight: So *s Dian's* curst avenger  
 Sets up his bristled neck, and does indanger  
 The huntiman, with the stroake of's foming tushes,  
 565 If *t Gracian* troopes pursue: at all he pushes;  
 Rooting up stones and broken shrubs; and plows  
 The banks with's crooked snout: He overthrows  
 Here *Telamon*, and there *u Perithous*: Next  
 He sets o. *w Meleager*, where he's fixt  
 570 With a broad arrow, and does sinke their darts.  
 In's strugling shoulder. *Tydeus* thus departs  
 From this affrighted councell, with disdain,  
 As if himself were here deny'd to raigne.  
 Thus hurries he, and throws away the Crown  
 575 Of's treating *x Olive*. The scar'd matrons run  
 To th' roofes to see him; thence their curses fling  
 On's rage, and *y* closely wish as bad to th' King.  
 Nor was the Tyrants quick industrious braine  
 In plots lesse subtil; choosing out a traine  
 580 Of hearts resolv'd to fight: These he prepares  
 With money and good words: Then laies his snares  
 For an exploit that night, hoping t'invade  
 Th' Ambassadour, (whose *z* sacred name was had  
 In reverend esteem) and's person seise.  
 585 What wo'nt ambition plot? should fortune please  
 To send thy brother, what new tricks would it find,  
 What arts to circumvent him? Oh the blind

*s* Who offended with *OEnus* for neglecting her in his sacrifice, sent a monstrous boare, which depopulated most part of *Ærolia*. *t* *Peloponnesus* sent out troops with *Atalanta* their Kings daughter, to pursue the boare, by whom he was first wounded. *u* *Ixions* son, under whose name he is here clouded. *w* The chiefe of those allured out with the Kings promises. *x* The token of an Ambassadour. *y* Not daring openly to discover their ill affections. *z* The law of Nations giving them a civill respect for *u* office sake.



Advice of guilty soules ! How fearfull's sin !  
 This troop goes out combin'd, as if 't had been  
 To beat up th' enemies Quarters, or to storme  
 A City wals : Full fifty champions forme  
 Their ranks ; then crowd they through the lofty gate.  
 Courage, brave soul ! thought worthy of such a hate.  
 These creepe the neereſt way, by paths unſeen,  
 Through ſhrubs, and croſſe the woods : Then lay their  
 For villany. Two remote hillocks ſtood, (ſcene  
 Disjoin'd by a treach'rous paſſage in the wood,  
 Shaded by th' neighbour mountain, and the trees  
 Which grew o'th' top : Here nature ſcem'd to pleaſe  
 Herſelf in wiles, making this place to hide  
 Her cloſe deceits. A ſtraight path does divide  
 The miſt o'th' cliffe : Under whoſe hanging head  
 The pleaſant fields, and ſpacious vallies ſpread.  
 Againſt it, was that deadly cave, in which  
 The *Thebane* *b* monſter dwelt : Here us'd the witch  
 To raiſe up her pale viſage : Black gore ſtood  
 About her eyes ; her wings were ſtiſſe with blood :  
 She hug'd mens offals ; her bare breſts did cover  
 Their halfe devoured bones, whiſt ſhe looks over  
 The neighbour fields, to ſee if any *c* ſtranger  
 Durſt aſke her riddles, or approach r'th danger  
 Of her ſterne brow, or entertaine diſcourſe ;  
 But then ſhe whets her claws, and ſcrews the force  
 Of her ſtaind hands ; and grinds thoſe teeth, ſhe broke  
 On ſome late carkaffe ; flutt'ring with the ſtroke  
 Of her unlucky wings, before the eyes  
 Of her new prey : A while theſe treacheries  
 Were undiscover'd, till ſhe met with one  
 As *d* wicked as her ſelf : Then tumbles down

*a* In their own judgement conceiving *Tydeus* able to cope with fifty of them. *b* *Sphinx*, born of *Typhon* and *Echidna*, which deſtroyed all thoſe that could not expound her riddle. *c* The Oracle counſelled the way to quit themſelves of her, was to expound her riddle, which

With cloſed wings, upon the rock lay under  
 Her bloody cave, and ſplits her panch in ſunder.  
 The wood ſtill ſhewes the miſchief ; Cattell dread  
 The neighbour plaines ; no hungry flocks dare feed  
 625 On that accuſed graſſe ; no Nymphs appear  
 Within theſe ſhades, no Fawnes are worſhip'd there.  
 The ſcrich-owles flie from this *e* prodigious grove :  
 Yet hither this *f* unhappy traine does rove  
 With ſilent ſteps, expecting their proud foe :  
 630 Where leaning on their javelings, they beſtow  
 Their other weapons ſcatter'd on the ground,  
 And with thick ſtations they the woods ſurround.  
 The night had now begun to cloake the Sun  
 With her wet mantle ; th' earth was over-run  
 635 With a darke ſhade : When *Tydeus* haſtning thither  
 Spies from the banke, mens ſhields, with creſts and fethers  
 Glifter, where th' boughes grew thin ; from th' adverſe hill  
 He ſees the Moon-beames dance upon their ſteel.  
 This ſight amaz'd him, yet goes forward, and  
 640 Prepares his darts, and grasps his ſword in's hand :  
 Then calls out firſt : Whence are you ? What d'ee here  
 In this cloſe ambuſh ? Questions void of fear.  
 To which no answer's giv'n ; this did increaſe  
 The juſt ſuſpicion of his doubted peace.  
 645 When on a ſodaine through the duſkie aire,  
 Their Captain *g* *Chromisus* lets flie a ſpear  
 With's brawny arme : But fortune did not aide  
 This daring blow ; yet did it pierce the hide  
 Of the *h* *Olenian* boare, whoſe bristled ſkin  
 650 O're his left ſhoulder, gave it entrance in  
 To rafe his fleſh : And the but-end did light  
 Upon his neck. This ſet his haire upright,

*e* Becauſe ſtrew'd over with humane bones and carneige. *f* Being ere long to become a ſacrifice to *Tydeus* his rage. *g* The chief of the conſpiratours. *h* *Olenos* was a country and city in *Ætolia*, where the boar was ſlain, whoſe ſkin *Tydeus* wore.

And freez'd his blood: He tosses up and down  
His thoughts and eyes, now pale with anger grown.  
Nor could he thinke, they had such strength prepar'd  
Gainst one. Come out, (saies he) come out, y'are dar'd  
I'th open field. What fear has stop'd your rage?  
VWhat cowardize is this? 'Tis I ingage  
My single selfe against you. Nor do these  
Forbear; whose numbers when he saw increase!  
From their close Coverts; Some o'th top o'th hill  
Some in the vallies; nor a few did fill  
The plaines, but's way seem'd pav'd with armes: (As when  
The huntsmans voice calls wild-beasts from their den  
Beset with toyles:) His troubled thoughts invent  
No help but this; To climbe the steep ascent  
To *Sphinx* her cave; where, batt'ring's hooked nailes  
Against the craggy rock, he at last prevails  
To reach the top; which thus obtain'd, secures  
His back from fear of danger, and procures  
A way for's just revenge: He tears a stone (grone  
From the maine rock, which well-grown steeres would  
To draw to th' City: Then uniting all  
His strength, with violence he lets it fall.  
Thus mighty *i Pholus* heaves a goblet up  
Against the *Lapithans*. The *k* dying troop  
Wondring at's height above them, were o'rethrowne  
With th' unexpected rock, thus tumbled downe.  
Here lay mens mangled faces, hands, and brest,  
With weapons which they wore, together prest.  
Four gron'd beneath this burden, th' other fled  
With terrour from their project; for those dead  
Were not a despicable traine: There was  
The Kingly spirit of fierce *Dorylas*;

*i* One of the Centaures, who being drunke at *Perithous*'s wedding  
quarrel'd with the *Lapithae* their *Thessalian* neighbours, and were van-  
quish'd, *k* Falling soon after by the hand of *Tydeus*.

And

685 And *Theron* sprung from *Mars*, descending from  
The *l* Earth-begotten brood, and *Halys* whom  
No horseman ever conquer'd, but now fals,  
O'rewhelm'd on foot; and *Phedimus*, who calls  
*Pentheus* his Grandfire, but with *m* *Libers* anger:  
690 The rest, affrighted with this sudden danger,  
When *Tydeus* saw disorder'd; his whole stock  
Of armes, two darts, stuck on the side o'th rock,  
Were hurld at's flying foes; then skips toth' ground:  
And lest his naked brest should catch a wound,  
695 He snatches up a buckled shield, beside  
Prest *Theron*; guarding's back and head, with th' *n* hide  
Of proof, and fencing's brest with's enemies shield,  
He makes a stand. The *o* *Thebanes* take the field,  
Joyn'd once more in a body, and march on  
700 With fixed resolutions. *Tydeus* soon  
Draws out his *p* *Thracian* sword, the Martiall gift  
Of *O Eneus*, turning him with many a shifft  
Of's body; here and there his blows they feel;  
And's buckler wards their darts of glitt'ring steel.  
705 Their number grows their hind'rance, and their Armes  
Fall foule of one another; their owne harmes  
Are wrought by their own pow'rs; now wanting strength  
T'offend, the crowd o'rethrows it self at length.  
He was so small a marke, their arrows mist' im,  
Thus his unconquer'd arme does still resist' um.  
710 So, (if the *Thracian* *q* *Phlegra* doe not lie)  
Scout *r* *Briareus* outbrav'd the armed skie;

*l* Those borne of the serpents teeth sown by *Calymus*. *m* *Bacchus* in-  
raged against *Pentheus*, afflicted all his posterity. *Ovid.* *n* That of  
the boare. *o* Named here from *Ogyges*, once King of *Thebes*. *p* *Mars*,  
grandfather to *O Eneus* was worshipped in *Thracia*, and armes dedica-  
ted to him, one of whose swords *Tydeus* wore. *q* There were two Ci-  
ties, and vallies of that name, one between *Macedonia* and *Thrace*,  
where this battell was pitch'd, the other in *Campania*, where *Hercules*  
overcame the Gyants. *r* A Gyant suign'd to have a hundred hands.

Despising *Phæbus* shafts, and *Pallas's* : snakes,  
 And the *Theſſalian* pines, which *Mavors* shakes  
 For spears; and *Jove* forg'd thunderbolts, which tir'd  
 715 *Pyræmon* last: Yet whilst all heav'n conspir'd  
 In vain to batter'im, he complains his hands  
 Are idle still: Thus active *Tydem* stands,  
 Weilding his buckler: now, he does retire,  
 And guards himself round; now, advances higher  
 720 Upon their fears; and getting ground, commands  
 The darts which stuck in's shield, to arme his hands.  
 Some deep wounds he receiv'd, none deadly yet:  
 Nor could he fear his death: He does o're set  
 Raging *Deilochus*, and then does send  
 725 *Phlegens* to hell, t' accompany his friend,  
 As he was threatning death, with's heav'd-up blade;  
 Then *Lycophon*, and *Thebane Gyas* had  
 Like fortune. Now the cowards 'gan to seeke,  
 And count themselves: nor did they so well like  
 730 This killing sport: And griev'd to see the throng  
 Thus melt away. When *Chromis* (who was sprung  
 From a *Tyrian Cadmus* stock) (whose mother, hight  
*Phœnicean Driope* forgot the weight  
 Of her great belly, when she was possest  
 735 With fury, father w *Evan*, of thy Priest:  
 And whilst a struggling bull shee haled on  
 By th' hornes, her x paines deliver her of this son:)  
 Bold with his darts, and's conquer'd Lions skin,  
 He shakes his lusty club of knotty pine:  
 740 Exclaiming thus: Shall one man, Friends, shall one  
 Triumph in *Greece*, o're your destruction?  
 Fame scarce will credit him. Mates, where's our pow'r?  
 Snakes the Symbole of prudence were ascribed to *Athena*, and placed  
 under her Image, and reckoned by *Virgil*, for part of her Arms.  
 w *Enil.* 12. t One of the Cyclops, which hammer out *Joves* bolts  
 in *Ætna*, u Son to *Agænor* King of *Tyre*. w One of the names of  
*Liber*, in whose Bacchanals she was enraged. x Not staying the course  
 of nature, but abortive through his mothers struggling.

Wher's

Where's our prevailing Armes? We promis'd more  
*Cydon*! t'our King; *Lampus*! more bold adventers.  
 745 Whilst he spake this, a *Thebane* y javeling enters  
 His open mouth: His jawes in vaine withstood:  
 But's voice thus stop'd, his clos'd tongue swims in blood.  
 And yet he stands, till death had summond all  
 His limbs; then silent, biting th'spear doth fall.  
 750 But why conceale I your deserved praise,  
 My noble *Theſſian* paire? Young *Periphas*  
 (The richest mind, i'th choys'est body found)  
 Rais'd up his brothers dying limbs from ground:  
 His left hand under-props his drooping neck;  
 755 His right supports his side: Whilst sighes do crack  
 His straitned brest: Nor could his helme containe  
 Those floods of tears: But in this weeping vaine,  
 A furious lance pierc'd his short ribs behind,  
 Which through him smote his brother too, and joyn'd  
 760 Their well acquainted brests: z His trembling eyes  
 Looke up on's brothers death, and then he dies.  
 Th'other, not spent yet with his wounds, thus wishes:  
 Such be a thy sons imbraces, such their kisses.  
 Thus both did fall alike: (a wretched prize  
 765 For Death:) and clos'd up one anothers eyes.  
 But he pursues his victories, and chases  
*Menates* with his shield and darts; whose paces,  
 Trembling give back, till the unequal sands  
 Trip'd up his heeles: Then spreading both his hands,  
 770 He begs for Quarter; and laies hold o'th' spear  
 Charg'd now against his throat, then makes his prayer.  
 By these still shades, where stars glide from the skies;  
 By heav'n; by this thy night of victories;  
 Spare me to go, and blaze this dismall news  
 775 In *Thebes*; and with contempt t'our King, diffuse  
 Thy glory 'mongst the quaking vulgar: So  
 y Which he had snatch'd from his adversaries. z He who was first  
 wounded. a An imprecation on *Tydem*.

Our

Our darts shall fall in vaine, and thou shalt go  
 Shot-free through all our Armes, and be i'th end  
 Brought back with triumph to thy longing friend.  
 Thus spake he: T'other cleares not up his brow:  
 Thou spend'st thy tears in vaine (saies he) 'twas thou  
 Mad'st promise of my head toth' King, if I  
 Mistake not: yeild up now thy armes, and die.  
 Why wouldst spin out thy life, when *b* war's at hand?  
 With that he draws his weapon back, now staine'd  
 With his heart blood: And crows ore's captives thus:  
 This is n't the *c* Trieterick night, in use  
 Among your Country-men; nor do you see  
*Cadmus* his *d* Orgies, where your Matrons be  
 Inrag'd by *Bacchus*: Did you thinke to weare  
 Your buckskin *e* copes, and shake a garnish'd *f* speare,  
 At your soft straines? Or (which true valour scornes)  
 Meant you, at sound of *g* *Celestean* hornes,  
 To close your wanton *h* fights? The blows we deal  
 Are sharper, like our fury. Sinke to hell  
 Ye few, ye o're march'd Cowards. Thus he roares:  
 But his tir'd spirits stop'd him: All the force  
 Of's threatning hand was lost: His footsteps falter'd:  
 His arme lets fall his shield, whose hew was alter'd  
 With drops of blood: a could sweat trickles downe  
 His panting brest: A bloody dew stands on  
 His locks, and flaming eyes; o're his grim brow, (flow  
 Whole streames, which spouted from their wounds, did

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*b* As if present life would not advantage them, which must soon after be cut off. I choose to sense the place thus, opposing *compendium* to *dispendium*. *c* The festivall of *Bacchus*, thus named, because every third year they were performed, with the greater solemnity. *d* The name of these Sacrifices is fetch'd from the Priestesses fury, in which rage *Agave* slew *Pentheus*. *e* The Sacrificers wore loose garments made of the skins of beasts. *f* These *Thirsi*, dress'd about with vineleaves, were charg'd fantastically in the way of foiles, at the sound of their Musick. *g* The place where the piper *Marsias* challeng'd *Apollo*; all wind Instruments were invented there. *h* The combates of adulterers.

Like

805 Like as a Lion, when the shepherd's fled,  
 Preyes on *Massilian* sheep: But when he's fed  
 And pamper'd with their blood, which clots his mane,  
 He stands i'th' midst of o'th' flock, which he hath slaine,  
 Tir'd, yawning, surfeited; his rage does pawse,  
 A while, and lashes th'aire with's empty jaws:  
 810 Licking, with's loll'd-out tongue, their gentle fleeces.  
 Now *Tydeus* full of blood, and glorious pieces  
 Of spoiles, had gone to *Thebes* in pompe toth' view  
 O'th' frighted Court: But thou didst please to shew  
 Thy counsell, i virgin-*Pallas*, to his mind  
 815 Inflam'd, and with his prosprous fortunes blind.  
 Great branch of *OENEUS*'s stock, whom we afford  
 To o'recome *Thebes* at *k* distance; sheath thy sword:  
 Spare heav'n that's too propitious: Thou hast done  
 820 Beyond beliefe already; now be gone  
 With fortunes choicest gifts. There did remaine  
 Onely the *Thebane* *l* *Meon* yet unslaine;  
 Unwilling to survive them: (he fore-knew  
 This fate, being *m* skill'd in ev'ry bird that flew:)  
 Nor feard he to forewarne the King; but they  
 825 Destin'd to death, neglect what he could say.  
 He (wretched creature) was condemn'd to live:  
 To whom grim *Tydeus*, this harsh charge did give.  
*Thebane*, what e're thou art, whom the next Sun  
 830 Shall see repriv'd, by our compassion;  
 Returne this to thy King: Entrench thy gates,  
 Renew thy armes, view round thy waies defaults:  
 But chiefly raise more men, complete againe  
 Thy shatter'd troops: See how this spacious plaine  
 835 Reakes from my sword. Such spirits all ow's bring

*i* Called *Tivonia* from the *Africk* fountaine *Triton*, where she first appeared. *k* In her fifty champions whom thou hast slaine. *l* Named either from *Hamon* a *Baotian* river, or son to that *Hamon* who was inamour'd of *Antigone*. *m* A famous Auspex. i. e. fortune-teller, from the flight of birds.

To

To fight. This said, he chose an offering  
 For thee, kind *Pallas*, from the field of slaughter :  
 And makes a heap of carcases ; with laughter  
 Recounting his own acts : An oake did grow  
 In th' middle trench o'th' field, which did not know  
 The age when 'twas first planted : A thick rinde  
 With crooked twigs, and suckers 'bout it twin'd.  
 Here helmets are hung up, and targets batter'd  
 With many strokes ; here broken swords are scatter'd :  
 Here bindes he shiver'd spears, he could recover  
 Out of their gaping wounds : Then standing over  
 His heap of armes and bodies, he begins :  
 Night and the Mountaine ecchoe to his Hymnes.

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Goddesse of power, thy *u* Fathers braine and pride :  
 Great Queen of war, whose cheekes a helme does hide  
 With comely terrour ; whose sterne brow is painted  
 With *o* Gorgons blood : *Mars* is not more acquainted  
 With battels ; nor *Bellona* shriller blows  
 Her trumpets : be propitious to my vows.  
 Whether thou leav'st *p* *Pandion's* hill to view  
 Our slaughters ; or forsak'st thy joyfull crew  
 Of *Thebane* *q* *Ithones* Nymphes, or kombst thy haire  
 Bedew'd in *r* *Tritons* streames, where two white mares  
 Hurry thy war-like Charret : We present  
 These broken spoiles now, and this pillage rent  
 From our foes shoulders : But if e're we come  
 To see *s* *Parthaons* fields, and finde a home  
 In *t* *Pleuron*, then thy Temples richly gilt  
 In th' loftiest streets o'th' City shall be built.  
 Whence 'twill delight, th' *Ionick* waves to spie,

*u* *Minerva* was borne of the braine of *Jupiter*. *o* Lending her shield to *Perseus*, in his expedition against *Medusa*, had the reflection of it there imprinted, which ever afterward she wore. *p* *Athens* dedicated to *Pallas*, where *Pandion* reign'd. *q* Severall Cities of this name, were in *Epire*, *Italy*, *Boeotia*, *Lydia*, *Thessalia* ; this of *Boeotia* was devoted to *Minerva*, *r* The *Africk* river where *Triton* used to bathe. *s* *Ætolia* where he was borne. *t* An *Ætolian* City, consecrated to *Mars*.

And

And boistrous *Achelous* passing by  
 Th' *u* *Echinades*, where's azure waves do raise  
 The Ocean. Here will I paint the *w* baies  
 Of our fore-fathers ; the majestick brow  
 Of puissant Princes. Here will I bestow  
 Their Armes fixt to their Scutcheons : What these broiles  
 Afford me here, with all those other spoiles  
 Which thou shalt grant, when *Thebes* is made our prize.  
 A hundred *Calydonian* votaries,  
 Shall wait upon thy *x* virgin Altars, with  
*y* *Athenean* torches ; binding many a wreath  
 From thy *z* chaste tree, with white and purple tires.  
 Here thy ag'd Priest shall feed *a* eternal fires ;  
 885 Not searching thy close *b* myst'ries : Thou shalt bear  
 The first fruits of our works in peace, and war,  
 Without *c* *Diana's* anger. Thus he spoke,  
 And to sweet *Argos*, straight his journey tooke.

*u* Three Islands of sand wrought up by the Sea, in the mouth of *Achelous*. *w* The stories of victories achiev'd by them. *x* *Pallas*, *Diana*, and *Vesta*, the three virgin Goddesses. *y* *Athens*, named here from King *Allaus*, brought in the use of lights to the Sacrifices of *Pallas*. *z* Either the Olive *Minerva's* gift, of which they wrought her garlands : or that tree, which every fift year was devoted, on which they hung the first fruits of all their increases, like the *Roman Verbena*. *a* In this, performing the office of the Vestill virgins, who might not suffer their fire to go out without a prodigie. *b* Whether that of the *Palladium* let fall from heaven, which was death to prie into. Or rather that of her Virginity, of which there was a strong suspicion with *Vulcan*, when *Erichonius* was borne. *c* As once when shee sent the boare into *Calydonia*.

Finis Lib. II. Statii Thebaid.



Argument. Lib. III. Statii Thebaidos.

Mæon reports toth' King his Captaines fall;  
 Then dies himselfe, denied his funerall:  
 The howling Matrons run toth' bloody field  
 To weep upon the dead. Mavors does yield (hindred  
 At Joves command, toth' Thebane wars; though  
 By Venus pray'rs. Tydeus returning, tendred  
 His aide to Polynices, who's affected (eted.  
 With's Brothers wrongs: Nor are his wounds negle-  
 On Aphesas, the Prophets Auguries  
 Are taken: Capaneus does them despise.  
 Argia does implore her Fathers aide  
 Toth' war; he grants the boon for which she praid.

**B**UT the perfidious Thebane Prince, forbears  
 All rest, this a doubtfull night; though the moist stars  
 Had a long race to morning: His *b* base act  
 Keeps watch about his soule; and does exact  
 Just punishment: Whilst fear (which prophesies  
 The worst of doubts) all her conjectures tries.  
 Alas! saies he, why stay they? (he did thinke  
 The taske was easie: Tydeus needs must shrinke  
 At sight of such a power; nor did he weigh  
 His courage with their Numbers) did they stray  
 Through some wrong path? Is there an army rais'd  
 From Greece to's succour? or's the Rumour blaz'd  
 Through neighbour Cities, of our base attempt?

*a* It was not yet discovered which side was worsted. *b* Of way-laying

Were some few Cowards chose fit for contempt,  
 15 Great Father *Mars*? *Chromis* and *Dorilas*,  
 The *Thebians* too, true champions to our cause,  
 Were there: whole *Greece* could not withstand their armes:  
 And sure he brought no guard of hidden charmes  
 To oppose our darts; He wore no coate of mayle,  
 20 No plates of brasse. Ye sluggards! which do faile  
 Thus long o're one! If battell yet be joyn'd.  
 Thus various heates of rage distract his minde.  
 But above all he blames himselfe, who spar'd  
 The Legate when's Ambassage was declar'd  
 25 Ith' Court: and did not quench that fire, in's blood:  
 Now he's asham'd, and in another mood  
 Repents. As the *Calabrian* Pilot plowes  
 Th' *c* *Ionick* waves, where every shoale he knowes  
 And creeke; Intic'd out from the friendly shore,  
 Cause the *d* *Olenean* Goat rose cleere before:  
 30 But when a winters storme o'resets him, all  
 The ports flie ope, *e* *Orian* does let fall  
 Huge tempests: Then he longs for land, and rowes  
 To shore amaine: But a strong South-wind blowes  
 Oth' sterne to Sea: When leaving's skill, he grieves,  
 35 And toth' blinde waves, himselfe he blindly gives:  
 Thus troubled lies *Eteocles*, and blames  
 The slow-pac'd Light's not-yet-approaching beames.

But loe! when nights black steeds their course had run,  
 40 The stars went out, and *f* *Tethys* rous'd the Sun,  
 Bathing ith' Eastern Sea: The wombe o'th' Earth,  
 (As 'twere to give strange prodigies a birth)

*c* That boistrous part of the *Mediterranean* Sea, which lies about the *Adriatick* straits. *d* A constellation, in honour to the *Amalthean* goat which nourished *Jupiter*, whose first rising threatens boistrous weather, but cleares up before the fall. *e* The son which *Jupiter* gave *OEnopion* without a wife, who slaine by *Diana's* Scorpion, was transfigured to a Star, which riseth in the wet month of January. *f* In whose lap she sleeps every night.



Trembles, the *g* Globe being strooke : *h* Citharons top  
Shakes off his snow, the hills seem'd lifted up:  
And *Thebes* seav'n gates threatned to clash together :  
The cause appear'd ; *i* *Maon* returned thither  
From his could quarters, vext with *k* Fate, and sad  
Because he liv'd : Nor yet the Dawning had  
Fully discover'd him. But's lamentation,  
Was a sure token of their desolation.

And now his stock of teares were spent ; As when  
The heardsman comes from's pastures back again,  
Spoil'd by the Country wolves, whose Masters herd  
Was fled out of his Grove that night, afear'd  
Of stormes rais'd by the *l* blunted hornes o'th Moone :  
Next day their slaughter's seen ; Nor dares he run  
To tell this newes at home, but strew'd with *m* sand  
He fills the Vale with's plaints, hating the land  
His *n* silent folds were pitch't on, and does roare  
For his lost buls, which now he calleth o're.

Soone as the crowd of Matrons see him come  
Toth' gates alone, without his troops, or some  
O'th valiant Captaines with him ; They (alas ! )  
Dar'd not to aske, but made an outcry ; As  
A City storm'd would do, or seamen thout  
Launching a ship toth' Maine. When he found out,  
To his desire, the hated King, saies he,  
Sterne *Tydeus* recommends one soule to thee,  
One wretched soule, of all thy traine : If this  
Were the gods will, or Fortunes, or (which is  
A shame to speake) the foes unconquered might ;  
I, which relate it, scarce can thinke it right :

*g* The Globe of the Earth, hanging equally poised in the aire, seems to be strooke by the Orbe in compassing it, when it jars in an Earthquake. *h* *Bacchus* his mountaine covered with snow. *i* Spared in the last booke by *Tydeus* to publish his victories. *k* Who had shewed him a cruell favour. *l* Weather was prognosticated by the figure of the Moone after her changes. *m* A custome practised by Christians and

All, all are dead : Witnesse ye stars above,  
My partners Ghost, and that o ill fate which drove  
Me back againe : No craft, nor teares did gaine  
This cruell pardon, lifes *p* dishonour'd staine :  
But the *q* command of heav'n and constant Fate  
Unchang'd from her decrees, or *Pluto's* gate  
Late shut against me, did forbid my death :  
Would'st know, how prodigall I'me grown of breath,  
How little fearing hell ? Then blood-hound hear :  
Thou'st rais'd a fatall, a forbidden war.  
Whilst in contempt of Lawes, and brothers right  
Banish'd, a Scepter's onely thy delight.  
A list of widow'd houses fill'd with cries,  
And fifty *r* Ghosts hov'ring before thine eyes,  
With horror, night and day, shall fright thy mind,  
And be thy guard ; Nor will I stay behind.  
With this the fierce Kings brest was swolne with ire :  
His sterne brows flam'd, his blood was set on fire :  
Straight, *Phlegias* and *Labdacus*, prepar'd  
For all injustice ( Captaines of his Guard ) :  
Would force him from the presence. But he had  
With daring courage, now unsheath'd his blade :  
And staring on the Tyrant with an eye  
Glancing on's steele ; Thou halt not right (quoth he)  
To any blood of mine ; Nor shalt thou strike  
That brest which *Tydeus* spar'd : I go to seeke  
Forbidden death with triumph ; and am borne  
With *s* expectation to my partners Urne.  
Heav'n and thy Brother plague thee. — But this sound  
Was stop'd with's blade, sunke up to th' hilts in's wound.  
He strives against deaths pangs ; and doubling all  
His strength t'a second stroke, on's sword does fall.  
His trembling soule thus panteth, whilst his bloud  
Streames from his mouth and wounds in a double floud.  
Bringing him back onely to perish. *p* As not worthy to die amongst  
his confederates. *q* Which as a Prophet he was best acquainted with.  
*r* Those of his Captaines. *s* Of his partners which fell before him.

The Nobles minds were strooke, and all the round  
Mutt' red their troubled thoughts. Whilst he still frown'd, 110  
With lookes unchang'd by death ; his wife and friends  
(Not long joy'd with his company) attends  
On's corps to's house. The Tyrant sticks not here,  
But interdicts his fun'ralls ; and (as 'twere  
To make his sins compleat) in vaine does turne 115  
The Ghost that felt it not, from's quiet Urne.

But thou, whose Fate was great, as was thy soule,  
Who, ne're to be forgotten, durst controule  
Th' imperious King ; and pave a way in which  
Blest liberty might ride ! What verse, what speech 120  
Can raise thy name, as high as thy deserts ?  
Thou God-delighting Prophet ! Heav'nly Arts  
Were not taught thee in vaine. *Apollo's* <sup>z</sup> baies  
Did well become thy brows. *u* *Dodona's* praise,  
That Queen of Groves, dies : *w* *Cyrrha's* Nymph wil dare, 125  
Now *Phæb'* is mute, to unresolve our fear.  
And now far distant from the *Stygian* coasts,  
Goe, take *Elysium* ; which no *z* *Theban* Ghost,  
But thine, may enter : where the Tyrants name  
Has no command. *a* His shape remains the same, 130  
His limbes untouch'd by rav'nous beasts, and where  
He lay expos'd, the birds with awe forbear.

But wives, and Orphans, with sad Parents, spread  
Through all the plaines, and rocks, run who should feed  
Their eyes first, with their miseries : (It was  
A sad contest : ) whilst many thousands passe 135  
Along to comfort them : And some haste on  
To see what one man, in one night had done.  
The way reek'd with their sighs : Their cries were heard

*z* The tree whence *Apollo's* Priests had garlands in honour of *Daphne*.  
*u* *Dodona*, where *Jove* gave answer by two Doves, sitting on his Oakes.  
*w* Where *Apollo's* Oracle in the bottome of *Parnassus*, was delivered by  
an antient maid. But this Prophet being dead, all Oracles would be  
silent. *z* Because of their last cowardly attempt. *a* The Prophets body  
exposed now by the Kings command. 140

Through

Through all the fields : But when those rocks appear'd  
And that *b* unhallow'd wood ; (as if their shreikes  
Now first began, and tears first stain'd their cheeks) 140  
One generall out-cry's made : this sight of blood  
Had kindled all their rage. Black sorrow stood  
In mourning weeds, all torne, and mangled paps  
Inviting on the Matrons. They unclaspe  
145 The beavers from their stiff'ned brows, and shew  
The bodies, as they found them, which they knew :  
Falling on friends and strangers. One besmeares  
Her locks with goare : some close the eyes : Her tears  
Are shed to bath his wounds : This plucks a dart  
150 With a vaine pity, from her husbands heart.  
Part fit the trunk limbs as they grew before,  
And joyne the shoulders to the head they bore.

But *Ide*, mother to the *Thessian* paire,  
Wandering i'th' braky sands, whose scatter'd haire  
155 Was tuck'd up ( as her double losse commands)  
In carelesse manner, having bath'd her hands  
I'th blood of her pale cheekes : Not wretched now,  
Now not unhappy : Fear and dread does flow  
From both her eyes. Thus, through the field of war  
160 And slaughter, powd'ring her neglected haire  
With dust ; she seekes her widow'd joyes, and moanes  
O're ev'ry slaughter'd carkasse, for her sons.

As a *Thessalian* hag, joy'd with the newes  
Of some late *c* battell ; (from whose Countries use  
165 Shee'has learnd, to charme up, some departed wight)  
With *d* seare-branch'd-Cedar-torch-light *e*, in the night  
Traces the fields ; where ev'ry corpse is tost  
As't welters in its blood, to see what Ghost

*b* Infamous as well for the monster *Sphinx*, as for *Tydeus* his slaughter.  
*c* Which might furnish her with store of carkasses. *d* Either to keep  
light the better, or that there was a spell in the inspication and cleaving  
of them. *e* Which besides that they be oylic, seem to *Virgil*, and *Ovid*  
to be of a magical power.

To



To her commands, freest it selfe engages,  
 Whilst the black Round complaines, and *f* *Pluto* rages. 170

Those lay together, underneath the rock;  
 Happy, to fall the same day, by th' same stroke:  
 Their breasts were pegg'd together with the speare;  
 Which when her eyes saw, (having drop't a teare)  
 Sons, is't a Mother (saies she) that beholds 175  
 These your close kisses? These your loving folds?

Has deaths too cruell wit, thus coupled you  
 I'th close of life? Whose wounds first shall I view?  
 Whose lips salute? Are you your Mothers glory?  
 My wombs best fortune? Which should raise my story 180  
 To heav'n, outvying other *g* Matrons names;

Ah! how much happier are those coupled Dames  
 Whose barren wombes n'ere call'd *Lucina* down  
 To ease their paines? my paines my ills may owne.  
 Nor fell you nobly in the *h* day of war, 185  
 The talke of Nations, what things you did dare;

Leaving a badge of honour to your Mother:  
 You died a poor, base death, which night would smother.  
 Could so great blood steale without praise to th' grave?  
 But Ile not strive to part you, or to have 190  
 Your hands untwined as they lie embrac't:

And breake your league of death. Goe Brethren, last  
 Long, undistinguisht; when your bodies burne,  
 And may your kinde Ghosts mingle in your Urne. 195

Thy wife laments no lesse *Chromis* for thee,  
 And *Pentheus* mother, sad *Astioche*,  
 Having prepar'd the Fun'rals: You might gather  
 From *Phadrims* infants, they had lost their Father:  
*Phylleus* her spouse, *Marpissa* weepes; alas!  
 Whilst sisters bath the bloody *Achamas*. 200

Now they lop'd downe the *i* wood, and shav'd the head

*f* That their rest and his dominion is thus disturbed. *g* As *Niobes*, &c.  
*h* Being slaine in a cowardly night skirmish. *i* To build funerall piles  
 for their dead friends.

O'th' neighbour hill, which witness'd this black deed,  
 And saw their teares. But sage *Alethes* stood  
 Before the piles, and whilst no mourner could  
 205 Be drawne from their owne fires, his reverend age  
 Seekes with these words their sorrows to assuage.

Our Nation seldome has been free from danger  
 By'th' sport of Fate, since the *k* *Sidonian* stranger  
 Threw his curs'd seed in our *Aonian* plaines,  
 210 Whence new blades sprung & fields affright their Swaines:  
 But *Thebes* ne're wept so loud, when lightning turn'd  
 Old *Cadmus* *l* court to ashes, where it burn'd

By *Juno's* counsell: Nor when *Athamas*  
 Downe from the mount with fun'rall *m* spoiles did passe,  
 215 Shouting for his halfe-dead *Learchus* feares.

Nay *Thebes* was bath'd in no more fruiull teares,  
 When tir'd *n* *Agave's* madnesse found reliefe,  
 And stood amaz'd at her companions griefe.  
 The fate and mischief of this single day

220 Is like the time, when *Niobe* did pay  
 For her proud boasts, where overwhelm'd with ills,  
 She gives so many *o* corpses to their piles.

So left the people then the naked City,  
 Whilst aged Sires, and rankes of Matrons pity,  
 225 That heav'n should envy thus, and ev'ry *p* gate  
 Was crowded with two Funerals: My Fate  
 Then taught me, like my Parents to lament;  
 Although my years knew not what sorrowes meant,  
 Heav'n wrought all this: Nor griev'd I more because

230 The furious dogs, knew not their *q* Masters face

*k* When *Cadmus* sowed the Dragons teeth, whence the Gyants sprung.  
*l* When *Juno* counselled *Semele*, to desire *Joves* majestick appearance.  
*m* Of his sons dead body. *n* Who in that fury tore her son *Pentheus*  
 piece-meale. *o* Making a bold comparison with *Latoia*, she lost in one  
 clay fourteen children. *p* *Thebes* the seven gated City, had two corp-  
 ses carried through every gate. *q* *Aethon* torne by his hounds, for cipy-  
 ing naked *Diana*.

Wandering by *Delia's* fountaines, where he spi'de 230  
 Forbidden sights : or when thy blood did glide  
 Great *r* Queen, in new-sprung streames : 'Twas the decree  
 Of Fate, and *Joves* high pleasure. Whereas we  
 Are rob'd o'th' kingdoms pillars, all our power,  
 By one false Tyrants fault. Nor at this hower, 235  
 Greece, how th' Ambassage was rejected, hears :  
 And now, we thinke, we waile the worst of wars.  
 How shall the horses foame ? what sweaty brows  
 Will roule i'th' dust ? how red the Current flowes ?  
 Green years will see this : Whilst I may, will I 240  
 Kindle my pile : and in my Country lie.

Thus spake th'old Father : and much aggravates  
*Etheocles* his sin, whilst he relates  
 His cruell, wicked purpose, which ere long  
 Just vengeance would pursue. What taught his tongue 245  
 This freedome ? He foresaw his end was nigh,  
 His dayes were spent, and he would bravely die.

The King of heav'n from's stately palace, view'd  
 These Nations first, in their owne blood imbru'd.  
 And sends post-haste for *Mars*. Who laying waste 250  
 Some *s* *Thracian* and *s* *Getick* townes, did haste  
 And drove his charret furiously, toth' skie :  
 Lightning did creast his helme ; the gold did die  
 On's cruell armes ; which quickned with the shapes  
 Of monstrous beasts, he shooke : Whilst thunderclaps 255  
 Crack heav'n : a bloody-red light sets upon  
 His shield, whose envy strikes the distant Sun.  
 When *Jove* beheld him, puffing with his late  
 Sarmatick paines, and swelling still with hate,  
 And warr's huge Tempest ; Go, saies he, appeare 260  
 Through *Greece*, as th'art ; Nor sword, nor anger clear,

*r* *Dirce* drag'd by *Amphion* and *Zetus*, had her blood changed into a  
 fountaine of her name. *s* These Nations were so warlike, that *Mars*  
 was said to be borne there.

Bid them *r* scowre up the rusty bits, and hate  
 All, but thy selfe : Thee, in their lives estate  
 And fortunes : Breake delaies ; Cashiere that *u* peace  
 265 We gave them. Thou maist fire heav'n if thou please ;  
 Thou maist disturbe my quiet. I have sowne  
 The seed of discord thus : *Tydeus* does frowne  
 At his returne, reporting the base act  
 Attempted by the King, fit to contract  
 270 As base a war ; The treacheries which were laid,  
 And by his Steele reveng'd : 'Tis thou must adde  
 Credit to's words. Ye gods, which draw your line  
 From me, dissent not : Hope not, to decline  
 My sentence by your prayers : The black clew  
 275 O'th' sister-Fates has sworne ; this day is due  
 To *Mars*, from th' Earths first fabrick ; and those are  
 A people destin'd, from their birth to war.  
 But should my justice finde you her gaine-faiers,  
 Not to plague old offences in the heires ;  
 280 Witnesse y' Eternall Towers ; Thou Cabinet  
 Of mine owne thoughts ; And what, as heav'n, I set  
 In mine esteeme, Thou cleare *Elyzian* water ;  
 This hand shall *Thebes*, and her proud bulwarkes batter :  
 Whose towers raz'd to the ground, on *Greece* Ile powre :  
 285 Or turne them both, to poysoned Lakes, by a shower  
 Of blood rain'd downe : Though *m* *Juno* in her armes  
 Embrace her hils and Temples, midst these harmes.  
 This said, they trembling, doe their speech forbear,  
 And quell their thoughts, as if they mortalls were.  
 290 As when the windes in league, becalme the seas,  
 No waves forbid the shoare to sleepe at ease ;  
 The shady leaves, and clouds, are scorch'd with heat,  
 Without a blast to coole them : Then the great  
 And roaring lakes contract themselves : The Sun

*r* Or after another edition, bid them disturbe their idle league. *u* These  
 Nations never quarrel'd before. *m* Contending so earnestly for them.  
 Lib. 1.

Drinkes up the streames which now with silence run,  
*Mars* triumphs at these summons ; as he rides  
 On's fiery wheelles, toth' left the reynes he guides.  
 And having reach'd his journey, Heav'n's ascent,  
*Venus* does boldly 'fore his steeds present  
 Herselfe : They startling back, let fall their manes  
 With reverence : She on their harnesse leanes ;  
 And glancing her moist eyes, makes this complaint :  
 (Meane while his, steeds were fed with Adamant  
 Which sprung besides her feet : ) Prepar'st thou war  
 For *Thebes* ? Doe'st thou, her lovely  $\times$  Sire, prepare  
 So kind a war ? And seek'st thou to destroy  
 Thy off-spring ? Can't Harmonie, nor the joy  
 Of heav'n, those  $y$  weddings ; Can't my tears be heard  
 To stop thy rage ? Is this a just reward  
 For my  $\times$  offence ? Left I my bashfull spirit,  
 And wore I *a Lemnian* chaines, that I might merit  
 This boone ? Proceed. But 'tis another duty  
 Wrong'd *Vulcan* payes ; whose anger serves my beauty.  
 He would be glad, eternally to sweate  
 In's forge, at my command : And nightly sit  
 Watching at's anvil : He would hammer, Thee,  
 Ev'n Thee, a suite of armes. Yet Thou — But I  
 Thinke by my teares, to melt a rockie heart,  
 A heart of brasse. This onely this impart :  
 I beg it : Why didst cause my childe to take  
 A *Tyrian* spouse, and fatall wedlock make ?  
 Thy boast was, that those champions of *Tyre*,  
 Though sprung from *b* Vipers, challeng'd *Jove*, their Sire ;  
 Brave lively spirits. Oh that my girle had joyn'd  
 To a Northern blade, of the *c* *Sithonian* kind,

$\times$  Being father to *Harmione*, the wife of *Cadmus*,  $y$  Where all the gods  
 threw in their offerings.  $\times$  Of playing the adulteresse. *a* Which *Vul-*  
*cann* forged to ensnare them, *b* When *Cadmus* sowed the serpent's teeth,  
*c* The Northerne part of *Thrace*, named from its King *Sithon*.

Beyond thy *Thrace*. I't not enough disgrace,  
 Queen *Venus*'s daughter *d* creeps upon the grasse,  
 And spits her poyson in th' *Illyrian* coast ?  
 But now a Nation undeserving's lost.  
 330 The Warriour could no longer bear this waste  
 Of teares, but handling's speare, leaps downe in haste  
 From's lofty Chariot ; where his buckler meets her  
 With rough embraces, and thus kindly greets her.  
 Thou sweet refreshment from my warlike toyles,  
 335 My soules content ; whose beauty only foyles  
 My darts, 'mongst gods or men ; who safely charm'st  
 My foming steeds, and this right hand disarm'st :  
 I ha'nt forgot th'alliance *Cadmus* claimes,  
 Nor thy dear Love : (Let me not bear these blames  
 340 Unjustly : ) sooner Ile be drench'd in hell,  
 And driv'n disarm'd to the pale *Furies* cell.  
 But now the Fates decree, and *Joves* command  
 I must obey (Thy *Vulcan* has no hand  
 Fit for such service : ) How dare I oppose  
 345 *Joves* pleasure, or contemne what hee'l impose ?  
 When late he spoke, heav'n, earth, and the vast deep  
 (Strange power ! ) stood trembling : Nay the gods did  
 And hid themselves, though of his ranke : Yet, dear, (creep,  
 Be not possess't with a despairing fear :  
 350 Since there's no change, Ile an assistant sit  
 Toth' *Theban* armes, when both their hosts shall meet  
 Under the *Tyrian* wals : Then shalt thou see  
 Me, hurry through the field of blood, and be  
 A terrour to the *Grecians*, with more joy.  
 355 No law, nor destiny does this deny.  
 This said, he whips his horses through the skie :  
*Joves* thunderbolts do not more swiftly flie  
 To th' distant Earth, when on the snowy head  
 Of *e* *Othrys*, or cold *e* *Ossa* he does tread ;

*d* *Harmione* when with *Cadmus* she was transformed into a snake. *e* Two  
 mountaines of that eminent height, that their tops are hid within the  
 clouds.

And armes his hand i'th clouds : Downe fall his darts  
 Bearing his sad commands ; Their sparkeling, starts  
 The Universe, should they a drought infer  
 Toth' Earth, or shipwrack to the Mariner.  
 Now *Tydeus* did his wary steps recall  
 Toth' *Gracian* plaines, and sweet *Prosymna's* dale :  
 His lookes affright ; his haire with dust abounds ;  
 A showre of sweat fals into's open wounds.  
 His eyes looke red with watching; thirst contracts  
 His drawn-up mouth: his mind feeds on his acts,  
 And breathes his lasting fame. Just so, comes back  
 The pushing bull to's pastures ; with his neck  
 And deawlap, and torne shoulders drench'd in gore  
 Of's owne, and's enemies blood : Though tir'd before,  
 His courage rises now : His pride does grow  
 From sight of's mangled breast : His conquer'd foe  
 Lies roaring, as he tumbles on the ground,  
 Which bids him slight the anguish of his wound.  
 Thus he returnes ; and as he pass'd, enflames  
 The Inland townes, betwixt *f Asopus* streames  
 And *Argos* : Every where discoursing, how  
 Himselfe Ambassadour from *Greece* did goe,  
 To aske for banish'd *Polynices* right :  
 Where he endur'd such force, so black a night,  
 That craft, those treach'rous armes combin'd together,  
 By'th' Tyrants charge, who'l not resigne to's brother.  
 The people soone beleeve him ; *Mars* prepares  
 Their credulous souls, and Fame does raise their feares.  
 He entring on a sodaine at the gate,  
 (What time *Adrastus* and his Nobles sate  
 In Parliament :) cries out, at th' Palace doore :  
 Arme, Arme my sparkes; and thou great Sovereigne power  
 Which rulest *Greece* ; if any grandfires blood  
 Doe swell thy veines ; to Armes : All that is good

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395 And right, all thoughts of heav'n are fled from men :  
 More safely, I a Legate might have been  
 To th' greedy *Scythians*, or that bloody *g* theife  
 Of the *Bebrician* wood. Nor do I grieve  
 Or check you for commanding : I am glad  
 400 I'm glad I went, and prov'd what strength they had  
 In guilty *Thebes*. Trust me an Army back'd  
 With night and craft, besieg'd me, in a tract  
 Of ground I knew not, naked ; yet in vaine :  
 As they had gone some fortresse to obtaine,  
 405 Or well-fenc'd towne, appointed Cap-a-pe,  
 And arm'd with plots, they came t'encounter me.  
 There weltring in their blood, before the wall  
 O'th *h* empty City. Now's the time to fall  
 On our affrighted foes, when they have made  
 410 Their fun'rall piles, ere I ungraspe my blade :  
 Though tir'd with sending fifty soules toth' grave,  
 My wounds not cleans'd, and bleeding, yet I crave,  
 Let's march away. Th' amazed *Gracians* rise,  
 But first the *Thebane* meets, with downe-cast eyes :  
 415 I am accurs'd of heav'n, who guilty view  
 Thy wounds, untouch'd my selfe : Was this my due  
 At my returne, dear Brother ? was this strife  
 Level'd at me ! O base desire of life !  
 Wretch ! that I should deny this crimson *i* staine  
 420 To my false Brother. But, may you remaine  
 Long blest with peace : A stranger shan't beget  
 Your trouble : Neither ha's my fortune yet  
 Swell'd me so high, but that I know what smart  
 And grieve it is, from wife and babes to part,  
 425 And Country : No dismembred family,  
 Nor pensive Matrons eye shall squint on me.

*g Amycus*, who challenged all travellers to combat in the *Bithynian* woods, and there rifled and murdered them. *h* Which had lost fifty of her best commanders. *i* Of becoming a parricide in murdering his brother.

He goe resolv'd for death, although my spouse.  
 And Father-in-law againe should stop my vowes.  
 This life to *Thebes*, and to my brother's due,  
 And Thee, great *Tydeus*. Thus his speeches screw  
 425 Into their mindes, whilst he windes in his *k* prayers.  
 But these complaints had mov'd their spleen; In teares  
 They boyle their griefe. One purpose does ingage  
 The breasts of all; both young, and such whose age  
 430 Had cool'd their spirits: All would rise as one,  
 And call in neighbours help; and straight be gone.  
 But brave *Adrastus*, who knew well to guide  
 A Scepter, cries, Let *I* heav'n and me decide  
 This matter. Neither shall th' Usurper live  
 435 Without revenge; nor you too haltie give  
 Promise for war. But now let's entertaine  
*Tydeus*, triumphing o're so many slaine:  
 Whose gallant soul from rest may finde reliefe:  
 Reason shall moderate us in our griefe.  
 The Peeres were struck with this, his wife grew pale:  
 440 Glad *Tydeus* now surrounded by them all,  
 Wearied with's war, and travailes, was repos'd  
 I'th midst o'th hall; his back to a pillar clos'd:  
 Whilst *m* *Epidaurian Idmon* baths him, who  
 445 Was skill'd i'th Surgeons launce, and simpling too.  
 He taken up with lofty thoughts, discourses  
 The cause o'th' jar, how they reply'd in courses;  
 In what place they way-lay'd him; at what hower;  
 What Captaines came against him, of what power;  
 450 Who put him hardest to't: Then he relates,  
 How he spar'd *Meon*, to report their fates.  
 The round of Nobles, with the King's amaz'd,  
 To heart: The banish'd *Thebanes* spirit's rais'd.

\* Closely imploring assistance which he seem'd to pray against.  
 † It being unlawfull to wage war, without consulting the Gods.  
 m Called so from a *Gracian* City of that name, which bred *Æscula-*  
*pius* the inventor of medicine.

The Sun descending toth' *Hesperian* shoare,  
 Had loos'd his fiery steeds, and washes ore  
 460 Their glitt'ring manes i'th' Ocean: He was met  
 By *Nereus* traine, and th' Howres with nimble feet.  
 These take the reines off; and th' imbroydred crest  
 Of's Crowne, they unharnesse their chaf'd back and brest.  
 Some lead his steeds to pasture, when they're coole,  
 465 Some set the Chariot up, and mount the pole:  
 Night comming on composeth humane care,  
 And stops the wilde-beasts ranging; heav'n does weare  
 A sable robe: All do partake this boone,  
 Except *Adrastus*, and his *Thebane* son.  
 470 For *Tydeus* slept securely, whilst the Theame  
 Of's valour was presented in his dreame.  
 And now the god of war, this gloomy night  
 Clatters his Steele; and though he do affright,  
 Yet he allures their soules, through all the bounds  
 475 Of *Arcadie*, and the *Nemean* townes:  
 Toth' top of *Tanarus*, and *n* *Therapne* blest  
 With *Phæb's* great presence. Rage and anger dress'd  
 His horses manes: *Terrour* his Squire, does use  
 The reynes; and Fame, which watches every newes,  
 480 Collecting various tumults, and driv'n on  
 Byth' horses breath, turnes his Postilion:  
 And shakes her quivering wings with sounds of fear,  
 Forc'd on byth' bloody whip o'th' Charioteer,  
 To speake both truth and falshood: Th'angry god  
 485 Lashes her back-parts with a *Scythian* rod.  
 As windes set by their Captaine *Neptune* free  
 From their *Æolian* gaole, before him flee  
 Intoth' *o* *Ægean* sea: whilst stormes and clouds  
 Sad company, and gloomy winter crouds  
 490 About his wheelles; and ugly Tempests, hurl'd  
 From the torne Center of the scatter'd world.

n A *Lycian* City dedicated to *Apollo*. o From *Ægeus*, an *Athenian*,  
 who drowned himself here, in despaire for his son *Theseus*.

The *p* Cyclads then feel their foundation shake ;  
*Delos* feares *q* *Mycone* will her forsake,  
 And *q* *Gyarus* ; and does implore the aide,  
 And claims the promise, her great *r* Nurse-child made. 495  
 Now the seventh morning courted heav'n and earth,  
 Giving the day from her fair lips a birth ;  
 When the *s* old King, from's privy chamber came,  
 Much doubtfull, much distracted with the name  
 Of war, and's fiery sons : He can't resolve, 500  
 Whether to be their Generall, and involve  
 The nations in their quarrell ; Or refraine  
 His raging brest, and sheath his sword againe.  
 This way sweet peace provok'd ; then he's asham'd  
 Of lazy ease, and's subjects all inflam'd 505  
 With fresh desires of war : But yet, at last  
 His doubts are clos'd with this ; He'l go, and tast  
 The Prophets minds, and try what th' *t* *Altars* meane,  
 Which best discover truth. This was thy Scene  
*u* *Amphiaräus*, with old *Melampus* joyn'd 510  
*w* *Amithaons* son, who flourish'd still in mind,  
 And *Phæb's* great presence ; 'Twas a doubt it seems  
 Who best belov'd, drunk most of *x* *Cyrrha's* streams.  
 They try the Gods, with entrails first, and blood  
 Of cattell slain ; whose speckled hearts withstood : 515  
 And shrivel'd veines spoke mischief to their feare :  
 Yet they'l abroad and guesse *y* i'th open ayre.

*p* Fifty three little Islands in the *Ægean* sea. *q* Two of the *Cyclades*, incompassing and securing *Delos*. *r* *Apollo* who in recompence to the Island which brought him up, secured it from winds and tempests. *s* *Adrastus* named here from *Perseus*, who once ruled over *Argos*. *t* One great part of divination being made, by looking on the sacrifices there slain. *u* *Eclus* his son, who was both Prophet and Captain in the war, slain afterward. *w* But son-in-law to King *Prætus*, upon compact of restoring his daughters the *Præitides* to their former shapes. *x* Where *Apollo* was worihipp'd, where they drunk in the Art of divination. *y* The two other kinds of soothsaying from the flight and chirping of the birds.

There was a mount, whose daring top did passe  
 The clouds ; the Grecians call it *z* *Aphesas* ;  
 520 Once sacred to the Argives : Hence 'tis said  
 Swift *Perseus* took his flight, and did invade  
 The heav'ns : His frightened *a* mother saw his feet  
 Part from the rock, and would have followed it.  
 Here came the Prophets, having deckt their browes  
 525 And sacred locks, with garlands made oth' boughs  
 Of the white Olive ; when th' appearing Sun  
 Moistned the fields, and bid the frost be gone.  
 And first *b* *OEclydes* thus invoketh heav'n :  
 Almighty *Jove*, from whom all pow'r is giv'n  
 530 To th' winged crew, that birds know what's to come,  
 Discovering heav'ns advice, and secret doome :  
 Not *c* *Cyrrha's* Oracle speaks the God more plaine,  
 Not the *d* *Chaonian* oakes, which men do feigne,  
 Doe answer thee. Though dully *e* *Hammon* fret ;  
 535 And th' *f* *Pataraan* lots contend, or yet  
*Niles* *g* Oxe, or *h* *Bronchus* equall to his Father,  
 Or watry *Pisa's* *i* swaines, when they doe gather  
*Pans* nightly answer's in the dark ; Those souls  
 Are most enrich'd, to whom thy lucky fowles  
 540 Great *k* *Jove*, are sent : Strange ! whence this honour came  
 To birds : 'tis ancient. Either when the frame

*z* A Cilician mount, whence *Perseus* took his flight, when he went for the *Gorgons* head. *a* *Danae*. *b* *Amphiaräus*. *c* Neer which *Apollo* had his speaking *Tripod*. *d* A country of *Epirus* where Doves on the boughs of oaks, delivered Oracles from *Jupiter*. *e* In the deserts of *Africa*, *Jupiter* appearing to thirsty *Liber* in the similitude of a ram, and discovering water, had a temple built, which he honoured with his Oracle. *f* A Lycian City where *Apollo* had an oraculous Temple. *g* *Apis* a good King, since honoured for a God under this shape, who gives them his mute Oracles by the willing acceptance of his meat. *h* *Apollo's* son, who had a Temple built to him in the City *Possideum*. *i* The *Pisæan* rusticks, being (as it were) *Pans* Organ-pipes, which nightly he inspires. *k* Named *Distans* from that name of *Crete*, where he was brought up.



O'th' world was moulded out o'th' Chaos, then  
 The great Creatour gave it ; Or, once *l* men  
 They chang'd their shapes, and chose t' inhabit in  
 The aire : Or their pure climate, where no sin  
 Does nestle, whilst they seldome touch the earth,  
 Has taught them truth ; Chiefe power, which gav'st a birth  
 To all things, Thou know'st best. Vouchsafe from heav'n  
 To let us know what paines, what fate is giv'n

545

Toth' *Gracian* battailes : If th'unchanged Powers  
 Decree, that we shall force the *Thebane* Towers  
 Discover't with *m* a left-hand crack : Let birds  
 I'th aire consent to't, chirping hidden words.

550

If thou deny't ; here stop us : Cloud the day  
 With right-hand shoales : This spoken, he does lay  
 His limbs o'th' rock ; where, to more gods he cries  
 Unknowne, and looking stedfast *n* dimms his eyes.

555

Thus having parted 'twixt them all the skie,  
 Their eyes and mind in ev'ry Coast do prie :  
 At last *Melampus* cals : do'st thou not see,

560

*Amphiaras*, under heav'n's Canopy  
 There's no bird makes a prosperous flight ? There's none  
 Hovers with cleare wings in this region ?

There's none flies clapping with a luckie sound ?

*Apollo's* *o* black companion can't be found,  
 Nor th' *p* *Eagle* bearing lightning, nor the Owle  
*Minerva's* howling *q* bird is in the Shole.

565

The best diviner here's a Vultur, or  
 Some ravenous Kites, aloft triumphing soare.

*l* According to the *Pythagorean* fancy of the transmigration of soules.  
*m* All Omens fetched from the heavens and aire, look'd first to the  
 quarters from whence they came : if from the left it was prosperous,  
 if from the right, unlucky. *n* So intentive to the divisions of the hea-  
 vens, that he dazled his eyes from beholding any thing. *o* The Crow  
 changed by *Apollo* for his *Coronis* sake, and ever since attending on his  
 Oracle. *p* Because *Joves* messenger. *q* *Nyctimene* chang'd to an Owle  
 for incest with her father, was admitted a nightly attendant on *Diana*.  
 All these were prosperous birds.

A monstrous sight ! heark, what a dismall skritch  
 They make ith' clouds ; what groans the night-birds fetch !  
 What ill presaging tunes, the Scritch-owles holloe !  
 Must we, these first portents of mischief follow ?  
 570 Shall these impropriate heav'n, blest *r* *Phæb* ? see where  
 Their hook'd clawes doe their bloody faces teare.  
 Their wings doe beat the wind, whole clapping sound  
 Resembles sobs : Their feather'd breasts they wound.

Then he proceeds, I've oftentimes endur'd  
 Heav'n's ominous tokens, since I went aboard  
 575 In the *Thessalian* *s* bark, scarce past a child,  
 Among those royall *t* demi-gods, who fill'd  
 Their souls with wonder, when I did declare  
 The fate of Sea and Land ; *Jason* gave care  
 580 To mine, as much as *u* *Niopsus's* prophesies,  
 When doubts arose : But never yet the skies  
 Seem'd so prodigious : never so great feare :  
 Yet more's a comming. Mark, in that bright Spheare  
 Of heav'n a thousand swans have clos'd their ranks :  
 585 Whither byth' North-wind blown from w *Strimons* banks,  
 Or fruitfull *Nile* has sent them : Here their flight  
 Is stopp'd ; think these present *Thebes* to thy sight.  
 For silent in a quiet round they're set,

As if they were entrench'd with walls. But yet  
 590 A stronger troop mounts through the aire : I spie  
 Sev'n golden *x* Birds of *Jove*, in triumph flie :  
 Imagine these are *y* *Gracian* Captains : They  
 Have entred the Swans circle, where they prey  
 With their hook'd talons on their slaughter'd foes ;

*r* Named here from *Thymbra*, where he was worship'd. *s* Which  
 carried *Jason* and his Argonauts to *Colchos*. *t* As the Argonauts, all  
 sons to Kings, were afterwards accounted. *u* *Apollo's* son most exqui-  
 site in Sooth-sayings, and intimate with *Jason*. *w* A Thracian river  
 abounding with Swans, where they are thought to be coloured with  
 snow. *x* The king of birds, Eagles, who attend of *Jupiter*. *y* For that  
 number went to the *Thebane* wars.



And claspe their clawes, at more. But see, it blowes, 610  
 And rains down drops of bloud : the day is drest  
 In plumes: How soon *Joves* anger has distrest  
 The conquering party ! *a* He, which soar'd so high,  
 Scorch'd with the Suns quick beams do's fall and die.  
*a* T'others forsaken by his tender wings, 615  
 Whilst he mounts after stronger birds : *b* This clings  
 About his foe, and falls together ; *c* He  
 Turns back, and flies from's partners destinie.  
 There's *d* one, wrap'd in a Tempest, falls : And *e* he  
 Dies feeding on his living Enemy. 620  
 Their blood has stain'd the clouds. Why do'st thou *f* steal  
 Soft tears, *Melampus* ? I discover well,  
 Who falleth now. Thus, fearfull of th'event,  
 And *g* feeling what their visions did present ;  
 The Prophets stand affrighted. Now they grieve 625  
 They'ntruded 'mongst the birds, and without leave  
 Screw'd into heav'n's designs : Anon they hate  
 The answ'ring Gods. What fury did create  
 This eager Love in mortalls, to make known  
 Things yet to come ? Was't heav'n's gift ? or their own 630  
 Ambitious thoughts, content with no estate ?  
 We search the birth, and end of time ; what fate  
 The highest *h* Pow'r, and hardned destinies  
 Determine for us. Hence we cast our eyes  
 On entrails, list'ning to the birds discourse ; 635  
 We trace the stars, and reckon *i* *Phœbe's* course ;

*a* Betokening *Capaneus*, who contesting with *Jupiter*, was slain with lightning. *a* *Parthenopæus* desiring to accomplish things beyond his age. *b* *Polynices*, who died upon his brother. *c* *Adrastus*, who onely returned. *d* *Hippomedon*, o'rewhelmed in a river. *e* *Tydeus*, eat up *Mcnalippus* his brains, who gave him his death's wound. *f* *Amphiarus* replies to *Melampus* whose voice was stop'd with tears, upon sight of the last Eagle falling, which *Amphiarus* interprets of himself. *g* So sure, as if they already felt it. *h* Called *Cælopeus* of Mathematicians. *i* According to whose increase or decrease, their spells were more or lesse powerfull.

And

And use *k* Thessalian arts. The Golden Age  
 Of our forefathers never durst presage  
 Thus boldly : / They were borne of stumps of rocks,  
 630 And only labour'd to encrease their stocks  
 In woods or tillage. Mortals may not strive  
 To know to morrow's doome : And yet we dive,  
 (Poore Vulgars) in Heav'n's secrets : hence our Lies,  
 Feares, Anger, Craft, immodest hopes arise.  
 635 The Prophet therefore tearing from his brows  
 His garland now discharg'd, without his boughs  
 Of honour, leaves th'unlucky mountaine : Where  
 The noise of war and trumpets greet his eare :  
 For distant *Thebes* boyl'd in their breast ; He brooks  
 640 Neither the Kings discourse, nor Peoples looks,  
 Nor the Peers meetings : Hid in's secret Cell  
 The Gods acts he refuses to reveale.  
 Thy shame, *Melampus*, and thy cares retain'd  
 Thee in the *m* Country. Twelve daies *n* he refrain'd  
 His tongue ; whose silence, Prince and People holds  
 645 In doubts. But *Joves* command now chafes their souls :  
 Whole towns and countries straight unpeopled lie ;  
*Mars* prest a thousand troupes : With joy they flie  
 From house, and lovely brides, and infants tears,  
 650 At home ; The God did so possesse their fears.  
 They pluck down weapons from their Grandfires halls,  
 And charriots fastned to the Temple walls.  
 Then burnish they their rusty darts, and set  
 Their canker'd swords for slaughter, which they whet  
 655 On stones to glaze them. Some fit their smooth Crests,  
 And buckling brasse-seam'd Corsets on their breasts,  
 They try their crackling Coats of maile ; these bend  
 Their Cretian horns : Some, hooks and plow-shares send

*k* Magicke there, was most in practise by the raising of Ghosts.  
*l* When *Dencalion* advised by the Oracle, threw his Mothers bones be-  
 hind him. *m* Being both a Physician and a Prophet. *n* *Amphiarus*.

Toth' forge, with spades and harrows, where they glow :  
 Some do not stick, to cut down spears which grow 660  
 In consecrated groves ; cov'ring their shields  
 With *o* skins of Oxen, which have plough'd their fields.

They break int' *Argos* next, and roar out war  
 At the Kings dore ; their Clamours reach as far 665  
 As *Tyrrhene* waves : or when *p* *Enceladus*.  
 Desires to change his side : the mountain thus  
 Thunders within its fiery caves : the top  
 Vomits huge Cinders, which begin to stop  
 The channell next *q* *Pelorus* ; th' Island *r* then  
 Divided now, hopes to be joyn'd agen. 670

And now the hot desire of war did seize  
 The soul of *Capaneus*, long tir'd with peace ;  
 Whose bloud was stream'd from noble veins ; but he  
 Outstrips his grandsires acts : Long liv'd he free 675  
 In his contempt of heav'n, neglect of right,  
 A daring soul, where Anger did excite.  
 Like one of shady *f* *Pholoes* tenants, and  
 Amongst *t* th' *Ætnean* brethren fit to stand.  
 Before thy dore, *Amphiarauus*, where  
 The crowd of Captains, and mad vulgars were ; 680  
*Argives*, he cries, what sluggishness does tame  
 Your spirits ? And you Grecians ; is't not shame  
 So many arm'd, couragious nations wait  
 At one poore Citizens oraculous gate ?  
 Should *Phæb'* himself (what ever fears of men 685  
 And fame has made him) from's inspired den  
 Within the hollow top of *u* *Cyrrha*, mutter ;

*o* Whence of old a shield was called *corium bovis*. *p* One of the Gyants who attempting heav'n, was ore-whelmed by *Jove* under this mountaine of *Ætna*, and there broyled. *q* A Sicilian promontory, lying over against *Scylla's* gulph. *r* *Sicily* once joyned to the continent of *Italy*, and rent from it by the violence of the waves. *f* A woody mountain of *Thessaly* where the Centaures inhabited. *t* The *Cyclops* which work in their shop of *Ætna*. *u* The place where the Oracle was delivered by—

I'de scorn to stay, till his pale *w* wench could utter  
 Her ridd'ling terrours ; courage and this steel  
 690 Are all the Deity's to which I'll kneel.  
 Call out the Prophet with his juglings, now :  
 Or I'll make triall what his birds can do.

The Grecian bands do shout for joy, and crown  
 His rage with their applause : *x* *OEclydes* soon  
 695 Was forc'd to make appearance ; but his brest  
 Was with another *y* source of cares oppress'd.  
 I leave not my dark Cell, faith he, for fear  
 Of this rash young mans clamours, though he bear  
 Mad threatnings in his tongue : another fate  
 Must close my life, which cannot take a date  
 700 From *z* mortall hands. 'Tis your Love, and the God  
 Too pow'rfull in me, bids me spread abroad  
 These secrets : Sadly, I'll discover all,  
 You must expect to happen. Neither shall  
 705 My words move thee, fierce *a* man : *Apollo's* den  
 To thee alone is silent. Wretched Men !  
 Why, why d'ee take up armes ? the Fates, and heav'n  
 Resisting. Whither have the Furies driv'n  
 Your blinded souls ? Are lives so burdensome ?  
 710 *Argos* so odious ? Nothing sweet at home  
 Slight ye heav'ns signes ? Why did ye make me passe,  
 With trembling steps toth' top of *b* *Aphesus*,  
 T'intrude int' heav'n ? I might have liv'd like you,  
 Not knowing the black daies that shall pursue  
 715 Our armies : Nor mine own, nor others doome ;  
 Nor th' Omens, seen : ( Witness thou secret womb  
 O'th' world, that counsel'dst me ; ye chirping birds  
 And thou *c* *Thymbraus*, listning to my words

*w* His *Enthean* Prophetesse an aged maid, pale and frantick, when she was possessed. *x* *Amphiarauus* the son of *OEclydes*. *y* Fore-seeing his own destruction occasioned by his wives pride. *z* Being swallowed up by the earth. *a* *Capaneus*. *b* Called the *Persean* mountain, because *Perseus* took his flight from thence. *c* *Apollo*, as before.

More gently heretofore ) Prodigious signes  
Of ruine, I beheld : Mens base designs  
Were seconded byth' Gods *d*: Furies did mock,  
And *e Lachesis* tore lives off from her rock.  
Lay down your armes : God has your rage withstood :  
God has withstood. Is't sport, with captive bloud  
To water *Cadmus* *f* tilth, Aonian plains ?

But why do I lose my song ? why take I pains  
To drive back fixed chance ? There's no release,  
We *g* must go. Here he sighs and holds his peace.

But *Capaneus* replies : Prophet, on thee  
Light all thy madness, and those plagues ; to be  
The Governour of *h* naked *Argos* ; where  
May no *i* field-Musick rattle in thy eare.  
Why stop'st thou nobler Spirits ? Is't forsooth  
For us, to suffer thee to hug thy sloth  
At home ? r'enjoy thy foolish birds, and son,  
And wife ? But unreveng'd forget, what's done  
To gallant *Tydens*, and the league they break ?  
But if the Grecians may not fight, go speak,  
As a new Legate, to the Thebanes ; sure  
Thy holy *k* Garlands will thy peace secure.  
Shall th' hidden cause, and ground of things, be given  
Byth' stars at thy command ? I pity heav'n,  
If pray'rs or charms can move it. Why do'st fright  
Dull sluggish souls ? Fear first, gave Gods their height.  
Yet now, rage on securely ; but when first,  
Th'alarme is giv'n, and we shall quench our thirst.  
In helmes, full of *l Ismene*, or *l Dirce's* water,  
Beware of meeting then, when we breath slaughter

*d* As *Venus* assisting the Thebanes, *Juno* the Grecians. *e* On whose  
Distaff, the clue of life was feigned to be spun. *f* The land where be-  
fore he had sown his serpents teeth. *g* It being so determined by the  
destinies. *h* When all the men are gone out to war. *i* Called here  
*Tyrrhene*, because they were the first inventors of Trumpets. *k* Ironi-  
cally, because he was a Prophet. *l* Thebane streams.

Harnes'd

Harnes'd toth' battell : think not a crosse bird,  
Or wind, shall make that battail be deferr'd.  
750 This wanton Mitre then were best be gone,  
And terrible *Apollo's* madnesse. None  
But I, and such as I am, daring men,  
Shall divine there. A shout was rais'd agen,  
By such as did incourage him : which flies  
755 With a vast tumult, underneath the skies.  
Like a swift torrent, which do's nimblier flow  
With spring-tydes, or the hills dissolving snow,  
When it ore-spreads the plains, mangre the shoares  
Resistance ; there tempestuously it roares  
760 'Mongst buildings, corn, flocks, men : At last 'tis stop'd  
Against a hill, or with steep banks o'retop'd.  
These Captains quarrels here the night did part :  
But poor *Argia* with a pensive heart  
Bearing her husbands grief, and pitying their  
765 True Fellowship in sorrow, with her hair  
Dishevel'd, as it was ; and furrow'd checks,  
Into her Fathers lofty Palace breaks.  
Carrying *m Thessander* at her breast ; when night  
Dis-mantled at th'approaching of the light :  
770 And *n Arctos* seeing th'other stars decline  
Toth' Sea, do's envy. When sh'had enter'd in,  
And kneel'd before her reverend Sire, she saies :  
You know, dear Father, should I hold my peace,  
Why thus with tears, without my spouse, it's night  
775 I come into your presence : By that right  
Our births may challenge : by your self, I swear,  
He did not bid me : 'twas that waking care,  
And sleep disturb'd with sighs, since *Hymen* plighted  
Our faiths, and *Juno's* fatal torch was lighted.

*m* *Polynices's* young son. *n* The North star, once *Calisto*, *Jove's* har-  
lot, who is forbid to bath in the Ocean by *Thetis*, at *Juno's* command,  
whose Nurse she was.

If Tygers milk had nurs'd me, or rocks grew  
 Beneath my heart, I could not bear't : 'tis you  
 Have onely means to help : All powers are  
 In your own hands : Dear Father, wage a war :  
 Pity your son's low fortunes : Pity this  
 Poore banish'd-fathers child : What shame it is ?  
 He first, was entertain'd ; and heav'n, you'll find  
 Witness'd the contract, when our hands were joyn'd.  
 Sure this is he, foretold byth' Oracle :  
 I stole no close heats, no fires blameable :  
 I lov'd at your command : 'twas your advice.  
 Now with what cruelty can I despise  
 His sad complaints ? Father, you know not yet,  
 What Love, a husbands misery can beget.  
 Now my sad soul puts up unpleasing wishes,  
 That I may o fear and o grieve : But when our kisses  
 Shall be divided, at the dismall day,  
 When the shrill trumpets call your Armes away,  
 When you shall shine in your enamel'd steel ;  
 Alas, dear father, I perhaps shall kneel,  
 To ask it back again. *Adrastus* takes  
 Her kisses, water'd from his eyes, and speaks :  
 I cannot blame thy plaints girle ; Lay aside  
 Thy fears : Such boones are not to be deni'd :  
 Praise-worthy suits : But heav'n, and mine own fear  
 The weight o'th' kingdome too, ( yet don't forbear  
 To hope ) suggest much to my soul. Thy cares  
 Shall find their due, nor shalt thou lose thy tears.  
 Comfort thy husband, daughter : this delay  
 Will prove no losse : For great designes we stay.  
 This profits much in war. The light appears  
 As he spake thus, and he's call'd up by's cares.

o Him fighting, him departing.

*Finis Lib. III. Statii Thebaid.*



Argument. Lib. IV. *Statii Thebaidos.*

*Bellona calls to Armes : They part with tears :  
 Adrastus first leads on his troupes to wars :  
 Then follows Polynice his wronged son :  
 Stout Tydeus next : and then Hippomedon :  
 Then Capaneus : Amphiaras next,  
 Betray'd by's wife : Parthenopæus next ;  
 Though's fearfull mother, would have stop'd his heat.  
 The Thebanes preparations were as great ;  
 Whom Bacchus's Priest affrights : Tiresias charms  
 The Ghosts up : Laius then foretells their harms.  
 The Grecians march. Bacchus sends drouth to grieve  
 Hypsipyle shews Langia to relieve 'um. ('um:*

THE winter thrice was thaw'd with gales, which blow  
 From the warm South ; short daies do longer grow  
 In their *a* spring-quarters : When curst fate controuls  
 Their broken Councils ; tiil They, wretched souls,  
 At last heard war proclaim'd. *Bellona's* hand  
 Shakes on *b* *Lariffa's* top, a flaming brand  
 At first, and darts her massy spears, which glide  
 Whizzing i'th' ayre, and light on t'other side  
 On *c* *Dirces* banks. From thence she takes the field,  
 Closing with those, whose gilded armes do yield  
 A glitt'ring shew. Sh' intrages now the forces ;

*a* After the vernall *Æquinox* the days exceed the nights. *b* A tower  
 of the Argives, where they yearly celebrated their feast of Torches, in  
 memory of *Hypermetra*. *c* A Theban fountaine which by this re-  
 ceiv'd an alarme to the war.

Armes

Armes the most forward, and claps on the horses ;  
Calls them toth' ports : their valour does prevent  
Her call ; ev'n Cowards had some valour lent.

Th' appointed time was come ; whole heards do fall 15  
To *Jove* and *Mavors* ; but the Priest grew pale  
At the unlucky entrails ; yet does frame  
Some shews of hope toth' Camp. And now there came  
A crowd of boyes and girles, and aged Fathers 20  
About their parting friends ; this concourse gathers  
And stops their dores up : teares no measure knew,  
But sad fare-wells their shields and crests bedew.  
The souldiers sigh to leave their home : they kisse  
Through their close beavers : the rough helmet is 25  
Bow'd to imbrace. He that ith' Sword delights  
Or Death but now, breaths out his rage in sighs.

So th' Mariner for some long voyage bound,  
When's sails do swel, and's anchor's weigh'd from ground,  
Shakes hands with friends, who strive to cull his limbs,  
Till kisses bath'd in tears their eye-sight dims ; 30  
So does the fog oth' Sea : Yet left behind  
They climb a bank, and send their eyes to find  
His sails, they grieve the wind blows faire from land,  
And greeting the known keel on shore they stand.

Now forward Fame, thou worlds *d* first Register, 35  
Since to remember Nobles is thy Care,  
And spin their Lives ; these valiant spirits discover :  
And thou *Calliope* which raigest over  
The sounding *e* grove, take up thy harp, and tell  
What bands, what Armes *Mars* rais'd ; how people fell 40  
From every City : None that tastes the river  
Of *f Helicon*, can nobler strains deliver.  
The King *Adrastus*, sad and prest with cares,  
Now drawing on to his declining years,  
Marches amongst the troups unwillingly, 45

*d* For the Thebane war was the most ancient. *e* *Pindus* or *Par-*  
*nassus* where the Muses warbled. *f* Where they drunk in Poetry.

Con-

Content to girt his sword upon his thigh :  
His Coat of Armour's brought byth' guard ith' reer :  
His Steeds were harness'd by the Charioteer  
Ith' gate : *g Arion* does his curb disdain.

50 Under his banner march *b Larissa's* train,  
And tall *b Prosymnes*, *b Media* pasture-bearing,  
And *i Phyllos* stor'd with Sheep ; with *k Neris* fearing  
*Charadrius* foming through her vale : more powres  
Came from *l Cleone* spir'd with lofty Towres.  
55 And *m Thyre* sprinkled with Laconian blood.  
More Kings descended from the same line, stood  
Associated, which inhabit on  
*n Drepan*, or olive-bearing *o Sicyon*,  
Where flow *p Langia's* silent waters glide,  
60 Or crook'd *q Helisse* his winding banks does chide :  
Sad is this Rivers honour, whose rough surges,  
The Stygian Furies bathing in them, purges :  
Their snakes are wash'd here, quitting *r Phlegeton* :  
Whether the Thracian houses overthrown  
65 Were their last work, or *Mycenes* wicked *s Court*,  
Or *Cadmus* family : When here they sport,  
The river stain'd with poyson, flies their touch.  
*Corinth* joynes company, abating much  
From *t Ino's* plaints : *u Cenchre* sends in her force,

*g Adrastus* his Horse, sprung from *Scyphos*, out of the Thessalian  
earth. *b* Grecian Cities accompanying *Adrastus*. *i* The Country of  
*Arcadia* famous for pasturage. *k* A Peloponnesian city, against which  
*Charadrius* beates. *l* A middle City between *Corinth* and *Argos*, neer  
which *Hercules* kill'd his Lion. *m* A City contested for between the  
Argives and *Lacedemonians*, whose Captain *Orithides* almost van-  
quished, dipt his finger in his own blood, and wrote an inscription for  
a Trophe of his Victory, and then died. *n* A rocky country neer *Co-*  
*rinth*. *o* A fruitfull City, where *Adrastus* first reigned. *p* An Achaian  
river, making a poole of that name. *q* An Atticke river, filled with  
the over-flowing of *Corynus*, whence the Furies are said to bath in it.  
*r* The river of hell. *s* At the bloody Feast which the sun fled from.  
*t* Building here a Temple to her, and honouring her son *Melicerta* with  
the Isthmian games. *u* The Corinthian haven.

Listed

Lifted with those, where the *w* Gorgonean horse  
Beat up the Poets spring : And those that be,  
Where *x* *Isthmos* parts, and beateth back the Sea.

*Adrastus* thus was follow'd with a band  
Three thousand strong, with shouts : Some arm their hand  
With darts, and some with smoke-dried clubs; (they come 75  
From sev'ral stocks, with sev'ral customs : ) some  
Knew better how to use the nimble sling,  
And wheeling round, would make an empty ring.  
He marches, venerable for his years,  
And government. As the stout bull appears 80  
In his old pastures, though his strength's decay'd,  
Yet still he's Captain : all the herd's affraid  
To try his push ; they see his horns are broke,  
And's breast is scarr'd with many a former stroke.

Next old *Adrastus*, march'd the *y* Thebanes Van 85  
With banners ; for whose sake the war began.  
His troupes whet on his courage : Hither came  
His country-voluntiers ; whether the shame  
Of's banishment had mov'd them ; or their Love  
Grew with his wrongs ; or they were such as strove 90  
Still to depose the mighty : many a one  
Joyn'd, whom the justnesse of his cause had won.  
Besides *Adrastus* gave him for a dowre,  
*z* *Ægion*, *z* *Arane*, Theſſean *a* *Træzes* powre :  
Left his thin troupes might prove his shame, or he 95  
Of's own lost honours too resentive be.

That dresse, those very armes he wore, wherein  
First i'th' black night he came : The Lions skin  
Cover'd his back ; steel arm'd his glitt'ring spear :  
The hilt of's sword grim *b* *Sphinxes* stamp did bear. 100

*w* *Pegasus* sprung from *Neptune* and the Gorgon *Medusa*, whose  
hoof rais'd the fountain *Hippocrene* in *Helicon*. *x* Dividing twixt the  
*Ægean* and *Ionick* sea. *y* *Polynices*, *Adrastus* his son-in-law. *z* Cities  
of *Arcadia*. *a* A Theſſalian city, freed by *Theseus* from thieves which  
beset it. *b* In memory of his father *OEdipus* who unriddled her.

His

His hopes and wishes now the Crown posselt,  
With's mothers lap, and's sisters faithfull brest :  
Yet looking back he sees his heartlesse *c* spouse  
Stretch forward all her limbs, on top o'th' house.  
105 She, she recalls her husbands eyes, and mind :  
Sweet *Thebes* within his brest no place can find.  
See, thund'ring *Tydeus* in the midst does arme  
His Country troupes : Soone as the first alarme  
Was sounded, Courage now ; his wounds are cur'd :  
110 (As the sleek snake by the spring-sun allur'd  
Out of his bed, *d* shakes off his duller age  
I'th' flowry pastures hissing out his rage.  
Alas, poore Swaine ! 'gainst whom at first he comes  
Gaping, on whom he dries his venom'd gums)  
115 Wars trumpet, besides these, had brought him men  
From the *Ætolian* towns : Rocky *e* *Phylene*  
Heard it, and *f* *Plenron*, where the birds bemoan  
Their *Meleager* ; with steep *Calydon* ;  
And *g* *Olenos*, which strives with *Ida* for *Jove* :  
120 So *Chalcis*, which the Mariner does prove  
A secure harbour from th' *Ionick* Seas :  
The *h* river too, once foil'd by *Hercules*,  
Scarce daring yet to raise his batter'd *i* brow  
From underneath his waters ; but below  
125 He hides his mournfull head in slimy caves ;  
And sands choak up his panting *k* banks and waves.

*c* *Argiadis* conſolate for his departure. *d* Reported by ſlipping of the  
skin to renew his age. *e* An *Ætolian* City. *f* A *Boeotian* city, where the  
ſiſters of *Meleager* bewailing his untimely death, were transformed to  
querulous birds. *g* An *Arcadian* city, where *Jove* was ſuckled by the  
Goat, and therefore challenged ſhares with *Ida*, where he was born and  
worſhipped. *h* *Achelous*, which putting on divers ſhapes, was foil'd in  
all by *Hercules*, his rivall by *Deianira*. *i* Amongſt other ſhapes he be-  
came a Bul, when *Hercules* pull'd off one of his horns: on which our Po-  
et reflects. *k* *Achelous* flowed in two channels of which *Hercules* ſtop'd  
one, whence grew the fiction, of his pulling off one of his horns.



Their brazen shield defends their breasts, their hands  
Are arm'd with cruell javelins: *l* *Mavors* stands  
In's helmet. All the chosen guard surrounds  
Valiant *O Enides*, grac'd with former wounds;  
All courage; nothing lesse in rage and spite  
Then's brother: you would doubt, for whom they fight.

But greater *m* Dorick troup in armour shine,  
Which plow upon *n* *Lyncæus* banks, or thine  
Old *n* *Inachus*, the Prince of Grecian rivers;  
*o* *Perseus* his land no quicker streams delivers,  
If *p* *Taurus*, or the watry *q* *Pleiads* run  
Their course; or he swells, proud of *r* *Jove* his son.  
Those which *Asterion* incircles, joyne;  
*s* *Dryopian* harvest-spoiling *Erasine*;  
With th' *t* *Epidaurian* tenants: *u* *Dime* too,  
Fruitfull for Vines, but stubborn to the *w* *Flow*.  
*w* *Neleian* *Pylos* all her forces lent,  
*Pylos* scarce known, for *Nestor* had not spent  
His second *x* age: Yet he refus'd to go  
Toth' tents destin'd for a sad overthrow.

Hardy *Hippomedon* leads these, and advances  
Their love to valour: a brasse helmet dances  
Upon his head, with three white crests: besides  
His armes, a coat of maile defends his side:  
His breasts and shoulders a guilt shield protects,  
Lively presenting *Danaus* his night-acts:

*l* Perhaps to take part with his grandson *Tydeus*. *m* Under the leading of *Hippomedon*. *n* Two Grecian rivers, upon whose banks he mustered his men. *o* *Argos* denominared from *Perseus* once king. *p* The signe entred *April*, 10. when the spring-tides begin. *q* Always accompanied with showrs. *r* When he accompanied his daughter *Io*. *s* Inhabitants neer *Parnassus* whose corne is washed away by the overflowing of this river, before it break out in *Argos*. *t* An Argive city where *Æsculapius* was worshiped. *u* *Ceres* the goddess of corn, here named from *Ætna*, because of the fruitfulness of *Sicily*, whence her daughter *Proserpine* was stoln. *w* From *Neleus* *Nestor's* Father. *x* To the age of threescore, after which time he went to the Trojan war.

The guilty brides, inflam'd byth' Furies, slay  
Their fifty husbands: whilst their Sire does stay  
At th' bloody dore, and with applauding words  
Commends their wickednesse, and views their swords.  
He's brought from *y* *Athens*, on a Nemean Steed,  
Who startling, do's his clashing armour dread:  
His prauncing raises clouds of dust; you'd sweare,  
The field it self were flying into th'ayre.

So two-shap'd *z* *Hyleus* hasting from his den,  
With both his breasts bears woods down: *a* *Ossa* then  
Trembles: the salvage beasts sink down for fear,  
His brother *Centaures* quake, till he appear  
In *b* *Penæus* streams; where he stops up the river.  
What mortall tongue can all the train deliver?  
Th' Artillery, nations, strength? the valiant spirits  
Of which *c* *Tyrinthe's* fruitfull, which inherits  
The glory of her *Hercules*, are call'd  
By him from thence. Though now their state's enthrall'd  
By time, their valour can no riches yeild.

The thin inhabitants in th' empty field  
Shew where the *d* *Cyclops* built their lofty towres:  
Yet they send out three-hundred striplings; powres  
Toth' wars *e* innumerable: without speare  
Or glittering sword. Their heads and shoulders are  
Fenc'd with their *f* nations glory, a *g* Lyons skin;  
Clubs arme their hands, their darts are crowded in  
Their unexhausted quivers; whilst they sing  
Herculean Pæans, how their God and King  
Freed all the earth from monsters: this is heard

*y* Called the *Palladian city* from the founder *Pallas*. *z* The greatest of the *Centaurs*, half man and half horse. *a* The *Thessalian* mountain where they inhabited. *b* A *Thessalian* river, where they bathed themselves. *c* The City where *Jupiter* begat *Hercules* upon *Alcmæna*. *d* The founders of this City. *e* Their courage able to overcome the greatest number. *f* Which triumphs in *Hercules's* conquest over the *Lyon*. *g* To resemble their God *Hercules*.



By him in distant *h* *Oeta's* shades interr'd.  
*i* *Nemea* press'd some toth' battell, with what ayd  
 The sacred vine-yards of *k* *Molorchus* had :  
 The cottage is well known : his *l* divine guest  
 Has, on the willow dores, his armes express'd :  
 The oake, where's *m* club and bow was laid, is clear  
 In gold, and where the print's of's bed appear.

But *Capaneus* a foot-man, yet byth' head  
 O're-peering all the rest, on's shield does spread  
 The hides of foure wild bulls, besides the weight  
 Of brasse. There, dying *Hydra* would affright  
 Your sense, branch'd in a *n* triple Garland : Part  
 Bore living snakes engrav'd : A new found *o* art  
 Stop'd up the other : As she does expire,  
 You'd think, the sparkling gold wore flames of *p* fire.  
 About her the dull streams of *q* *Lerna* glide,  
 With which the Iron seems to Azure dy'de.  
 But a most weighty breast-plate, such as was  
 No *r* Mothers work, cover'd with plates of brasse,  
 Clasp'd on, defends his sides, and spreading chest :  
 A *f* Gyant dances on his glit'ring crest :  
 And for his spear, a Cypresse tree was spoyl'd  
 Of all her boughs, which only he could weild.  
 The Citizens of *t* *Amphigenia*, and  
 Low *u* *Messene*, high *w* *Ithone's* in his command :

*h* The woody mountain where *Hercules* was burnt. *i* The wood, where at *Euristheus's* command, *Hercules* slew the Nemexan Lion. *k* A poor man who gave *Hercules* homely, but wel-accepted entertainment, when he went upon the former service. *l* *Hercules*, soon after a God. *m* The severall editions vary much in rendring this place. *n* Be-fitting her many heads. *o* *Hercules* cauteris'd her fruitful necks. *p* The only means *Hercules* found to stop the increase of heads. *q* The Lake where the *Hydra* kept. *r* They used of old to spin military garments for their sons, whereas this was of brasse. *f* Whose Image was there placed. *t* A Messenian City. *u* Built in a valley, through which a river runneth. *w* Built upon the mountains.

With *x* *Thron*, hill-built *y* *Aepy*, *z* *Ptelion*,  
 Th'inhabitants of *z* *Helos* ; *z* *Dorion*,  
 The *a* *Getick* Poets grieve ; here *Thamyris*,  
 Boasting t'out-sing the learned *Aonides*,  
 Was sodainly strooke dumbe ; For many years  
 His voice and Harp were silenc'd. For who dares  
 Challenge the Gods ? who knows not *b* *Phæb's* contest ?  
 And *c* *Celoenes* fame, i'th Satyres doome express'd ?

And now the *d* Prophets minde was overcome,  
 And tir'd ; although he saw his dismall doome,  
 Yet with a lingring hand the Fates had arm'd  
 Him, and the virtue of his *e* God was charm'd.  
 Nor wants a treacherous *f* wife ; forbidden gold  
 Now glisters in her house. The Gods foretold,  
 This bracelet would be fatall to a Prophet  
 Of th' *Argives*, and himself had knowledge of it :  
 But his perfidious spouse had rather sell  
 His bed at such a rate, longing t'excell  
 In such a purchas'd dresse, and beare away  
*Argia's* spoiles : who lets it go with joy.  
 She saw this war and the Commanders were  
 Turn'd on this hinge, if the divining *g* *Peere*  
 Would take up armes. Thus with a cheerefull mind,  
 In her dear husbands bosome, she resign'd  
 Th'accursed chaine : And saies ; this is no time  
 For gorgeous dresses : Beauty were a crime  
 In her, that's wretched without thee : Ile cheate  
 My fears, with *h* distaffe comforts, and entreat

*x* Neere the river *Alpheus*. *y* *Nestors* City on the top of the hills.  
*z* *Lacovick* Cities. *a* *Thamyris* who was here sentenced by the Muses.  
*b* With *Marsias*, who being overcome, was ---. *c* --- In this City ex-  
 coriated, *d* *Amphiaraus*. *e* *Apollo* who forb'd him this expedition.  
 The *Stoicks* thinke, the Gods submit to Fate. *f* *Eriphile* who sold him  
 into the *Græcians* hands for *Argia's* bracelet, of which before she was  
 so much inamour'd. *g* *Amphiaraus* a Prophet, yet a Commander.  
*h* A place variously read ; with *Calais*, then with *Cæu*.

At the Gods Altars with dishevel'd hayre :  
 May't be, y' Eternall Powers ! when thou shalt weare  
 Thy threatning steel, and clashing armes, that I  
 Put on *Harmonie's* chaine ? Some Deity  
 Perhaps more fitly, will indulge it, then,  
 And I outshine the Grecian spouses, when  
 (At thy return, a Queen) my votive Quires  
 Shall fill the Temples : Now let her desires  
 Take place, who makes her husbands wars her joy.  
 Thus th'exécrable Gold did force a way  
 Toth' Prophets house, and sow'd strange mischief in it ;  
*Tysiphone* laugh'd for joy, when she had seen it.

He mounted on Tenarian steeds, (begot  
 By *i Cyllarus*, when *Castor* knew it not,  
 Upon inferior mares) does shake the ground :  
 Prophet-like, with Parnassian garlands crown'd :  
 His helmet is with branching olives drest,  
 Where a white Miter does infold the crest.  
 Weapons, and reines he guides at once : his hands  
 Are sometimes stay'd with darts : in's chariot stands  
 An *k* arm'd wood, brandish'd : He far off appears  
 Dreadfull ; his shield the conquer'd *l Python* bears.

*Phœb's m* Amycleans wait on's chariot wheele :  
 With *n Pylas*, o *Malea*, which the doubtfull keele  
 Avoids with terrour : so the *p* Carians  
 Chaunting to pleas'd *Diana* ; with the bands  
 Of *q Pharis*, Cythereian *r Messe*, where  
 The turtles breed : *s Tayget's* troupes were there ;

*i* The famous horse of *Castor* and *Pollux* *k* Of spears and darts.  
*l* In honour to his God *Apollo*. *m* A Laconian city consecrated to  
*Apollo*, therefore follows his Prophet. *n* A city of *Peloponese*, whence  
*Nestor* came. *o* A promontory dangerous to sea-men. *p* A Laco-  
 nian city, where *Diana* had her Temple. *q* A Laconian city. *r* A ci-  
 ty dedicated to *Venus*, for the abundance of Doves breeding there.  
*s* A Laconian mountain dedicated to *Bacchus*.

And olive-bearing *t Eurot's* ; *u Arcas* traines  
 These men i'th' moist'ned sands, inspires their vains  
 With rage, and naked valour : hence their spirits  
 265 Are quick'ned : 'tis esteem'd their greatest merits  
 To fall i'th' bed of honour : Parents joy  
 At their sons Fates, perswading them to die :  
 And when the round bewaile the striplings fall,  
 Mothers triumph at their crown'd funerall.  
 270 Their fingers hold the reines, and two darts, ty'd  
 In a slip knot ; they never use to hide  
 Their shoulders, in a rough coat-armour drest :  
*w* Ledaean feathers dance upon their crest.

These were not all the Prophets troupes, a few  
 275 March'd out of wanton *x Elis* ; with the crew  
 Which dwell in *y Pisa's* vale, and doe descry  
 (Faire *z Alphens*) how thou steal'st to *Sicily*,  
 Not tainted with the Ocean : their fields  
 Are furrow'd with a thousand chariot wheels :  
 280 Their steeds are broke toth' wars : This is the glory  
 O'th' Nation, by long custome : Since the story  
 O'th' *a* Tyrants melting axeltree. They chew  
 Their froathy curbs, foame does plow'd sand bedew.

And thou, *Parthenopæus*, yet unskill'd  
 285 In armes, (thy soul's so much with glory fill'd)  
 Lead'st on Arcadian troupes, though 'twas unknown  
 To thy stern *b* Mother : She by chance was gone  
 To hunt in distant chases, and the bleak

*t* A Laconian river, neer whose banks they exercised their bodies  
 with scourgings, he being first crown'd, that first have whipt them-  
 selves to death. *u* *Mercury* the president of these solemn games.  
*w* Swans feathers, into which shape *Leda* was changed. *x* A city of  
*Peloponese* watted with the river *Alphens*. *y* The valle, where the O-  
 lympick games were celebrated. *z* Inamour'd of the Nymph or ri-  
 ver *Arethusa*, he creeps through the Sea to *Sicily* after her, and there  
 springs again. *a* *OEuomaus*, whose charioteer *Myrtilus* being corrup-  
 ted by *Pelops*, he lost his daughter, kingdome, and life. *b* *Atalanta*.

Lycean deserts; nor might he partake  
 Of those rough sports; None vent'ring to the place  
 Of danger, had so sweet a beauteous face.  
 Nor is true courage wanting, if his age  
 Did lend him strength, and power to ingage.  
 What silvan Deity, or Nymph that's nam'd  
 From *c* spring or *c* shrubs, was not by him inflam'd?  
 When i'th *Menalian* shades, his tender feet  
 Prest downe the willing grasse, *Dian'* did see't  
 They say, and pardon'd her *d* companion;  
 Fitting *e* *Diſſean* darts, and quivers on  
 His shoulders. He inflam'd with the bold joyes  
 Of war, leaps out, burning to hear the noise  
 Of armes, and trumpets; to besmeare his haire  
 With warlike dust; that captive steeds may bear  
 Him back; asham'd o'th' wood; asham'd to spie  
 His arrows, yet without the guilty die  
 Of humane blood. He shines before the rest  
 In gold and purple cloaths: his loynes are drest  
 In loose robes, girt with Spanish belts. He wore  
 In's *f* untry'd shield, the *Calydonian* boare  
 His Mother slew: On's left hand his bow twangs,  
 On's back plated with maile, a quiver hangs,  
 Fill'd with *Cydonean* arrows, beautifi'd  
 With amber and with Eastern pearles beside:  
 He rides a lofty horse, whose swiftnesse wins  
 O'th' fearfull deere, trap'd with two *Lynxes* skins:  
 Now startling at the weight of's Masters armes,  
 Whose blushing cheekes to all mens eyes are charmes.  
 You old *Arcadians*, borne before the *g* Moone

*c* As the *Potamides* and *Napae*. *d* *Atalanta Diana's* votary, married to *Meleager*, to whom she bore *Parthenopæus*: the breach of whose vow *Dian* would have revenged, if the child's beauty had not stop't her. *e* *Cretensian* where they were made, as the quivers for the same reason are call'd *Amyclæan*. *f* Having never yet seen the wars. *g* They thought the Moone was daughter to *Pallas*, as the Sun was son to *Hyperion*, borne

Or stars, troop'd under him: Fame sayes, as soone  
 As wand'ring *b* *Tellus* felt mens foot-steps, ye  
 Fetch'd from rough stocks of *i* trees, your progenie:  
 Nor bounds of fields, nor house, nor townes were yet,  
 Nor tyes of wedlock: Oakes and Baytrees get  
 Young boyes, and girles; the shady ashes breed:  
 And Elmes drop down a race of humane seed.  
 These wonder'd as they say to see the *k* light  
 Have changes, and to be eclips'd with night:  
 And gazing after *Trans* setting ray,  
 Wept, and despair'd to see another day.  
 High *l* *Manalus* has naked streets, they come  
 From the *l* *Parthenian* grove, *l* *Rhipe* gives some,  
 And *l* *Rhodope*, and cold *l* *Enippe* too:  
 Not *m* *Tegea*, not *n* *Cyllene's* absent, who  
 Glories i'th' winged God: with these the wood  
 Where *o* *Alea Minerva's* Temple stood.  
 Swift *p* *Cliton* likewise, and cleare *p* *Ladon* came,  
 Almost thy Father-in-law great *Phæb'*, the same  
 Did they, which on *Lampia's* white cliffes dwell:  
 And *q* *Pheneus*, thought to send black *Styx* to hell.  
 340 *r* *Azan*, that houles as lowd as *s* *Ida*, joynes  
 With the *t* *Parrhasians*; and ye *u* *Nonacrinæ*,  
 Borders belov'd of quiver-bearing *Jove*,  
 Whilst ye beheld, and smil'd to see his Love.  
 Sheepstor'd *w* *Orchomenos*, wild *x* *Cynosure*

*b* The Goddess of the earth, taken for the earth it self. *i* Before the use of cottages they sheltered their young children in hollow trees, who by that means were conceived to be borne from them. *k* Being born before the Sun or Moon. *l* All *Arcadian* Cities, the first is seated very high. *m* An *Arcadian* town, where *Pan* was worshipped. *n* The Mountaine where *Maia* brought forth *Mercury*. *o* So named from *Aleus* the *Arcadian* King that built it. *p* Two *Arcadian* rivers: the daughter of the last, *Daphne*, was like to have been ravished by *Apollo*. *q* The poole that feeds *Styx* with water. *r* An *Arcadian* Mountaine, where *Cibeles* had her howling Sacrifices. *s* Where *Jove* had his. *t* The *Arcadian* City, where *Lycam* reign'd. *u* A Mountaine of *Arcadia*, where *Jove* in the shape of *Diana* ravished *Calisto*. *w* An *Arcadian* City full of sheep. *x* A promontory stored with wild beasts.

Came to the rendezvous ; these heats allure  
 Th' y *Aphit*ian borders ; *z Psophis* high ; with these  
 The mountains joyne, made known by *a Hercules*,  
 Both monster-bearing *b Erymanthus*, and  
 Tinkling *c Stymphalus*. These, were of one land,  
 Arcadians all : But differ in their hue :  
 Some, their bow'd stocks of Paphian Myrtle shew,  
 And fight with shepherds crooks : One's arm'd with's bow,  
 T'other with's smoak-dri'd club : this guards his brow  
 With's helmet : Th' other keeps his Countries right  
 In his *d Arcadian* hat. This would affright  
 With the sterne visage of a yawning Beare,  
 Throwne o're his head ; yet though these forces were  
 Sworne servants to the God of war, they had  
 From neighbouring *Mycene* receiv'd no aid :  
 Their deadly *e* fealt, and mid-daies suns affright  
 Was then, those brethren too began to fight.

By this time *Atalanta* heard, that all  
*Arcadia* made her son their Generall  
 Toth' wars : Her knees shake, down her arrows sink  
 Beside her : O're the rocks, and steepest brink  
 Of rivers, swifter then the winged wind  
 Shee flies ; her cloaths girt up, her hair behind  
 Dishevel'd, scatters with each blast. So when  
 A Tiger robb'd of's whelps, starts from her den,  
 Pursuing th' horseman. When with down-cast eies,  
 And pale, he stood before her : Son (she cries)  
 What has begot this furious desire ?  
 How comes thy tender brest thus set on fire ?

y The country named from the commander *Aphitus*. z An Arcadian city. a Where he performed two of his miraculous labours. b Which bred the boare. c Whence the Birds were driven by beating on the brazen Cymball which *Pallas* gave him. d Either because used by *Mercury*, or by *Castor* and *Pollux*. e When *Atræus* feasted *Thyestes* with the limbs of his owne sonnes, at which the Sun was said to startle, the revenge of which caused much bloodshed after.

Canst

375 Canst thou train men for war ? canst thou endure  
 The burthen of the field, and walk secure such !  
 Through push of pike ? Though, would thy strength were  
 Of late I saw thee, with thy javelin, touch  
 An angry boare ? (with feare I saw thee) when  
 380 Thou sunk'st upon thy knees half down ; and then  
 Had not I ply'd my darts, where had been now  
 My Champion for the wars ? this polish'd bow,  
 And arrows cannot help thee there, nor yet  
 This dappled steed thou trust'st to : They are great  
 385 Achievements : Child, thou scarce canst pay the due  
 To a Nymphs bed, as yet. The Omen's true :  
 I wond' red why *Diana's* Temple shooke  
 Of late, and she frown'd with a down-cast look ;  
 The off'rings fell down from the Temples roof :  
 390 My bow grew slack upon't, no wound gave proof  
 Of skill, from my dull fingers. Stop thy rage  
 Till thou art grown to a more settled age :  
 Till thy fair cheeks are shaded ; and thou'st lost  
 Thy womans face : what thou desirest most,  
 395 A sword, and armes, I'll give thee then ; and vow  
 A mothers tears shan't stop thee longer : Now  
 Unsafe at home. Will you his march indure  
 Arcadians ? Sprung from trees or quarries sure !  
 More would she : But her son, and th' Captains spread  
 400 About, speak comfort, and assuage her dread :  
 The trumpets sound : whil'st her imbraces are  
 Scarce stop'd, she leaves him to *Adrastus* care.  
 On t'other side *Cadmus* his *f* Martiall brood  
 Vext with their General's Furies, frighted stood  
 405 With no small outcry : (for they were alarm'd,  
 That Greece against them all her strength had arm'd :)  
 And though asham'd o'th' King and's cause, prepare  
 Slowly their force : None had an edge toth' war ;  
 Greedy to clasp on's back his fathers shield,

f The Thebanes.

Or trim his warlike steed : (such joyes o'th' field  
The Souldiers use ; ) dejected they appear,  
Fill'd with no rage, or valour, but with fear.  
One mournes for's bed-rid Parent, whom he leaves  
As discontent as he : Another grieves,  
To part with's tender wife, or wretched son  
In's lap : The *g* quarrelling God inflamed none,  
*h* Amphions stately towers, burying their pride  
In their own ruines, shew a naked side  
Worn out with age : And *i* base, dull workmanship  
Patches that wall, which once to heav'n did skip  
By sacred Musick. Yet war breathes his rage  
O're the *Bæotian* Cities, who ingage  
Not to protect the treach'rous Kings estate,  
So much, as to assist a neighbour state.

He's like a rav'nous wolfe, that preying stood  
O're well-fed sheep, glutted with clotted blood ;  
His bristled chops with bloody wooll besmear'd,  
And yawning he returns from's fold, affear'd  
Lest th' herdsman, finding it, pursue ; he stares  
About, and flies from his owne guilty fears.

Disturbing fame begets fresh cause of doubt :  
One saies, the *Gracian* horse quarter about  
*k* *Asopis* banks ; *l* *Citharon's* plund' red, cries  
Another, so's *m* *Theumeson* a third replies.  
Guarded *n* *Platea* too, last night 'twas told  
Burnt with their watchlights. Every man was bold  
To say, he saw the *o* *Tyrian* statues sweate ;  
*Dirce* run blood, *Sphinx* in her craggy seat  
Began to talke againe ; new monstrous broods :

*g* Mars. *h* The *Theban* walls raised by him being now decayed. *i* The wall raised by Musick once, was now repaired by inferiour workmen, in which respect it is said to be deaf. *k* A hilly country in *Achaia*. *l* A *Bæotian* mountaine, dedicated to *Bacchus*. *m* A neighbour mountaine to *Thebes*. *n* A *Bæotian* City, where a continuall garrison is kept. *o* Several omens, which the affrighted people fancied to themselves.

410

415

420

425

430

435

Another fright too startled all their bloods. !

Th' inspired *p* Queen of *Bacchus* silvane traine,  
440 Runs from *Cytherons* top, down to the plaine :  
Scatt'ring her *q* baskets ; and with sparkling eyes  
Shakes here and there her branched torch. Her cries  
Fill the amaz'd streets : Powrfull, *r* *Nisaan* Father  
Which hat'st thy native Country, and hadst rather  
445 Shake warlike *s* *Ismarus*, in the frozen North,  
With headed *t* leavy Javelins : Or call forth  
Thy spreading vines t'oretop *u* *Lycurgus* head :  
Or rage through *w* *Ganges*, or the latest bed  
Of blushing *x* *Tethys* ; the triumphant King  
450 O'th' East ; or come forth gilt from *y* *Hermus* spring :  
But we thy off-spring, whose devotion's paid  
To thee, (our *z* Country weapons being laid  
Aside ; ) now wars, and tears, and frights must owne ;  
And Brethrens madnesse, for an unjust Crowne.  
455 Let *Bacchus* fix me, in eternall frost,  
Or beyond *a* *Caucasus* where the armed host  
Of *b* *Amazonians* howle, before Ile trace  
The monstrous Generalls, and their wicked race.  
Yet thou compel'st — Another *c* rage to Thee  
450 *Bacchus* I d vow'd. Two *e* equall bulls I see  
Push at each other, both of grace alike,

*p* His chiefe Priestesse. *q* The mysticall vans, in which they put his oblations. *r* *Bacchus* from *Nisa* where he was fostered. *s* A *Thracian* mount, where the *Orgies* were celebrated. *t* Wreath'd about with Ivy, that they might wound the more closely. *u* A *Thracian* King, who to prevent his subjects drunkenness, cut down all the vines : but in a distraction cut off his own legs. *w* An *Indian* river, neer which *Bacchus* erected his columns. *x* With a puissant Army of women he conquered all the East. *y* An *Asian* river, having golden sands, where *Bacchus* had a Temple. *z* The harmeles armes used in the *Bacchanals*. *a* A Northern hill parting *Thrace* from *Scythia*. *b* These use to fight with a dolorous noise called *Barritus*. *c* Such as the *Bacchæ* were posselt with. *d* When she was initiated into his *Orgies*. *e* Parabolically of the two Brethren *Eteocles* and *Polynices*.

both o'th' same breed : with angry hornes they strike  
 At one anothers fronts ; and cruelly  
 On one another in their rage they die.  
 But *f* thou art worst ; thou art most stain'd with bloud, 465  
 Who would'st alone injoy thy Grand-fires food,  
 The grasse o'th' common field : Ill nurtur'd cattell !  
 How fiercely you maintaïn a bloody battail !  
 Whil'st a new *g* Captain gains your pastures by it : 470  
 This said, she's pale, and *Bacchus* left her quiet.  
 But th' haunted King, now sinking under's fears,  
 And ill at ease, to ask advise o'th' years  
 And knowing blindnesse of *h* *Tiresias*, went :  
 Men doubtfull do't : ) he seeks the Gods intent 475  
 Not by large *i* sacrifices, or the flight  
 Of birds, or entrails breathing out the right ;  
 Dark *k* answers, / Figures guided by the skies,  
 Nor by the *m* smoak which o're the Altar flies ;  
 But tells them, how the Ghosts call'd out, appeare 480  
 From the deep gates of death : and do's prepare  
 I'th' royall presence, hellish sacrifice  
 And hidden rites ; beneath that bank that lies  
 Where *n* *Ismeno* meets the sea ; torne entrails, grasse,  
 Sulphur, and many charmes do cleanse the place. 485  
 An antient wood, decay'd by age there grew,  
 Whose uncrop'd bough's, the Sun-beams never knew.  
 No winters flaws could blast it, it did fear  
 No Southern winds, nor storms from th' Artick o' bear.  
 Beneath were quiet shades, which did affright 490  
 With horrid silence, and pale glimpse o'th' light.

*f* *Etheocles* who began the quarrell with *Tydeus*, und refused his brothers copartnership. *g* *Creon* who raigned after the death of the brethren. *h* A Prophet blinded by *Juno*, but enlightened by *Jove*. *i* The severall waies of divination. *k* Of the riddling *Tripes*. *l* Casting of Figures used by Mathematicians. *m* By the dividing of which the *καρπομαίης* prophesied. *n* A Boeotian river emptying his chanell into the Ocean. *o* The Northern pole, where the *Bea*-star is placed.

Nor wants this grove a Deity, for there  
*Latona's* worshipp'd ; every tree do's bear  
 Her image ; pitch-trees, cedars, oakes beside  
 With sacred darknesse did the Goddesse hide. 495  
 Her unseen arrows twang here ; dogs resort  
 To nightly howlings, when she leaves the Court  
 Of her *p* infernall Unkle, and in place  
 Of what she was, puts on *Diana's* face.  
 500 But when the hills have tir'd her, and the height  
 O'th' Summer Sun, do's pleasant sleep invite ;  
 Here, round about her, she her darts do's stick,  
 And on her quiver rests her stretch'd-out neck.  
 Without, extends the pregnant *q* Martiall field  
 505 Of *Cadmus* ; he was daring bold that till'd  
 That ground, and furrow'd first the putrid filth,  
 After the *r* Brothers fought, i'th' bloody tilth.  
 At noon-day still, and i'th' close shades of night  
 Th' unhappy Earth strange tumults do's excite ;  
 510 When the black *s* Gyants to vaine combates rise,  
 The trembling plow-man from his tillage flies ;  
 And frighted Cattell to their stalls doe get.  
 Here ('cause the place, for Stygian rites was fit,  
 And soyles made fat with streams of bloud, do please)  
 Th' old Prophet calls for dark-fleec'd sheep ; with these  
 515 Black-hided herds : From every flock was sent  
 The fairest head : Whil'st *t* *Dirce* did lament,  
*u* *Citharon's* sad, and *w* th' ecchoing valleys under  
 At their new *x* silence did begin to wonder.  
 Then *y* groping with his hand, their horns he crowns

*p* *Pluto*, in whose kingdome she is called *Hecate*, as here *Diana*.  
*q* Where *Cadmus* sowed the Serpents teeth which converted to Gyants. *r* The Gyants which slew one another. *s* Their Ghosts would quarrell still. *t* The fountain where they used to drink. *u* The mountain where the used to feed. *w* Either with the Bacchanalian shouts, or the former lowing of cattell. *x* Hearing no bleating of sheep, nor lowing of oxen as formerly. *y* Being blind of his eyes.



With flowry garlands, and i'th' noted bounds  
 O'th' wood, *z* large Cups of wine at first he powres  
 I'th' trenched Earth, nine times; with milke, and showres  
 Of honey, mixt with Ghost-alluring gore:  
 And fills, till the dry Earth could drinke no more.  
 Then the sad Priest rolls trunks of trees, and bids  
 Three fires be made to *Hecate*, besides  
 As many more toth' *a* Sisters borne of Hell.  
 Thy heap of pine-trees, *Pluto*, did excell  
 I'th' ayre from under *b* ground: neere which there stood  
*Proserpines* lesse pile; boughes of *c* Cypresse wood  
 Wreath'd in on every side. And now they *d* share  
 Their lofty Crownes, and place their *e* salt-cakes there:  
 Straight fall the Cattell on their *f* knives; whose blood  
 Receiv'd in chargers, virgin *g* *Mantho* stood  
 To offer: then thrice rounding every fire,  
 (As she had learn'd from her religious Sire)  
 She brings their quivering Guts, and entrailes reaking,  
 Kindling the boughs: when flames he felt, were breaking  
 Out of the crackling leaves, and the sad pile  
 Did blaze (for's cheekes grew hot, and vapours fill  
 His hollow eyeholes: ) he cries out: (His voice;  
 Made the fire wave, and tremble at the noise.)  
 Ye infernall seats, the Court of hungry death,  
 Which men do fear, and thou whom Ghosts beneath  
 Attend, with plagues for every guilty soul,  
 And dost the lower Region controul,  
 More *h* stern then thy two brothers; At my call;  
 Open the gates toth' silent groves, and all  
*i* *Persephone's* wast: Call out the crew, that's hid

*z* The manner of infernall sacrifices. *a* The three Furies. *b* As all infernall sacrifices were placed. *c* Vsd at funerals, and Stygian sacrifices, for the weeping boy of that name. *d* The method in sacrificing. *e* From hence called immolation. *f* Which is the victimation. *g* Daughter to the Prophet *Tiresias*. *h* *Pluto* brother to *Jupiter* and *Nep- tunc*. *i* The same with *Proserpina*, the Queen of Hell.

I'th' hollow night: Send *Charon* back to guide  
 His full boat over *Styx*. Come *k* all together:  
 Trace back more paths then one. Let *l* *Perseus* sever  
 The just *Elizian* souls, and th'hated *m* God  
 Conduct them hither with his powerfull rod.  
 On to'other side, toth' guilty, (which exceed  
 In hell, and which are most of *Cadmus* breed,)  
*Tisiphone*, shaking thrice thy snake-haires, shew  
 The day light, guiding them with flaming *n* yew:  
 And let not *Cerberus* with his heads affright  
 The Ghosts away, so long depriv'd of light.  
 This said, the Sire, and the *Phaebian* maid  
 Prepare attentive souls; no whit affraid,  
 Because inspir'd; only *Etheocles*  
 Trembling, takes hold o'th' conjuring Prophets fleece  
 Sometimes, and sometimes of his hands, or eyes,  
 And doubtfull would break of the Sacrifice.  
 So th' huntsman strengthning's valour, do's expect  
 A Lion rous'd with noise, within the tract  
 Of the *Getulian* wood, and grasp'd his dart:  
 In's sweaty palme; yet fear congeales his heart;  
 His trembling steps looke, where, how great he is;  
 His roaring's mark'd; blind Care each noise do's prize.  
*Tiresias* now, seeing no Ghost appear'd,  
 Say's; witnesse Gods, for whom this fire's prepar'd;  
 And we with our *o* left hands, full blows did pay  
 To the trench'd Earth. I cannot brooke delay.  
 Am I, your Priest chasheer'd? and will you go,  
 If a *Thessalian* hag command you so,  
 B'Inchantments? Or shall trembling hell looke pale,  
 If *p* *Colchian* witches, arm'd with poyson, shall  
 Provoke it? we are slighted: if you have

*k* Both good and bad. *l* Brother to *Mercury*, and copartner in that office. *m* *Mercury*. *n* Of which venomous tree, the Furies framed their torches. *o* The proper instrument for infernall sacrifices. *p* A *Scythian* City famous for *Medea*.



No mind to raise a body from the grave,  
Or empty Urnes of their enclosed bones,  
Polluting *q* Gods of heav'n, and hell at once :  
Or mangle bloudlesse faces, taking out  
The putrid nerves of dead men : Doe not flout  
My weaker years, I wish you ; don't despise  
The cloud that hangs upon my darkned eyes.  
We can be angry too ; we know, what e're  
You dread to hear, or know : Did not I feare  
*Thymbræus*, and the Worlds first *f* Mover, who  
Must not be *t* known, I could vex *Hecate* too.  
But I forbear : my quiet age denies.  
For you -- Phœbeian *Mantho* straight replies,  
Father, you're heard : The saplesse ghosts doe come,  
Elysian deeps are open'd ; Earth's large wombe  
Is rent ; darke shades, black hell gapes ; *u* *Acheron*  
Casts sulph'rous sands up : smoaky *u* *Phlegeton*  
Vomits black flames, about his foord : And *w* *Styx*  
Flowing between, forbids the Ghosts to mix.  
I see the pale *x* King sitting on his throne ;  
About, his servant Furies wait upon  
His dire commands. The dismall bed is seen,  
And severe chambers of th' infernall *y* Queen :  
Black death sits in the watch-towre, numbring o're  
The subjects of his silent Master. More  
Appear, whose lots the *x* Cretian Judge does cast  
In's *a* urne : exacting truth of all that's past,  
Throughout their lives, too strictly ; to proclaime

*q* By Necromancy. *r* *Apollo*, the sun being their chief deity ; the  
other but like stars, receiving their influence from him. *f* Nature  
taught them there must be one supream. Some think, they esteemed  
none other for a God, but expressed his severall attributes under the  
fained name of their other Deities. *t* His name was ineffable. *u* Ri-  
vers of hell. *w* The infernal river dividing hell from the *Elysian* fields.  
*x* *Pluto*. *y* *Proserpine*. *z* *Minos*, named from *Gortyna*, a Cretian city  
which he governed. *a* An earthen pot, in which the Judges put their  
verdicts.

What plagues they ever gain'd. Why should I name  
Hells monsters ? *Scylla's* ? *Centauræ*, which in vaine  
Doe rage ? or th' Gyans fett' red in a chaine  
Of solid adamant ? or say, where stands  
615 *Ægeons* lean *b* ghost with his hundred hands ?  
No, saies her Sire, my ages strength and guide,  
Don't speak of that : Who does not know beside  
Oth' rolling *c* stone ? or the deceitfull *d* flood ?  
Or *e* *Tyrim* whence the Vultures peck their food ?  
620 Or blind *f* *Ixion* on his restless wheel ?  
I led by *Hecate*, when good bloud did swell  
My veines, saw those close seats ; ere I was blind,  
Or had my eyes by *g* *Jove* fixt in my mind.  
Rather the Greek and Thebane souls, call hither ;  
625 And sprinkling *h* milk foure times, command the other  
To leave this dismall shade : then tell th' attire  
And shapes th' appear in, with their hot desire  
Of shedding bloud ; which nation vaunts it best ;  
And teach my blindness daughter, all the rest.  
630 She does obey, and uses Charms, by which  
The Ghosts are scatt' red and conven'd : the Witch  
*Medea*, 'bate her *i* faults, did so before ;  
And *k* *Circe* jugling in th' *Æxan* shore.  
Then to her priestly Father thus she speaks,  
635 First *Cadmus* with his ghastly visage breaks  
Through the red lake ; neer him *Harmione* keeps,  
From both whose crowns, a double serpent creeps :  
The Gyants, *l* *Mars* his brood, about him stand,

*b* His vast body is contracted into a thin Ghost. *c* *Sisyphus*. *d* Of  
*Tantalus*. *e* For endeavouring to ravish *Læona*. *f* For seeking to im-  
brace *Juno*. *g* Who gave him a double proportion of judgment in  
requitall of his eyes, which were struck blind by *Juno*. *h* With which  
the ghosts were thought to be delighted, because it coold their tor-  
ments. *i* For they esteemed conjuration of a higher nature, the Ver-  
tue proceeding from the Gods. *k* Making *Ulysses* his companions  
think she had transformed them into swine. *l* Born of the Dragons  
teeth which was consecrated to *Mars*.

Whose age was but *m* one day : Each hath his hand  
 Upon his sword, each do's regard his armes,  
 Opposing, rushing, plotting others harmes,  
 With *n* Live-mens rage ; Nor is their drinke so good,  
 'th' *o* furrows, they thirst one anothers blood.  
 Next come their *p* daughters, for their *g* Children crying:  
 Bereft *r* *Autonoe* ; breathlesse *s* *Ino*, spying  
 The *s* bow still, offering her sweet babe the teat :  
 And *Semele*, with *t* armes cross'd o're her great  
 And pregnant wombe. Then *Agave* with teares  
 Pursues her *Pentheus*, breaking th' *n* Ivy speares,  
 Now dispossess'd by th' God ; she open laies  
 Her bloody breast : He flies through desert wayes  
 Of *Styx* and *Lethe* ; where his milder *w* Father  
 Weeps for him, and his scatter'd limbs do's gather.  
 I know sad *x* *Lycus* : *y* *Athamas* I know  
 With's hands behind ; on's shoulders he does throw  
 His dead sons corps. Nor hath *z* *Aristeus*'s son  
 Chang'd yet his habit, or ill shape put-on :  
 Antlets still arme his brows, and darts his hand ;  
 He kick's of's dogs, at's wounds which gaping stand.  
 See, envious *a* *Niobe* following with her traine,  
 Recounts her *b* losses in a swelling straine :  
 And not dejected, joyes she has outgone :

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The *c* pow'r o'th' Gods; now thinks her tongue's her own.  
 665 While the unspotted maid sung thus t'her Sire,  
 His hoary haire raise up his garland higher  
 Standing on end : and some thin blood do's flow  
 In's wither'd cheekes : on's staffe he leanes not now,  
 Or's daughters hand, but standing bolt upright ;  
 670 Break off thy song, saies he ; I want no light :  
 My clouds begin to scatter, the darke mist  
 Breakes from mine eyes. Supream *Apollo*, is't  
 Thy spirit fils me ? What I heard, I see.  
 But marke : the *Gracian* shadows pensive be,  
 675 With down-cast eyes : there frowning *d* *Abas*, and  
 Mischievous *e* *Prætus*, mild *f* *Phoroneus* stand :  
 With mangled *g* *Pelops*, and *h* *O Enomaus* too,  
 Besmear'd with bloody sand : Their large tears do  
 Bedew their cheekes : Hence I conceive, successe.  
 80 Will crown the *Thebanes*. But, what meanes this prease  
 Of fighting *i* souls (as armes and wounds discover)  
 Shewing their heads and breasts all bloudded over,  
 And hands lift up, with seeming cries ? If I  
 Mistake not they're those fifty: D'ont you spie  
 685 *Chronius*, and *Chromis*, *Phægeus*, *k* *Maon* too  
 Grac'd with our baies ? Be not enraged so  
 Brave Captaines. Thinke not mortall counsailes durst  
 Conspire your deaths : Th' hard-hearted *l* sisters first  
 Had spun your years : You have o're-past your paine ;  
 690 We must feele war, and *Tydeus* once againe.  
 This said, he drives away the Ghosts that stood  
 With *m* Chaplets crown'd, and shews them offer'd blood.

*c* Who could inflict no more upon her in the grave, where she will curse them freely. *d* *Acrisius* his tyrannicall father. *e* Who would have slaine innocent *Bellerophon*. *f* *Phaon*'s first sacrificer. *g* Whose limbs were presented in a fest to the Gods. *h* In whose chariot race, thirteen were slaine. *i* The Ghosts of the fifty Captaines, which *Tydeus* before had slaine. *k* *Apollo*'s priest, as before. *l* The Destinies which spin the thred of life. *m* Which shewes they were Captaines, with which they are appeald.

*m* For instantly they destroyed one another. *n* The ghosts quarrell'd as if they were still alive. *o* The blood flowing there would not satisfie them. *p* *Autonoe*, *Ino*, *Semele*, *Agave*. *q* *Aëleon*, *Melicerta*, *Pentheus*. *r* Whose son *Aëleon* was transformed to a hart by *Diana*. *s* With which her husband *Athamas* slew his son *Learchus*. *t* Fearing *Joves* lightning she defended her wombe although she perished her selfe. *u* Which she used at the *Orgies*. *w* *Echion* who would recompense his son, torne in pieces by his Mother *Agave* in her fury. *x* Slaine by his son *Amphion* and *Zethus* in revenge of their mother *Antiope*. *y* Son to *Æolus*, who supposing his wife and children were a Lionesse and her whelps, slew *Learchus*, whose corps afterward he bore upon his shoulders. *z* *Aëleon* transformed for seeing *Diana* naked. *a* *Tantalus* his daughter who compared her off spring with *Latona*'s. *b* Her sons and daughters, slaine by *Apollo*'s revenge.

*Laius* stands on *Cocytus* bankes alone ;  
 Brought back to hell by *n Hermes* : he squints on  
 His wicked grand-son (For he knew his looke ; )  
 No draughts of blood, or other showres he *o* tooke, 695  
 As th'other Ghosts ; but breathes immortall hate.  
*Tiresias* straight leaps out. Thou, whom the State  
 Of *Thebes* call'd their deserving Generall,  
 Since whose death, no good day did e're befall  
*p Amphions* towers ; Thou, whose bloody slaughter 700  
 Is full reveng'd in *q* those which follow'd after,  
 And Ghost appeas'd ; Oh, whither do'st thou flye ?  
*r* He whom thou hat'st, a lingring death doth dye :  
 And knocks now at hels thresholds ; dawbing o're  
 His empty eye-holes, with black filth, and gore : 705  
 Depriv'd of day : beleev't, no death's so vile.  
 Why then do'st thou thy harmlesse Nephew ? Smile  
 On us : let this blood-offering suffice :  
 And set this war's event before our eyes,  
*s* Angry, or *t* pitying. Then Ile make good 710  
 Thy *u* deny'd passage over *Lethes* flood,  
 In the desired *w* boat ; and holy dust  
 Shall cover thy pleas'd ashes ; which Ile trust  
 Toth' care of *Stygian* Gods. These dignities  
 Appease the Ghost, who moistning's *x* cheekes, replies : 715  
 Why, coxtanean *y* Priest, am I, by thee  
 Raising the Ghosts, call'd to this Augury ?  
 And chosen first, to speake of chance to come ?  
 When thoughts of what's past, are too burdensome.  
 Brave Nephews ! (Fie for shame) must our advice 720

*n* *Mercury* who by *Joves* command had fetch'd him thence. *Lib. 2.*  
*o* Refusing to be appeased by blood, milke or honey. *p* The founder  
 of *Thebes*. *q* The punishment of *OEdipus* and his sons. *r* *OEdipus*  
 whose eyes were out. *s* That so thou maist affright us. *t* That so thou  
 maist prepare us. *u* Because he was murdered. *w* *Charons* ferry-boat.  
*x* Either with the sacrificed blood or with teares. *y* *Tiresias* living in  
*Laius's* his time.

Be ask'd ? Bring to your hellish sacrifice  
*z* Him, him, whose falchion made his Father bleed,  
 And to the womb that bare him, rais'd up seed.  
 Who now the Gods, and the black Furies crew  
 725 Doth *a* tire, and for these wars to us doth sue.  
 But if I needs must sing such times as these,  
 So far as *b Lachesis* and *b Megara* please,  
 Ile speake. War, war, vast troopes on all sides finds :  
 And fatall *Mars* spurs on the *Gracian* minds.  
 730 These must expect Earths *c* monsters, darts from *d* heav'n  
 Brave deaths, to which, no Fun'rals may be giv'n  
 Byth' *e* Law : the vict'ry, *Thebes*, will be thine owne ;  
 Fear not ; thy brother shan't enjoy thy Crowne.  
 But yet the Furies and that *f* double sin,  
 735 Back't with thy *g* Fathers curse, (woes me ! ) shall win,  
 Mid'st the sharp swords ; This said, he disappears,  
 And's doubtfull riddles left them full of fears.  
 Meane, time cold *b Xemea*, and the thickets where  
*Hercules's* fame resounds, the quarters were  
 740 Oth' *Gracian* regiments ; who are greedy now  
 To get *i* *Sidonian* pillage ; thinking how  
 To rife batter'd houses. *Phæbus* tell,  
 Who turn'd their rage, how stop'd, what crosse befell  
 Them in their journey. The reports of Fame  
 Gives little light at first. Tir'd *Bacchus* came  
 745 From warfare on tam'd *k Aemus*, where he taught  
 Arm'd *l Geter* his *Orgies*, and two *m* winters brought  
*z OEdipus* after he had killed his Father, marryed his Mother, on  
 whom he begat these sons. *a* With curses on his sons. *b* The Desti-  
 nies and Furies, interrupted them in the middle of their Oracles. *c* As  
*Amphiaræus* found, who was swallowed up alive. *d* As *Capaneus* did,  
 who was struck dead by lightning. *e* Prohibiting any slaine corps to  
 be buried, before the ghost was appeased. *f* Of murther and incest.  
*g* Which appeared in both their destruccions. *h* Where *Hercules* slew  
 the vast Lion. *i* *Thebane*, named from *Cadmus* the founder, who was a  
*Sidonian*. *k* Having conquer'd all the East. *l* These with the *Thraci-*  
*ans* were taught by him, the art of dressing a vineyard. *m* Put for the

The top of snowy *n Othrys* to looke green :  
 On *n Rhodope* & *Icarian* shades were seen.  
 And now he drives his vine-spread Chariot, to  
 His *p* mothers wals : unbridled *Lynxes* goe 750  
 On either hand, and *g Tygres* lick the fume  
 From reines long steep'd in wine. Behind do come  
 Triumphant Priests, with spoiles of cattell slaine,  
 Halfe slaughter'd wolves, torne beares : Nor was this train  
 More dull ; for *r* Anger, *r* Fury, *r* Courage, *r* Fear, 755  
 And fiery *r* Heat still in extreames, was there ;  
 With stumbling *r* steps, Tents like their *s* King beside.  
 But when he saw, a cloud of dust did hide  
 Trac'd *Nemea* ; and the sun-beames glistred bright  
 Upon their Steele, *Thebes* unprepar'd to fight : 760  
 Mov'd at the sight (though pin'd in face and breast)  
 The drums and trumpets, and still pipes he ceast,  
 Whose divers tunes fill'd his astonish'd ears ;  
 Then thus he spake : This Army here prepares ;  
 My ruine, and my Nations : Cruell *Greece*, 765  
 (Thus rag'd he) and my *t* stepdame plotted this.  
 Could not my Mothers unjust *u* flames suffice ?  
 Could not the fires, which at my *w* birth did rise ?  
 And lightnings, which I felt my self ? But must  
 Curst thee, strike at the reliques too, and dust 770  
 Of *Joves* lost Concubine ? Shall she destroy  
 What's left of *Thebes* ? Ile cheat them, to delay :  
 Holla, Companions, haste to yonder plaines.  
 At's word, the harness'd *x* *Tygres* raise their manes,

*n* Mountaines formerly covered with snow now planted with Vines.  
*o* Vines. *Icarus* was *Bacchus*'s companion, slaine by shepherds, who  
 were drunke, with the wine which he had given them. *p* *Thebes* where  
*Semele* lived. *q* Beasts which use to be harness'd in *Mars* his chariot.  
*r* The companions of *Bacchus*. *s* Unfix'd and tottering. *t* *Juno* who  
 angry with *Semele* counsell'd her to her owne destruction. *u* With  
 which at *Jupiters* appearance she was burnt. *w* Being untimely then  
 borne, with the death of his mother. *x* Named in our Poet from *Scy-*

775 And hurry straight toth' field. It was the time,  
 When the faint day perceiv'd the Sun to climbe  
 Toth' height of heav'n ; whilst little moysture fill'd  
 Earth's chinkes, and every grove the skie beheld.  
 He cal's the water-Nymphs, and thus begins  
 780 Mid'st of their silent round : Ye rurall Queens,  
 The Rivers Deities, chief parts of my traine,  
 Performe the taske we set : A while restraine  
 The *Gracian* streames, and founts, and pooles ; and stop  
 With looser sands, their winding channels, up :  
 785 First *Nemea*'s, whence they 'dvance against our towers :  
 Let water slie toth' bottome : all the powers  
 O'th' Sun help on, (if you be willing) now  
 In's height : the stars besides assist my vow :  
*Erigones* *y* dog foames still : Go on with mirth,  
 790 Creepe cheerfully i'th' caverns of the earth :  
 Hereafter to full streames I will invite you,  
 And with choice offer'd presents will requite you :  
 Bold hornefoot *Satyres* night-thefts Ile forbid,  
 And *z Faunes* hot rapes : This said, a thin foame did  
 795 Seeme presently to overspread his mouth :  
 And his green garlands moistures parch'd with drouth.  
 Straight, a dry thirst draines the *a Inachian* land,<sup>1</sup>  
 Streames ebbe, on founts and lakes a scum does stand:  
 Deep rivers now were pay'd with hardned mud,  
 Earth pin'd ; the corne-cares hanging downeward, stood  
 800 On wither'd stalkes : The cattell cheated, roare  
 On bankes of rivers, where they swum before.  
 So when *b Nile* flowes back to his mighty den,  
 And's *c* winters food within his springs does pen,

*y* The dogstar, once son to *Erigone*, who challenges a share in *Bac-*  
*chus* from her father *Icarus*. *z* Who being well liquor'd, used in the  
 night to ravish the Nymphs. *a* *Gracian*, named from King *Inachus*.  
*b* The great *Egyptian* river, whose overflowing makes the whole  
 Land fruitfull. *c* His streames fed by the winters thawres.

Dry vallies reake, and *Aegypt*s gaping ground  
 expects to hear the watry Fathers *d* found;  
 Will at their prayer, he feeds the *Pharian* plaine,  
 And crownes that year with a rich crop againe.  
*e* *Lyrcaus* dries, and poysnous *e* *Lerna*, so  
 Great *e* *Inachus*, so does *e* *Charadrius* too,  
 Which casts up floating stones: and *Erasine*,  
 That rests not in his channell; hither joyne  
 Another *Asterion*: th'others us'd to creepe  
 Through deserts, and disturbe the shepheards sheepe.  
 Only *f* *Langia* feeds her silent waves  
 By th' Gods appointment, in her secret caves.  
*Archimore's* losse, had not yet made her owne  
 His *h* name, nor was the fame o'th' Goddesse knowne:  
 Yet gliding through the wood in by-waies, she  
 Reserves her streames: Great shall her glory be,  
 When *Gracian* Peeres in *i* *Trieterick* games,  
 Crowne sad *k* *Hysipyle's*, and *l* *Opheltes* Names.  
 Now, (tortur'd thus with heat) they could not bear  
 Their burning shields, nor their strait breast-plates wear.  
 Nor were their mouths, or throats alone inflam'd,  
 But inward heat their panting hearts had tam'd.  
 Shrivel'd veines, no troubled blood did run,  
 But clots to their dry ribs: Earth parch'd by th' Sun  
 Breathes out hot clouds of dust; no showres of some  
 Drop from the horses mouths, which champ upon  
 Dry bits, and thrust their curb'd tongues out, obeying  
 Law, nor riders; but inflam'd, run neying  
 About the field. The King sends scouts to spie

*p* The rivers *Cataracts* which fill all the land with noise. *e* Rivers in  
*emea*. *f* The fountaine which *Hysipyle* shewed to the *Gracians*. *g* *O-*  
*pheltes* son to King *Lycurgus*, who was nourished by *Hysipyle*, and slaine  
 by a Serpent, whilst she laying him aside showed the *Gracians* *Langia's*  
 secret. *h* For *Langia* was afterwards called *Archemorus*. *i* Solemn  
 games performed by the *Gracians* every three years in honour to *Ar-*  
*chemorus*. *k* First fled from her Country, and now required as a sa-  
 tisfaction by angry *Lycurgus* to his sons ghost. *l* Called afterward *Arche-*  
*mus* because he was the first slaine in these wars.

Abroad.

805

810

815

820

825

830

Abroad, if all the *Gracian* pooles were drie;  
 If *m* *Ainimone* had moisture: But, in vaine;  
 835 Heat drunke up all, nor was there hopes of raine.  
 Like sun-burnt *Africks* sandy desarts, and  
 Unclouded *n* *Siene*, so appears the land.  
 Wandring at last (as *Bacchus* had design'd)  
 Among the Woods, *Hysipyle* they find  
 840 O'th' *Iodaine*, sad, yet beauteous: In her face  
 Shin'd Majesty, though none of her owne race,  
 But young *o* *Opheltes* hung upon her brest,  
*Lycurg's* unhappy son; she poorly drest,  
 With haire neglected, shew'd a grace beyond  
 845 The power of grief. *Adrastus* then, aston'd,  
 Spake thus: Great *Sylvan* Goddesse, (for thy brow  
 Denies thy mortall stock, who pleasant now  
 Under heav'n's fire, seek'st for no waters) aid  
 A neighb'ring people: Whether once a maid  
 850 Of *Dian's* traine, she bad thee turne a bride;  
 Or from the skie, some heav'nly Love did slide  
 To make thee fruitfull: (for to *Gracian* beds  
 The King of heav'n's no *x* stranger:) See the heads  
 Of fainting troops. We thought by th' sword to raze  
 855 Proud *Thebes* toth' ground; but our weake fate gives place  
 To tedious thirst now, which infeebles all  
 Our spirits, and tir'd bodies do inthrall.  
 Helpe our weake state; if troubled streame thou know,  
 Or muddy poole: There's nothing is too low  
 860 For our condition: Thou art sued to, *y* for  
 The windes and raine: Our scatter'd strength restore;  
 Raise our disheartned breasts with valour; so  
 May thy sweet babe, with prosp'rous fortune grow.  
 Jove grant a safe returne; how great a prey

*n* A City dividing *Æthiopia* and *Ægypt* where it never rained.  
*o* *Lycurgus*, the *Gracian* Kings son to whom she was nurse. *x* As to *Iod-*  
*Danae*, &c. *y* Honour'd now, in the place of *Jove*, or *Æolus*.

Shall be thy offering then ? I will repay 865  
 Whole *Thebane* herds ; as many  $\alpha$  gifts as men :  
 This  $\alpha$  grove shall shine with thy great Altar then.  
 This said, heat does his speech i'th' midlt controul,  
 And his dry tongue cannot expresse his soul :  
 So gap'd they all for breath, and look'd agast. 870  
 The  $\beta$  *Lemnian* answers with eyes doweward cast ;  
 Although from  $\gamma$  heav'n my pedegree's deriv'd,  
 How seeme I so to you ? Would I had griev'd  
 No more then mortals. Here, rob'd of mine  $\delta$  own,  
 You see me tend a Nurse-child : 'Tis unknown 875  
 Who dandles mine, or suckles them. Yet I  
 Had once a Crowne, and royall Sire. But why  
 Discourse I this to you ? And stop you thus  
 Tir'd, from your wisht-for waters ? Follow us ;  
 Come on : perhaps *Langia* still can shew 880  
 Continued streames i'th' foord : Shee's us'd to flow,  
 When the hot- $\epsilon$  Crab does entertaine the sun,  
 And th' dog-star shines. With that, she layeth downe  
 Her clinging babe on the next turfe of grasse,  
 (So the Fates pleas'd) lest he might stop her pace, 885  
 As she led on the *Greekes* : And heaping flowers  
 Under's unwilling head, she stops his showers  
 Of tears, with her sweet Lullabies. Ev'n so  
 Did  $\zeta$  *Cybele*, when she bad her Curates go,  
 And daunce about young *Jove* : they  $\eta$  trembling strike 890  
 Their Cymbals ; *Ide* does Eccho with the shriek.

But the young child laid in the lofty grasse,  
 On earths green lap, groveling upon his face,

$\alpha$  Their hopes promising every particular Souldier a spoile,  $\alpha$  Honouring it, for the benefit, which they found in it.  $\beta$  *Hyppisile* daughter to *Thoas* King of *Lemnos*.  $\gamma$  Being grand-child to *Bacchus* by the fathers side.  $\delta$  Her two sons, which after in this story find her.  $\epsilon$  The summer Tropick.  $\zeta$  The mother of the Gods.  $\eta$  The Priests either feared *Saturnus* anger, or foresented the majesty of *Jove*,

Some.

Sometimes beates downe the willing spires, and then  
 895 Growne hungry, cries for's teat, and laughs agen ;  
 Or prating words which quarrell with his lips,  
 Admires the whistling noise o'th' woods ; or clips  
 Whats next his reach, or gapes for aire : Thus free  
 From unknowne harmes, securely wandreth he.  
 So did young *Mars* in the  $\beta$  *Odrysian* snow,  
 900 The  $\gamma$  winged God on *Manalus* did so :  
 So young untir'd *Apollo* did before  
 Tread on  $\delta$  *Ortygia*, creeping by the shoare.  
 They breake through shrubs and shady by-ways : som  
 905 Inclose their guide ; the rest behind her come,  
 And crowd her on : Shee treads the middle ground,  
 With no small speed. And now the Vale does sound  
 With the neer streame, which with a warbling noise  
 Does fill their eares : There, in the Van, with joyes  
 910 The standard-bearer cries ; Harke, waters roare ;  
 The Army Eccho's, Waters : So, byth' shoare  
 O'th'  $\iota$  *Grecian* Sea, the boate-swaine shouting stand  
 Byth' oares, when th' Master has discover'd land :  
 And th' Earth against them ecchoes to their cry,  
 915 When worship'd *Phaeb'*, shewes  $\mu$  *Leucas* to their eye.  
 All rush into the foord at once : the first  
 And last could make no difference ; equall thirst  
 Could not distinguish any. Steeds do enter  
 Harneſt i'th' Chariots ; loaden horses venter  
 With men and Armes : The whirlepooles swallow some ;  
 920 Stones trip up others : No respect ; or roome  
 Is made for Kings o'rethrowne : No help to save  
 A crying friend : The foaming waters have  
 No rest far from the fount. Ev'n now the flood

$\beta$  *Thracian*, from whence *Mars* had his originall.  $\gamma$  *Mercury*.  $\delta$  The Island where he was borne, since called *Delos*.  $\iota$  Named from *Ambracia*, a City of *Epire*, a Country of *Greece*.  $\mu$  A promontory of the *Epiratich* Sea.

Wa



Vas pure, and clear toth' bottom; now the mud  
 stirr'd up, defiles it: Then they breake the banke;  
 tread down the grasse: Their thirst though quench'd, they  
 this puddle water still. You'd thinke they are (dranke  
 fighting a battell; thinke, that open war  
 Raged now i'th' channell, or some City were  
 taken and sack'd by the proud Conquerer.

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And one o'th' Captaines in the mid'st o'th' flood  
 begins thus: *Nemea*, thou most springing wood,  
 A mansion fit for *n Jove*; as dang'rous now  
 As *Herc'les* found thee, when he brake in two  
 The *o* monsters crested neck, and prest his tough  
 proud soul in his swolne limbs: Be it enough,  
 That hitherto malicious windes did blow  
 Upon thy peoples enterprife. And oh  
 Thou *p* horned spring, of this eternall river,  
 Untam'd by th' Sun, flow joyfull, swelling ever;  
 From whatsoever house thy cold head flows:  
 For neither hoary winter lends thee *q* snows;  
 Nor th' *r* Bow powres streames, stol'n from another spring;  
 Nor watry *Plyads*, clouds to feed thee, bring:  
 Thou run'st, thine owne, unconquer'd by the stars.  
 Not either *s Xanthus*, nor *Phœb's t Ladon* dares  
 Compare with thee, nor threatning *u Sperchius*, nor  
 Monstrous *w Lycormes*: In peace, and clouds of war,  
 We celebrate thy praise at sacred Feasts.  
 Next *Jove's* thy honour. Welcome but thy guests  
 From war with joy; open kind streames againe  
 To our weary limbs: Owne thy defended traine.

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*n* Where he was worship't, and *Lycurgus* father to *Archemorus*  
 was his Priest. *o* The Lion which he slew there. *p* See the reason,  
*Lib. 2.* *q* For those rivers which were fed by raine or snow  
 were dried up. *r* The rainbow. *s* One in *Lycia*, the other in  
*Troas*. *u* A *Thessalian* City, neer which the Centaures inhabited.  
*w* Where *Hercules* kill'd *Nessus*.



## Argument. Lib. V. Statii Thebaidos.

After their thirst was quench'd, *Hypsip'les* story  
 Is ask'd by King *Adrastus*; She, though sorry,  
 Replies: I'me borne a *Lemnian*, *Thoas's* daughter;  
 Where *Venus*, by *Polixo's* mouth, breath'd slaughter  
 To all our males; and all, but *Thoas*, feel  
 Our swords: Him, *Bacchus* guides: The *Argo* keel  
 Touch here, in a storme; Their landing's stop'd, before  
 We knew them; then receiv'd: Two sons I bore  
 To *Jason*: They depart: I'me banish'd. Here  
 A serpent kill'd *Opheltes*: *Cap'neus's* spear  
 Dispatch'd him: She laments: *Lycurgus* tried  
 Her death; they guard her: Th' infant's deified.

THEIR thirst now quench'd i'th' river, roil'd with mud,  
 The bankes were broke, whilst they dranke downe the  
 The mettall'd horse prance fiercer, in the plaine; (flood:  
 The foot do shout; mens soules reviv'd again:  
 So did their rage, and wishes; as if fire  
 Mixt with the streame, had kindled their desire  
 To bloody war. In ranke and file they're plac'd,  
 And order'd strictly; as they were list'd last  
 Under their leaders, they are bid advance.  
 And now the first dust rais'd; the sun-beames glance  
 Through the thick woods, upon their Armes. So when  
 Hoarse shoales of cranes come from a white *b Nile* agen,

*a* A colour made of the spume of the sea bak'd on the sands. *b* On  
 whose warme banks they had winter'd.



When winters over, where warme *Egypt* had  
 Defended them; they crost the maine, and *c* shade  
 Both Sea and Land: The untract aire does hear  
 Their gagling flight: Now Northern *d* stormes they bear;  
 Swim in thaw'd streames, on bleake *e* *Heme* summering.

*Adrastus* here, incircled with a ring  
 Of Nobles, under an old ash did stand,  
 Resting on *Polynices* Spear, his hand,  
 And spake thus: Thou, who hast the glory, that  
 So many troops to thee do owe their fate,  
 (An honour worthy of heav'n's Sovereign King)  
 Tell us (since we stand quickned by thy spring)  
 Thy stock, or land: derived from what star?  
 Thy Father: yet some God-head can't be far.  
 Though fortune's fled, thy blood does Nobler flow,  
 And Majesty shines in thy afflicted brow.

The *Lemnian* sighes, and shedding modest tears,  
 Shee answers: Gen'rall, you renew my cares,  
 And rub my wounds, to speak o'th' Furies, and  
*f* *Lemnos*, and Geniall beds, with weapons stain'd;  
 And all our Males slaine with accursed steel:  
 The horrid fact strikes terrour: now I feel;  
 Cold Furies at my heart. Oh Caitiffs, thus  
 Inrag'd! oh night! oh Sire! 'Twas I, (ne're *g* blush  
 For your kind guide: ) 'Twas *h* I alone that freed  
 My rescued Father. But these evils need  
 No such long Preface: And your armes controle,  
 With the great resolutions of your soule:  
 This may suffice: I *Thoas*'s daughter, call'd

*c* Being so great a shoale. *d* Which in *Thrace* are usuall. *e* A *Thracian* mountaine. *f* Where the women inrag'd by *Venus*, who was neglected in their Sacrifices, slew all the Males. *g* As if she were stain'd with her Nations crimes. *h* She saved her Father *Thoas*, who alone escaped the destruction.

*Hypsipile,*

*Hypsipile*, *i* serve *Lycurgus* now intral'd.  
 This does possesse their soules: and now she shines  
 More glorious, and seemes fit for such *k* designs.

45 Then, all would know her chance: *Adrastus* first  
 Exhorts her thus: Come on, report the worst  
 Of their base enterprise; thy praise; their grief;  
 How there depos'd, thou sought'st here for relief;  
 (Our Van does march before: for in the wood  
 50 O'regrowne with shrubs and briars, 'tis not good  
 To passe in a full body: ) 'Tis some rest  
 In misery, to have our griefs exprest.

Th' *l* *Egean* waves (saies shee) beat on the shoare  
 Of sea-girt *Lemnos*; *Vulcan* tir'd before  
 55 In fiery *Etna*, *m* here, takes breath; the Land  
 Is cloth'd with *n* *Atho*'s shade, which nigh does stand:  
 Darkning the sea with's woods. The *Thracians* trace  
 The other side: That *o* fatall shoare of *Thrace*,  
 Our plague! The Isle was rich in valiant spirits;  
 60 Not *Samos*, not *p* resounding *Dele* inherits  
 More buds of Fame; Not all the coasts, are wash'd  
 By foaming *Egeus*. But the Gods have dash'd  
 Our peace: Nor want we guilt: No fires did shine  
 On *q* *Venus* Altars, nor had she a shrine.  
 65 Thus grief, long since, her heav'nly mind controls,  
 And slow-pac'd punishment creeps on our souls.

*i* The *Lemnian* women offended at her mercy shewed to her Father would have slaine her; but she avoiding them fell into the hands of Pirates who sold her to *Lycurgus*, as appears afterward. *k* Of preserving a whole Army from ruine. *l* Named from *Egeus* the father of *Theseus*. *m* The Island being dedicated to him. *n* A mountaine of a vast height, between *Macedonie* and *Thrace*, overshadowing the Isle *Lemnos*. *o* Either occasioning our misery, or by their wicked examples of *Progne* &c. teaching us. *p* Famous for *Apollo*'s birth. *q* They were so true servants to *Vulcan*, that they neglected *Venus* who abused him.

\* *Paphos*, and th' hundred Altars, she forsooke.  
 Carelesse of face or haire; they say she broke  
 Her coupling s girdle, banishing her payre  
 Of young *Idalian* t doves: Nay some declare,  
 They saw the Goddesse, i'th' darke shades of night  
 Weare other flames, and with new darts affright.  
 'Mongst Furies, she into their chambers breakes,  
 Filling their closest roomes with twining snakes:  
 And terrifies all houses; without pity  
 To her poor s faithfull husbands wretched City.  
 Forthwith all tender Love from *Lemnos* fled;  
*Hymen's* displac'd, his Torches w trail'd, the bed,  
 The Geniall bed grew cold: No joyes at night;  
 No soft imbraces chierish'd sleep: But spite,  
 Rage, hatred, discord fills the sheets. Our men  
 Are plotting, how to rout proud *Thracians*, in  
 Th'opposite Coast, and how to triumph over  
 That war-like people: and when they discover  
 Their house or babes, stand on the adverse shoares,  
 They chose x *Edonian* cold, where y *Arctos* roares:  
 Or after battaile, in the silent night,  
 Loud torrents breaking from the hills, delight.  
 The woman sad, drench'd night and day in tears,  
 (My virgin years were not then ripe for cares:)  
 Mix'd comfortable words, or gaz'd upon  
 Curs'd *Thrace* on t'other side. The mid-day Sun  
 Poiz'd then his horses in the height of heav'n,  
 As though they'd stop'd: z Four thundercracks were giv'n

r The *Cyprian* city where she was worship'd. s Of this Ceston,  
 read *Lib. 2.* with this she honoured lawfull marriages. t Which drew  
 her Chariot: she neglects all pompe and beauty. u Who continued  
 constant to her, notwithstanding *Mars's* adulteries. w Alluding to the  
 customes of Renegados in an Army, who in this posture, submit to the  
 adverse Generall. x Named from j *Egon* a *Thracian* mountaine on  
 which they warred. y The constellation next the Northern pole. z The  
 even number making them the more ominous.

95 From the clear skie: Four times black *Vulcans* den  
 Open'd its flaming top: Th' *Aegean*, when  
 The windes were quiet, did worke high, and roare,  
 And with proud swelling waves did beat the shoare.  
 When sodainly a *Polixo*, ripe of age,  
 100 Carried by th' Furies in a horrid rage  
 Unusually, flies from her cell abroad;  
 Like *Thebane Thyas*, tols'd by th' b frantick God;  
 When's *Orgies* call, th' c *Idean* pipes invite,  
 And d *Evan* sounds downe from the mountaines heigl.  
 115 Thus, with ghast looks, chill'd blood, and roaving eyes,  
 She frights the e naked City, with mad cries;  
 And gathers an assembly; knocking at  
 Barr'd portals; with her sons, the f wretches, that  
 Attended her: They all, inrag'd no lesse,  
 120 Breake out, and to *Minerva's* Temples presse.  
 Thither we crowd with speed, without respect  
 To order. Straight, this guide t'our bloody fact,  
 With a drawn sword, bids silence; then breakes out  
 I'th' midst, to this discourse: I am about  
 125 A brave exploit, which heav'n and grief ordaines:  
 Strengthen your souls, ye widowed *Lemnians*,  
 Forget your sex. If you are griev'd to keep  
 Your naked wals eternally, and weep  
 For wither'd youth, and barren years spun out  
 130 With lasting tears; I've found a way (no doubt,  
 The Gods propos'd it) to renew your g pleasure;  
 Let but your sorrows your brave courage measure.  
 For tell mee; since three winters hoard the ground,  
 Who, wedlock bands, or sweets of Love has found?

a The frowardest paricide amongst the *Lemnians*. b Named from  
 the effect, because in his Bacchanals he made his Priests so. c The hill  
 where these feasts were celebrated. d One of the names of *Bacchus*  
 there called upon. e Forsaken by the men. f Whom soon after she  
 slew. g Lost by the absence of your husbands.

Whose breast has warm'd his wife ? whose travail has  
 Lucina eas'd ? whose hopes were swell'd to passe  
 he reckoned moneths ? Such peace, as beasts and birds  
 Coupling injoy ? Dull souls ! shall vengefull swords  
 be put byth' *b* King in his *Greek* daughters hands ;  
 Whilst he, joy'd with their husbands mischief stands,  
 Whose secure sleepe is bath'd in their own blood ?  
 But we're tame fooles ! yet, if you thinke it good  
 To act by neerer presidents ; behold,  
 Let *Thracian* *i* *Procne* teach you to be bold ;  
 Whose hands reveng'd her bed, and feasted on  
 Her husband. Neither are you call'd upon  
 By one that's spotlesse. See, my family  
 is full, I've travaild oft : These four which lie  
 Within my lap, their Fathers pride and joy,  
 He slay at once, though tears and kisses stay  
 My rage : He mix the brothers gore and slaughter ;  
 And whilst they're gasping, send their father after.  
 Dares any kill so many ? --- More she said ;  
 When on the Maine before them, sailes were spread.  
 It was the *k* *Lemnian* fleet. *Polyxo* then  
 Joy'd, takes th'advantage : --- Are we wanting, when  
 The Gods call on us ? see their navy ; heav'n,  
 Revenging heav'n these to our wrath has giv'n ;  
 And favours our designe. Nor are my dreames  
 Vaine : with a naked weapon *Venus* seemes  
 Presented in my sleep ; and cries ; why loose ye  
 Time thus ? cast off these husbands that abuse ye.  
 He light new fires : you shall be better wed :  
 With that, she laies this sword upon my bed ;  
 This very sword, beleev't. Take counsell then

*b* *Danaus* perswading his fifty daughters in one night to murther  
 their husbands. *i* Who slew her husband *Tercus* and her son *Itis* be-  
 cause her bed was abused by *Philomela*. *k* Returning home after three  
 years wars with the *Thracians*.

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185 Poor wretches, whilst ye may : Behold our men  
 Belabour yonder Sea, untill it foame ;  
 Perhaps they bring their *l* *Thracian* spouses home.  
 This rais'd their jealous envy, with a shout  
 Which strook the stars. An *m* *Amazonian* rout  
 190 You'd thinke did rage in *Scythia*, or a troope  
 With *n* half-moone, Targets roar'd ; when *Mars* does ope  
 The gates of *o* war, and calls to fight. Nor yet  
 Did severall cries, or differing humours whet  
 Their mindes, as th'rabble use. All rage alike,  
 195 All would lay houses desolate, and strike  
 At old and young : babes from full teats are pull'd,  
 And through all ages, shall their swords be dull'd.  
 A grove then greene shaded the ground before  
*Minerva's* *p* spires : darke of it selfe : but more,  
 200 A hill o'rehung it : these two shades benighted  
 The Sun : within this place their faith was plighted.  
 Martiall *q* *Enyo* thou wast witnessse : So  
 Was *r* *Proserpine* : The *Stygian* Furies too  
 (Hell opening) came *s* unask'd. But every where  
 205 *Venus* cheats, mix'd *t* amongst them : Shee does bear  
 A brandish'd sword : She does inflame their strife.  
 Nor us'd they common blood : *Carops'es* wife  
 Offers her son : the others, straight addrest,  
 With swords and hands teare his amazed brest :  
 210 And dipt in's *u* blood they swear their sweet sins over :  
 Whilst the young Ghost about her eyes does hover.  
 At sight of this what horror seisd my brest !  
 How pale I look'd ! So when a Doe's distrest

*l* Spoken, to inflame their jealousies. *m* The women fighters; under  
 their Generall *Penibiseles*. *n* Which the *Amazonians* used as *Virgil* de-  
 scribes them. *o* Alluding to the Romane Temple of *Janus*. *p* The  
 Temple of *Minerva*, and its situation. *q* *Bellona* sister to *Mars*. *r* The  
 daughter to *Ceres*. *s* Being alwayes officious in mischief. *t* Love be-  
 ing but one degree removed from Fury. *u* With which they seale their  
 covenant of mischief.

By bloody wolves, her tender soul commands  
No strength, but in her speed her comfort stands :  
Doubtfull she flies, and every step they straine  
Shee thinkes shee's caught, and hears their snaps in vaine.

The fleet arriv'd, and strooke upon the sand  
I'th' hav'ns mouth ; they headlong leap to land.  
Poor wretches ! whom the rage of *Thracian* war,  
And th' Oceans boistrous waves thus w long did spare.

And now the temples sinoake : vow'd Sacrifices  
Are thither drawn : but a x darke flame arises  
From every Altar : Nor doe th'entrailes reake  
Intirely, but an angry God they speake.

*Jove* brought downe night more slow, and I conceive  
Out of his mercy, whilst the Fates gave leave,  
He stop'd the moving heav'ns : Nor ever yet  
Darkenesse forbore so long, when Sun was set.

At last the stars arose and shed their light  
On x *Paros*, x *Thasos*, the thick a *Cyclads*: Night  
Onely hung heavily o're *Lemnos* : here  
Darke clouds which mantled the black sky, appear.

*Lemnos* alone, toth' wandring sea-mans eye  
Is undiscern'd. Now leaving house, they lye  
Spread through their sacred groves: and warme their souls  
With costly banquets ; where their deepest boul  
Are cleans'd, with draughts as large. Where they relate  
Their battels fought on b *Strimons* bankes : their fate  
On c *Rhodope* : how in cold c *Aeme* they swet.  
Nay their lewd wives, in gorgeous dresse were set

w To perish now more dishonourably by their wives treacheries.  
x The colour being ominous. y *Lucretius* tels us of a signe in the  
intrailes, called *Deus*, which if it be intire, discovers a propitious hea-  
ven ; but if absent or mutilated, the contrary : but *gravis dicit*. The  
absence or dislocation, or speckling of any part of the entrailes is suf-  
ficient. z Two of the Islands *Cyclades*, the last overgrown with woods.  
a Fifty three Islands, so called from their forme, in the e *Aegan* sea.  
b A *Thracian* river, where they had joyned battell. c *Thracian* moun-  
taines where they fought.

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Among their revels too, and garlands : When  
*Venus*, i'th' last night, mollifies the d men,  
115 After long discontents, and grants them rest  
For a short e time, in vaine : kindling their breast  
With dying flames. Now, silent g *g* the round,  
And made an end of revelling : the sound  
Of nights first whispers ceas'd : When sleep beset  
120 With shades of s cousin-german Death, and twer  
With *Stygian* dew, imbrac'd the dying towne,  
And pour'd from s f angry horne, dull slumber downe,  
Seizing o'th' males : Wives, Mothers, Sisters watch  
Whetting their Steele with joy, and lie at catch  
125 For mischief ; then attempt a deed so foul :  
A proper Fury raignes in every soul.  
g *Hircanian* tygers so the herds inclose,  
In *Scythian* plaines, whom morning hunger does  
Rouse up, and th'ravenous whelps roare for their paps.  
130 Mongst all the shapes of murther, whose mishaps  
Shall I report ? Rash *Gorge* sets upon  
b Crownd *Helim*, smorting out his liquor, on  
His tapestry coverings : Shee, his garments tears,  
To feele for s wounds ; whose wretched sleep forbears  
135 At death's approach : He, with a roving cast  
Of s heavy eyes imbrac'd her : Shee with haste  
Stab'd him i'th' back, who grasp'd her still, and prest,  
Untill the point o'th' ponyard raz'd her brest.  
This stops her rage : He, gentle still and kind,  
140 Looks up, with trembling eyes and voice, to find  
His *Gorge*, \* culling her unworthy neck.  
Of none o'th' common peoples death, Ile speak,

d Who loathed their wives formerly, for their ranke savours. e Bei-  
ing all slaine before morning. f Out of which he used to powre his  
blessings. g A part of *India* bordering on *Scythia*. h White cere-  
monious habit they used in their sacred festivals. \* I read the place  
non solvit brachia, and not solvit sua brachia, agreeing best with the context.

321 though cruell too; but weepe my kinsmens Fate.  
 Faire *Cidon* why should I thy death relate?  
 Or thine, unshar'd *Grenaus*, with thy locks  
 245 scatter'd? my foster-brothers, both whose stocks  
 sprung from my Father, in a crooked line.  
 Or, whom espous'd, I feard, brave *Gyas*, thine?  
 I saw him fall byth' bloody *Mermidon*.  
 Or, how the bar'rous mother slew her son  
 250 *Popens*, as amongst their Crownes he skips?  
 O're *Gydinus*, marm'd *Lycaste* weeps,  
 Her brother-twin: viewing her image in  
 His falling limbs: She marks his rosie chin,  
 And gold-imbraided haire: But her fierce Mother,  
 255 With threats inforc'd her then upon her brother,  
 Having first slaine her spouse,) and armes her hand.  
 As Lions brought toth' Keepers soft command,  
 Forget their fiercenesse: no affront or stroke  
 Can their tame souls to wonted rage provoke:  
 260 So she fell downe upon him; false, she keeps  
 His blood, which stream'd into her lap: and dips  
 Her torne haire in his wounds. But when I saw  
*Alcimides*, her fathers head display,  
 Which I mutter'd still, and brandish her *m* pale Steele;  
 265 My haire straight stood on end: My soul did feele  
 Strange horror. 'Twas, me thought, my *Thoas* dead;  
 That hand seem'd mine. Straight to my Fathers bed  
 Distraught I went. He (for what sleep can seise  
 On so great thoughts?) long since in's bosome weighes  
 270 What rustling 'twas? (Though's palace stood not nigh  
 The City:) in the dead of night what cry  
 Had frighted rest? I with a trembling tongue  
 Relate their guilt; how *n* griev'd; whence *o* courage sprung;

i Being the bastard sons of King *Thoas*. k As young *Virgins* use.  
 l The lips moving after death. m The old man not having blood  
 enough to paint it red. n At their husbands absence. o Inraged by  
*Venus*.

How none could stop their rage; Then cry'd; away,  
 275 Wretch'd Sir, they're here; They'le intersept your stay;  
 o We both perhaps shall rue it: Mov'd with this  
 He rises from his bed. Our passage is  
 Through the back-lanes of th' City where we spie  
 Muffled in clouds, heaps of night slaughters lie,  
 280 Who fell, that bloody Vesper in the grove:  
 Here groveling faces with their pillows strove;  
 The rapiers hilt out o'th' clos'd wound appears,  
 And broken truncheons of their weighty spears:  
 Swords pinck'd their cloaths and breasts alike; we view'd  
 285 Goblets o'rthrowne, with's slaughter Feasts imbrud.  
 Their wine, like torrents, from their mangled throats,  
 Mingled with blood stream'd back into their pots.  
 Young men lay mixt with old; whose hoary head  
 The sword would rev'rence: Gasping infants spred  
 290 Upon their groaning fires, i'th' dawne of life  
 Sob out their trembling souls: With equall strife  
 The feasting *p* *Lapithans* doe riot, in  
 Cold *Offa's* top, when with large cups of wine  
 The *q* cloud-borne sons are warm'd. Scarce angry growne  
 295 They rise and fight, their tables overthrowne.  
 Then *r* *Bacchus* first affrights our sense, i'th' night,  
 Aiding's distrest son *Thoas*: glorious light  
 Breakes from him sodainly. I knew him well:  
 And yet no *s* garlands made his temples swell,  
 No yellow grapes did part his haire: He seem'd  
 300 Clouded, from's eyes *t* unworthy showres stream'd:  
 And spake: Whilst Fate made powerfull *Lemnos* thine,  
 And fear'd of other Nations, I did joyne

o You for your sex, I for revealing their designe. p Whose King  
*Perithous*, slew the Centaures, who would have ravished his bride at  
 his marriage feast. q The Centaures begot by *Ixion* on a cloud, which  
 was presented in *Juno's* place to his embraces. r Named here from  
*Thyone*, or *Semele* so called, the mother of *Bacchus*. s With which *Bac-*  
*chus* is usually adorned. t Teares being beneath a God.

34 My care with thy just labour, Son ; but now  
 The Destinies have cut their thred in two ;  
 No prayers or tears, which I have pour'd in vaine  
 before Joves throne, could a reprieve obtaine :  
 This dismall honour to his v daughter's paid,  
 Hasten your flight ; and thou deserving maid,  
 My grand-child, guide thy Father where the shoare  
 Runs out, byth' double peere. There, where they roare  
 th' gate, unlucky *Venus* w porter stands,  
 Girt with a sword, and whets their rage : (What hands  
 he Goddesse wears ! whence grew her martiall x spirit !) 315  
 Commit to th' y Deep thy Father : Ile inherit  
 thy cares. This said, he springs i'th' aire againe ;  
 and though darke shades obstruct our sight, a traine  
 of light cleeres up his path. Those markes I follow,  
 and recommend my Sire clos'd in a hollow  
 eeles, to the Sea-gods, winds, z *Aegeon* too  
 embracing round the *Cyclads*. Tears did flow  
 at parting, without measure : Till the day-  
 discovering star, had chas'd the rest away  
 from th' Easterne heav'n. Then I strange doubts did roul,  
 earfull, i'th' shoare ; whilst my divided soul  
 urst scarce confide in a *Bacchus* : Walking thence,  
 left my heart there : Nor could I dispence  
 with rest, till I had view'd from every hill,  
 What winds arose, or if the seas were still. 330  
 The blushing morne breakes, *Tiras* sheds a ray  
 dismantling heav'n, yet crosse to *Lemnos* : Day  
 does guide her b frighted flocks into a cloud.  
 then were their works of darknesse seen ; their blood  
 ainted their cheeks, fearing the light should peepe,  
 though all were guilty : Straight they buried deep  
 z *Venus*, who had obtained their destruction. w Forbidding their  
 stage that way. x Vually tender, now bloody. y That port onely  
 ing open. z The Deity of that Sea, in which *Lemnos* and the other  
 isles were seated. w Whose counsell she had followed. b Terrified  
 th so bloody z spectacle,

Their slaughter'd corps, or with nimble fires  
 Consum'd them. Glutted *Venus* now retires  
 With all her Furies, from the Towne sh'ad sack'd :  
 340 And then their leisure serv'd to recollect  
 Their deeds : to tear their haire ; and dew their face.  
 Our fruitfull Isle was knowne by th' site, a place  
 Once stor'd with wealth, Armes, Men ; enrich'd of late  
 By th' c *Getick* triumph : Now's an empty state,  
 345 Torne from the world, not byth' Seas breach, nor by  
 The enemies force, or an unluckie skie,  
 There's none alive to plough the ground, there's none  
 To cut the Seas : Houses are silent growne :  
 Blood covers all : black gore the fields does staine :  
 350 We, onely d wee, i'th' spacious streets remaine ;  
 And th' angry Ghosts hover about the spires.  
 I too, did build e a pile for lofty fires  
 I'th' inner Court o'th' Palace, throwing on't  
 My Fathers Armes, and robes our Kings were wont  
 355 To wear, and's Scepter : Then I sadly stood  
 Nigh the amaz'd flames : my sword was staine'd with blood :  
 Where I wept ore the cheat o'th' empty pile,  
 Fearing their f rage ; and prayd, that by this wile  
 My Fathers Fate, and doubtfull fears of death  
 360 Might vanish. For these g merits, they bequeath  
 This punishment, his Kingdome ; I must sit  
 I'th' royall Throne : Such faith, my craft did get.  
 Could I refuse then, thus beset ? I went :  
 But call the Gods to witnesse my intent,  
 My faith, and my unspotted hands. I gain'd  
 365 A bloodlesse Empire : ('twas a dire command :)  
 Poor, sad, b beheaded *Lemnos*. Sorrow tore  
 Their waking souls, by this time, more and more :

c People of *Thracia* over whom the *Lemnians* had triumphed. d The  
 female Sex. e Counterfeiting her fathers funerall. f If they knew her  
 mercy in the close conveyance of King *Thoon*. g They supposing she  
 had killed her father. b Having lost all the Males.



They sigh aloud : *Polyxo's* curs'd anon :  
And now they hate the thought of what they'd done :  
Altars toth' Ghosts they straight decree to reare,  
And by their buried ashes often i sweare.

So when the trembling heifers see with fear,  
A *Mauritanian* k foe their Captaine teare,  
Which l serv'd them all, and did command the Chase,  
The pride o'th' herd : They having lost their grace,  
Dismembred droop ; because their King is slaine,  
The fields, and springs, and the mute drove complaine.

But see, the m *Pelias* ship, with stem of brasse  
Cutting the waves, through th' n untrack'd Seas does passe  
With spreading sailes : which th' o *Argonauts* do guide :  
The clashing waves do foame on every side :

You'd thinke. p *Ortygia's* bottome crack'd, and th' hill

Tumbled i'th' Sea : But, when the Ocean's still,

And th' oares laid by, a sweeter voice salutes

Our ears fro'th' keele, then dying Swans, or lutes

Touch'd by *Phæb's* hand: waves danc'd to th' ship: (At last

Twas known : ) there q *Orpheus* leaning to the mast

Sings, in the midst o'th' mariners, to cleer

Their souls from sense of r pains : Their course they steer

Toth' s Northerne coast, and borders straightned by

t *Cyanean* flats. We judging them by th' eye.

A *Thracian* power from house to house do roule

In troops, like droves, or shoales of winged fowle.

i Swearing by their name, being a chief part of divine worship.  
k Lions which abound there. l The towne bull. m Called *Argo*, but  
named here from the mountaine *Pelias* in *Thessaly*, where it was built.  
n Which before this time never bore so great a vessell. o *Jason* and  
his companions, named from *Minyas* a *Thessalian* King, now sailing  
to fetch the golden fleeces. p The Isle *Delos*, which since *Apollo's* birth,  
was fixt and apparent. q The son of *OEager*, so braye an artist, that  
he drew the seas attention after him. r Forgotten, by his melody.  
s Where *Colchis* lay. t Little scatter'd Islands called the *Symplegades*.

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*Statii*

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400 Where are the Furies now ! we climbe toth' peere,  
And wals o'th' harbour, whence our prospect's cleere  
To th' Maine ; and scale our lofty turrets ; whither  
They trembling carry stones, and clubs, together

With their late husbands Armes, and weapons dy'd

405 With slaughter : Neither are they sham'd, to hide  
Their wanton cheekes in helmets, and put on

Rough breast-plates. *Pallas* blush'd to thinke upon  
Their boldnesse, and *Mars* laugh'd in distant u *Aene.*

Now their rash madnesse first forsaketh them,

410 Nor seemes it now a ship, but that the Gods  
By sea sent slow-pac'd vengeance, arm'd with rods.

And now they ride a flight-shot from the shoare :

When *Jove* brings clouds, swolne-big with tempests, o're

The tackling of the *Gracian* ship : anon

415 The Sea wrought high ; The day had lost the Sun,  
Mantled with darkenesse : Th' water's black as th' Aire :

Whilst labo'ring winds the hollow clouds do teare ;

And roule the Seas up : Moist'ned gravell heaves

Out o'th' black whirle-pooles : all the Oceans waves

420 Hang on the wings o'th' wind ; and ready now  
To wash the stars, the billowes breake in two.

The tottering Keele, lesse nimble's, leakie growne ;

And w *Friton* plac'd i'th' stem, dives sometimes downe

To th' bottom of the gulfe, then strikes the skies.

425 Nor can the strength o'th' x *Demy-gods* suffice.  
The reeling mast does lash the streame ; and teare

The curling waves, whose unfixt weight they bear.

The oares are tug'd in vaine : yet whilst they find

Such labour to encounter Seas and wind ;

430 We from the rocks and bulwarkes of the wall  
With feeble armes let flye our darts, which gall

u The *Thracian* mountain where he kept his Rendevouz. w The  
statue in the beake which nam'd the ship. x *Jason* and his partners  
with his ship *Argo*, were afterward translated to the heavens.

*Peleus* and *Telamon*, (how bold we grow ! )  
 And *Heracles* is aim'd at with a bow.  
 Indangered thus by Seas, and darts, together,  
 Some guard the ship, some ply the pumpe : and other  
 Prepare to fight ; whose joynts unweildy faile  
 With a motion, nor can tott'ring strength prevaile.  
 We ply our weapons still ; our shoures of darts  
 Equall the clouds : huge stakes, and broken parts  
 Of mil-stones, spears, granadoes, streaming bright,  
 Sometimes i'th' Sea, sometimes i'th' ship do light.  
 The cover'd vessel gapes, and the close deck  
 Opening the seames does give a mighty crack.  
 So *Jove* does batter fields with Northern haile:  
 All sorts of cattell droop ; drench'd wings do faile  
 The birds ; Cone's lodg'd byth' bitter storme ; there fell  
 Streames roaring from the hils, and rivers swell.

But when his darted fires the clouds did teare,  
 And the brave Mariners byth' light appear ;  
 Our courage shrunke ; our husbands Armes fell down  
 From trembling hands, and now our *b* Sex we owne.  
 We see the sons of *c* *Æacus*, withall  
 And *d* *Ancus*, threatening ruine to our wall :  
 And *e* *Iphitus* with a long spear does stop  
 The ship from rocks : then *f* *Herc'les* does oretop  
 Th' astonish'd troop byth' head ; and *g* stradling keep  
 The full barke poiz'd ; yet would step downe i'th' deep.  
 But *h* fickle *Jason*, whom I knew not yet,  
 Throughout the gall'ries, oares, and crowde, does whet

*y* Some of the *Argonauts*. *z* Named from *Tiryns* his native Country.  
*a* The rouling of the ship did hinder their setled courage. *b* Remem-  
 bring that we were women. *c* *Telamon* and *Peleus*. *d* *Neptunes* son,  
 after King of *Samus*. *e* The Champion that afterwards restored the  
*Olympicks*. *f* The supposed son of *Amphirys* begot on his wife *Alcmena*  
 by *Jupiter*. *g* Lest, if with all his weight he should stand on one side,  
 he might o're set it. *h* Well deserving the name because he forsooke  
 her for *Medea*, and afterwards *Medea* for *Creusa*.

455 Now great *i* *OEnides* forward, *Ida* now,  
 Now *Talaus*, now *k* *Tyndarides* whose brow  
 Lardour'd with froth : With hand and voice aloud  
 He calls on *Calais*, hid in's *l* Fathers cloud,  
 Striving to fasten sailes toth' mast. The Seas,  
 460 And wals, are shaken with their batteries.  
 Yet can they not beat back the foaming Maine,  
 And from our Towers their spears recoyle in vaine.  
*m* *Tiphys* tries all the billows, tying out  
 Th' *n* unruly sterne, then's pale and tackes about :  
 465 Winding the head, which faine would split upon  
 The rocks, to th' right, and left. Till *o* *Æsons* son  
 I'th' foredeck, holds up a *Palladian* bough  
 Of Olive, which before crown'd *p* *Mopsus's* brow,  
 And asks a truce, against his partners mind :  
 470 But's words are overwhelm'd byth' boystrous wind.  
 This stop'd our Armes : and now some rest was giv'n  
 Toth' breath-lesse winds, & day look'd down from heav'n.  
 Fifty leapt down o'th' sodaine, on our shoare ;  
 (The ships being fastned, as they us'd before : )  
 475 The glory of brave Ancestours ; their brow  
 Serene ; of an attractive feature ; now  
 Their fear and rage had left them. So they say  
 The Deities brake out, a secret way,  
 When entring house, or coast, they thinke it good  
 480 To tast the sun-burnt *q* *Ethiopians* food.  
 Rivers and hils make roome ; their foot-steps grace  
 The earth, whilst *r* *Atlas* finds a breathing space.  
 Here we spie *Theseus*, proud of *s* *Micrathons*

*i* *Meleager* son to *OEnus*. *k* Either *Castor* or *Pollux* the sons of  
*Tyndarus*. *l* *Boreas* who begat *Calais* and *Zetho* on *Orythia*, raises cold  
 stormes and clouds. *m* The chief Pilot of the *Argonauts*. *n* Not ea-  
 sily guided. *o* *Jason*. *p* The Prophet which with *Amphiaras* accom-  
 panied the *Argonauts*. Lib. 3. *q* A Nation with whom the Gods  
 were often conversant, because of their justice. *r* The empty heavens  
 lying now lighter upon his shoulders. *s* A City infested with a mon-  
 strous bull, slaine by *Theseus*.

Gain'd liberty : with *Boreas* his *t* sons  
 Th' *Ismarian* brethren, whose bright *u* wings do beat  
 Their temples : and *Admetus*, once more great  
 Then unrepining w' *Phœb* : Smooth *x* *Orpheus*, son  
 To rugged *Thrace* : Thy *y* off-spring, *Calydon* :  
 With *Nereus's* *z* son-in-law : Th' *a* *Oëbalian* pair,  
 Which tir'd our doubtfull eyes ; for both did wear  
 Flame-colour'd cloaks, both shooke their spears, and both  
 Had naked cheeks, their shoulders both uncloath ;  
*b* Stars paint their locks alike. The way does *c* shine.  
 Young *d* *Hylas*, following after, does decline  
 Great *Hercles's* steps ; for though his weight did make him  
 March softly, yet his page could scarce o'rtake him ;  
 But carrying his *e* *Lernean* armes, the boy  
 Under his mighty quiver sweats with joy.

Now *Venus* once againe with Loves coole flames  
 Kindles the churlish hearts o'th' *Lemnian* dames.  
 Queen *Juno* then insinuates in their mind  
 The Armes, and garbe o'th' men ; their gallant kind :  
 All doores straight open'd to them. Then they heat  
 Their *f* Altars first and hainous cares forget :  
 They banquet, sleepe secure, had quiet nights ;  
 Nay (heav'n design'd it sure,) their guilt delights.

Perhaps you long too Gentlemen, to hear  
 My *g* crime-excusing Fate : The Ghosts do bear  
 Me record, and my country- Furies, how

*z* *Calais* and *Zete*, begot upon *Ismarus* a *Thracian* mountaine. *u* Faig-  
 ned so from their long dangling haire. *w* Who willingly was his heard-  
 man. *x* A most excellent Musitian borne in a most barbarous Coun-  
 trey. *y* *Meleager* son to *Calydonian* *Oëneus*. *z* *Pelcus* who married  
*Teihs* the daughter of *Nereus*. *a* *Castor* and *Pollux* borne in *Oëbalia* a  
*Spartane* city. *b* With the glory of the marching Heroes, whose losse  
 made the *Argonauts* leave his searching master behind in *Myfia*. *c* With  
 which he killed the *Hydra*. *f* Having not sacrificed since the last mas-  
 sacre. *g* In entertaining *Jason*.

510 Unwilling, how untainted I did go  
 T'a strangers bed : (Gods answer for me :) yet  
*Jason* by's flat'ries could with toyles beset  
 Young *b* maides : stain'd *Phasis* knows his loose desires ;  
 You *k* *Colchians* furnish'd him with other fires.  
 515 Now the thaw'd *l* stars were warm'd byth' heightned sun,  
 When the swift year, through halfe the girdle run,  
 Gave us new Sons ; whose birth did crowne our vows,  
 And *Lemnos* with *m* unlook'd-for off-spring flowes.  
 I likewise, made a mother, brought forth two,  
 520 My forc'd beds Monument ; and did renew  
 Their Grandfires name, from this hard-hearted stranger :  
 Nor since I left them, have I known their danger.  
 If fortune please, a nurse *Lycaste* bred  
 Them safe, full twenty years have pass'd their head.  
 525 The rage o'th' Sea was faln, and Southern gales  
 Wait with more calmenesse now upon the sayles.  
 The ship i'th' quiet harbour hates to ride,  
 And draws the cable tite, with which 'tis tied.  
 At this the *Argonauts* will put to Sea ;  
 530 Fierce *Jason* calls his comrades : oh, had he  
 In smother streames pass'd by my coast before,  
 Who thus neglects his babes, and quits the score  
 Of's faith ingaged : Fame saies at distance, *Greece*  
 Injoyes him now, return'd with *n* *Phryxus's* fleece.  
 535 At the fixt *o* time, when *p* *Tiphys* had discover'd

*b* As he did *Medea*, and *Creuza* afterwards. *i* The river where *Me-*  
*dea* having slaine her brother *Abysrus*, cast him piecemeale before her  
 Father. *k* *Medea's* Country. *l* Which seeme to be frozen in his win-  
 ter absence. *m* All the males being slaine. *n* Who with his sister  
*Helle*, avoyding the rage of their Father *Ashamas*, crossed the seas on  
 the back of a ram with a golden fleece, she was drowned, he escaped  
 to *Colchos*, where he sacrificed the ram to *Mars*, and offered the fleece  
 in his Temple, which *Jason* afterwards by *Medea's* helpe recovered back  
 to *Greece*. *o* When they had resolved to hoysse sailes. *p* The ship-ma-  
 ster who judged of the weather.

Th' approaching skie, and fiery *q* rednesse hover'd  
About the set suns bed ; new sighs, alas !  
Were spent, another fare-well *r* night it was.  
The day scarce dawn'd, when lofty *Jason* urges  
To ship-board, giving the first stroake toth' surges.  
With longing lookes we follow after these,  
Plowing the foaming back o'th' spacious seas,  
From rocks and tops of mountaine: Till the light  
Had tir'd our wandering eyes ; and to our sight  
The distant waves appear to touch the *s* clouds,  
And th' edge of heav'n the watry surface crouds.

A fame was spred, that *Thous* crosse the Maine  
Conveigh'd in's brothers *r* *Chios* now did raigne :  
Whilst I unspotted, kindled *u* empty fires.  
The bloody rabble grudge ; guilt whets their ires :  
They call my deed t'account : Close whispers grow  
Between them straight : Was't shee alone, could shew  
Pity t'her friends ? We triumph'd o're the slaine :  
No God nor Fate, which o're the towne does raigne,  
Commanded *w* this. Affrighted at their words  
(For sad revenge drew neere : My realme affords  
As little succour :) the crook'd shoare I trace  
Alone by stealth, leaving th' polluted place :  
And marke which way my Father fled : but now  
I met no *x* God : For Pirates which did row  
To shoare, feis'd on me in the silent strand,  
And brought me thus a Captive to your land.

Thus whilst the *Lemnian* toth' Greeke Captaine speaks,  
And with her plaints, her force of sorrow breaks ;

*q* Betokening a faire morning. *r* Recalling the memory of that  
when they slew their husbands. *s* The sea and skie appearing con-  
tinuous to them that at distance beheld them. *t* Another *Aegae* Isle,  
whither *Thous* fled. *u* Which they conceived were her fathers funerals.  
*w* Either upbraiding her disobedience, or rather condemning their  
owne credulity, who were deluded by *Polyxo*, pretending the gods com-  
mand. *x* As formerly, when *Bacchus* appeared at her Fathers escape.

- 565 Her *y* nurse-child is forgot, (so heav'n dispos'd :)  
Whose heavy eyes, and fainting mouth is clos'd  
Toth' flowry ground ; whilst childish action tires  
Him to a sleep ; clasping the grassy *z* spires.  
Meane while, an earth-borne Serpent in the fields  
570 Lifts up his crested neck, whose presence yeilds  
A *a* sacred horror toth' *Achean* groves :  
His monstrous bulke \* i'th' furrow'd sands, he moves  
And drags his taile behind ; Fire sparkles from  
His eyes, and on his mouth stands a greene foame  
575 Of swollen venom : His three-fork'd tongue is darted  
Through his three rowes of teeth : His forehead's parted  
With the sad glory of his glistring scales.  
The country-man, this Serpent sacred calls  
To the *Inachian* *b* Thund'rer, who protects  
580 The place, and in these woods his shrine erects,  
An humble honour. Now the Serpent crawles  
In winding folds about his Temple-wals :  
Anon, the oakes o'th' wretched wood are torne,  
And with's imbraces the tall beeches worne.  
585 Oft-times, a rivers bankes on either side,  
Stretch'd out, he presses : Whilst his scaly hide  
Dams up the roaring streame. But when the ground  
Reaks now (as *c* *Bacchus* charg'd) & th' Nymphs are found  
Panting i'th' dust, upon the earth he glides,  
590 With his indented back, and winding sides :  
Raging with greater danger, since the fire  
Kindled his poy'snous thirst : He rols i'th' mire

*y* *Opheltis*, *Lycurgus's* son to whom shee was nurse. *z* With which he  
sport'd before. *a* This creature being alwayes esteemed consecrated to  
some God. \* They that fancy not this interpretation of ——— *trafhus*  
*solutus*, ——— let them call it ——— wanton folds, ——— if they like it  
better. I wish our *English* tongue could expresse *Traffion*, τὸν ὀλῶν  
τὸν σπαρόντων, more properly. *b* *Jupiter*, whose Priest, *Lycurgus* the  
cildes Fathers was. *c* Who in favour of his Country-men the *Thes-*  
*bes*, caused this drought before.

Of pooles, drie lakes, and springs choak'd up with drouth,  
 And rivers empty channels. With his mouth  
 Turn'd up, now drinks he liquid Ayre; and then  
 Uncertaine what to do, grovels agen  
 Upon the earth, and shaves the *d* groaning plaine,  
 If any moisture in the grasse remaine;  
 Which withers, blasted with's infectious breath;  
 And where he creepes, his hisses usher death.  
 Such was the *e* snake, which from the Northern ear  
 Divides the skie, and thence extendeth far  
 Within the Southerne Zone. Such was the *f* snake,  
 Whose circles made th'infolded *g* heads to shake  
 O'th' sacred mount: till pierc'd by *h* *Delus's* Arts,  
 With many wounds, he bore a wood of darts.

Poor babe, what God allotted thee a Fate  
 So great? Doest thou scarce having past the gate  
 Of life, beneath a foe so powerfull fall?  
 Was't, that the *Gracians* might hereafter call  
 Thee sacred? worthy of that tombe? The child  
 Byth' taile o'th' Serpent unawares is kill'd..  
 Sleepe soone forsakes his tender limbs, and's eyes  
 Looke up to welcome Fate, and then he dies.

But when his dying shrikes the aire hath strooke,  
 And plaints halfe utter'd his pale lips forsooke,  
 (Like those imperfect words, in dreames we speake :)  
*Hypsip'le* frighted heard him: But her weake  
 Knees falter'd in her course; her minde foretold  
 The mischief: whilst her roving eyes behold  
 The ground she searches on: Doubling, in vaine  
 Those words her infant knew. He's gone; The plaine

*d* Weary either of the heat, or of his burthen: *e* *Ophiuchus*, a constellation of that length, that beginning at Charles's waine, it crosses the Tropicks. *f* *Python*, which by *Funo's* command, persecuted *Latoia* from *Parnassus* to the sea. *g* The two tops of *Parnassus* about which he twined. *h* *Apollo* borne in *Delos*, who to revenge his Mother, slew him.

Has lost the markes it had; where the dull snake  
 In a green knot lies gather'd, and does take  
 625 The spacious field up: Resting's neck upon  
 His winding panch. A trembling seizes on  
 Th' unhappy soul at sight on't; her shrill cries  
 Ring through the wood: Yet still the Serpent lies  
 Unterrified. At last the *Gracians* hear  
 630 Her howlings: *i* *Artas* straight the Cavalliere  
 Commanded, flies, and brings the reason: Then  
 Mov'd with their glitt'ring Armes, and noise o'th' men,  
 He rais'd his scaly neck, with visage sowre:  
 But stout *Hippomedon* with all his power  
 635 Lifts up a stone, the land-marke; which he flings  
 Through th' aire, with such a force, as warlike flings  
 With millstones pois'd, strong barricadoes shake:  
 Yet his strength's disappointed: For the snake  
 Having shrunk up his tender neck, to's back,  
 640 Escapes th'approaching blow. The earth does *k* crack:  
 Whilst he in numerous curls hops through the shrubs.  
 But, met by *Casareus* with's athen club,  
 My wounds, he cries out, though shalt never flee;  
 Whether a fierce inhabitant thou be  
 645 Of this darke grove; or else some God: (and *l* oh!  
 That Gods tooke any pleasure in thee.) No:  
 Not if a *m* Gyant should thy back bestride.  
 Then flies his quivering spear, and does divide  
 The monstrous gaping jaws, and cuts in two (through  
 650 His fork'd tongues poy's'nous strings; thence pierces  
 His standing mane, and glistering forehead; next,  
 Daul'd with his braines blacke goare, i'th' earth 'tis fixt.  
 Paine had scarce posted through every part,  
 When he with many folds twines round the dart:  
 And bearing it pluck'd out, he flies away

*i* *Parthenopeus*, whom our Poet expresses on horseback. *k* With the violence of the blow which the Serpent escaped. *l* He prosecutes his old sacrilegious humour. *m* Between whom there is some relation, for the Gyant wears serpents feet. *n* Having so long a race from the head

Toth' Gods darke Temples, meas'ring, as he lay,  
The ground with's bulke : his mourning soule does twine, 655  
As 'twas his'd out, about his masters shrine.

The angry pooles of *Lerna*, neere o of kin,  
And Nymphs, that us'd with floures to strew his skin,  
p *Nemén* o're which he'ad crawl'd, the Gods of all  
The groves, and Faunes, (their reeds q brook) wept his fall. 660  
Nay r *Jove* from *Etna's* forge had arm'd his hand,  
And winter stormes were gather'd o're the land ;  
But that, (the God not s ceas'd yet,) *Capaneus* is  
Reserv'd to merit greater plagues then this.  
Yet blasts of lightning glanced up and downe, 665  
And t sing'd the top of's helmet on his crowne.

And now th' unhappy *Lemnian* wandring over  
The field, freed from the serpent, does discover  
Upon a distant hillocke, how the grasse 670  
With sprinkled drops of blood discolour'd was.  
Hither with bitter moanes she bends her pace,  
Raging, and sees the mischief ; on the place  
Of guilt, she fells like lightning : neither words  
Nor tea res at first, that fatall sight affords.  
But onely doubling wretched kisses, she  
Fals on him, seeking where his soul did flee  
From his warme limbs : Nor's u face, nor's breast appear  
I'th' place ; his skin's torne ; all his bones lie bare :  
With springing shoures of blood his joynts are drown'd ;  
And all his body's one continued wound. 680

So when a crows nest, and her young ones, laid  
In a broad oake, by a serpent are destroy'd.  
The hen returnes, and wondring she don't hear  
Their cawking noise, sits tittering or'e for fear,  
And lets the meat she brought fall from her bill,

o Either because the *Hydra* was like him, or perhaps his progenitor.  
p Where he was bred and lived. q A token of their sad laments ; reeds  
betokening either their garlands or pipes, for both were made of them.  
r To revenge the serpent which implored his aid before. s As after-  
wards, when for his Atheisme he was thunder-struck. t By which he  
was tickled out for a Sacrifice. u Being bruised together by the ser-

Since onely bloud, and scatter'd downe does fill  
Her plunder'd bower. When the poor wretch, dismay'd,  
Within her lap his mangled limbs had laid,  
And wrapt them in her locks : Her voice at last  
690 Broke loose from greif, and found a way : Her wast  
Of sighes dissolv'd to words : Oh thou that doest  
Breake the faire image of the sons I lost  
A *chemorus* ! thou comfort of my state,  
And Country left ! Grace, to my captiv'd Fate !  
695 What guilty gods extinguish'd thee, my joy ?  
Whom I left sporting when I went away,  
And tumbling on the grasse ? Ah ! where are found  
Thy star-like eyes, now, and the tongue-tied sound  
Of thy halfe words ? Thy smiles, and murmurs soft,  
700 Which onely I could understand ? how oft,  
Lemnos, and *Argos* heard'st thou me recite ?  
And with sad lullabies thy sleep invite ?  
Thus I cheer'd up my griefe, suckling this child  
As 'twere mine owne : But now his mouth is fill'd  
705 With showres of milke in vaine, which trickle downe  
Upon his w wounds. Now, now, the gods are x knowne,  
Oh my presaging dreames, and nightly fears !  
*Venus* at no time unreveng'd appears  
I'th' darke, to my affrighted sense. But why  
710 Accuse I heaven ? Why, ready now to dye  
Fear I to tell the truth ? 'Twas I alone  
Expos'd thy life. What madness seis'd upon  
My soul ? Could such a care be so forgot ?  
Whilst I proud foole, report my Countries lot,  
And mine owne fame ; *Lemnas*, thy y sin I act :  
715 'Twas wondrous piety sure ! Captaines, direct  
Me to the fatall snake : If thanks be due  
For my unlucky z merit ; or if you

w Either flowing back out of his mouth, or his face it selfe, being  
likewise wounded. x Fore-warning her : or rather commanding  
generall guilt upon the *Lemnians*, as *Polix* informed them. y In mur-  
dering the babe. z In discovering water to them, whilst she lost the



Honour my words. Or else dispatch me here ;  
 Left my offensive person should appear  
 To my sad *a* Princes, and *Euridice* 720  
 Bereft. Although in sorrowes combate, she  
 Can hardly overcome me. Shall I go  
 To her, and this unwelcome burthen throw  
 Into her lap ? Earth sinke me first below  
 The Center. With these words, she dawbs her brow.  
 With dust and bloud : And rouses at feet o'th' *b* Kings,  
 Imputing close, to their griev'd souls, the *c* springs.  
 And now the *d* royall Priest, *Lycurgus* hears  
 The news, which fills him, and the house with tears.  
 From the *Persean* mountaines *e* sacred top 725  
 He came ; flasht inwards there, he'ad offer'd up  
 To threatning *Jove*, and shaking's head return'd  
 From th' Altar, where the speckled intrals burn'd.  
 Here he secur'd himselfe from *Gracian* wars :  
 The Temple stop'd him, though not free from cares. 735  
 Nor were the gods oraculous replies,  
 And old advice forgot : a voice did rise  
 From th' sacred *f* vault : *g* Thy bloud, *Lycurgus* shall  
 Toth' *Gracian* wars bring the first funerall.  
 This frights him ; since Wars Charriot rak'd the ground, 740  
 He's sad, and startles at the trumpets found :  
 Yet *h* envies the Armes mark'd out for ruine, See  
 The faith of *i* heav'n ! Guarded *Hipsipyle*  
 Brings the torne carkasse forth ; and meets the Mother  
 Who brought a traine of howling Matrons with her. 745  
 But stout *Lycurgus*'s dull piety forbears ;  
 He's better sp'rited ; rage drunke up his tears :  
 And meas'ring with long steps the plaines, he cries :  
 Where's she, that does losse of my blood despise,

*a* *Lycurgus* and *Euridice* whose servant now she was. *b* As all the  
 Generals were called. *c* *Langia*, the guidance to which begot this mis-  
 chief. *d* King of the Country and Priest to *Jupiter*. *e* Where *Joves*  
 Temple stood. *f* Where the Oracle was delivered. *g* Which he inter-  
 preting of himselfe, found it accomplished in his son. *h* Being deli-  
 cious to accompany them if the Oracle had not forbidden it. *i* In per-

750 Or joys in't ? Breaths she still ? Companions take her,  
 And drag her quickly hither : I will make her  
 Forget her *Lemnian* tale, and fire belied,  
 And sacred stock, which bolsters up her pride.  
 Then he rush'd on ; and snatch'd a sword in's rage  
 755 To run her through : But *Tydeus* does ingage  
 With's shield against his brest ; and gnashing cries,  
 Stop, Mad-man, stop thy furious enterprize,  
 Who e're thou art : Nor *Capaneus* is slack,  
 Nor fierce *Hipomedon*, with's sword *k* drawn back,  
 760 Nor *Arcas* with a forward thrust. His eyes  
 Dazled with her bright armes. Then's servants rise  
 To aid their King. *Adrastus*, in the rout,  
 More calmely, and *Amphiarauus*, out  
 Of reverence to his partners *m* garland, cries ;  
 765 Forbear I pray, and sheath your swords : there is,  
 One *n* Grandfires blood, which makes us all of kin :  
 Don't cherish fury thus : Do thou *o* begin.  
 But *Tydeus*, discompos'd still, thus replies ;  
 Dar'st thou, upon thy sons tombe sacrifice  
 770 The *Gracians* guide and their preserver ; while  
*p* Ungratefull they looke on ? (what *q* fun'rall pile  
 Avenging by't ! ) A Kingdome is her due ;  
 Her father *Thous* : from *r* bright *Evan* too  
 Her stocks deriv'd. Wil't not content thy pride,  
 775 That all thy Country-men take armes beside ?  
 Thou onely, 'mongst the raging troops, hast peace ?  
 But hug it till : Oh may victorious *Greece*  
 Find thee, lamenting still thy fate, o're's urne.  
 This said ; He breaking's anger does returne  
 780 More modestly : I did not thinke, that you  
 Marching to race the *Thebane* bulwarks, drew

*k* To make a violent thrust as fencers use. *i* *Parthenopæus* named  
 from *Arymanthus* the *Arcadian* mount where he was bred. *m* Which  
 one wore as Priest to *Jupiter*, the other as Prophet to *Apollo*. *n* *Perseus*  
 whence all the petty Kings of *Greece*, united then, were sprung. *o* *Tydeus*,  
 whom *Adrastus* had most power to command. *p* Being larely  
 Grieved by the loss of his son. *q* Rushing undervaluing his losse. *r* As *Bacchus* did

In enemies force on us : Go on, destroy  
 Your brethren ; (if you thinke it such a joy :)  
 Reason your armes at home : Let impious fires  
 For, what \* offence has past ?) consume the spires  
 Of *Jove*, in *s* vaine long worship'd. I conceiv'd,  
 A Prince and Master, when so justly griev'd,  
 Had power o're's servant : But heav'n's Soveraigne  
 Sees this ; he sees, and's anger does remaine  
 Sure though't be late : This spoke ; he looks about  
 Both Towne, where war had rais'd another rout.  
 Fresh fame outstrips the horse-mens speed, and brings  
 A double tumult upon both her wings.  
 Report flies up and downe, *Hypsipiles* led  
 To execution, and by this time dead.  
 'Tis soon \* beleiv'd : nor will they stop their anger,  
 But fire and sword, their houses straight indanger.  
 They'll overthrow the Kingdome, and subdue  
 Captiv'd *Lycurg's*, with *Jove*, and's Altars too :  
 The women shrikes the Ecchoing houses here,  
 And *u* grief inverted turnes its back to fear.  
 But high *Adrastus*, in's swift Chariot, flies  
 Th' mid't o'th' troops, and shewes before their eyes  
*Thoantis*, carried with him : crying thus :  
 Hold, hold, here's nothing done that's barbarous.  
*Lycurgus* no such ruine has deserv'd ;  
 Behold, the foundresse of our streame's preserv'd.  
 So when on this side th' East, and Northerne wind,  
 On that, the gloomy Southerne are combin'd  
 To vex the Seas, with divers stormes ; the day  
 Is banish't, and darke winter bears the sway :  
 Mounted on's steed comes *Neptune* o're the Maine,

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A double & Triton swims with's froathy raine :  
 But when the falling waves his signall heare,  
 815 *y* *Thetis* lookes smooth, the hills, and shoares appeare.  
 What God, in pity to their funerall grieve,  
 Prosper'd their vows so much ? and did relieve  
*Hypsipiles* tears, with joys past expectation ?  
 Thou father & *Evan*, founder of the Nation,  
 820 Didst bring to *Nemea*, from the *Lemnian* strand,  
 The *a* two young Brethren, and strange fate command.  
 They sought their mother then, and did resort  
 Unto *Lycurgus's* hospitable Court :  
 When the sad messenger came in, to tell  
 825 The King, how's son byth' stroake o'th' Serpent fell.  
 They therefore troop along : (Oh chance ! how dim  
 Mens souls are to fore-see ! ) and favour him.  
 But when the sound of *Lemnos* strooke their ears,  
 And *Thoas's* name, they rush through swords and spears ;  
 830 And weeping, both with greedy armes infold  
 Their mother, where they 'xchange each others soul.  
 She like a rock stands with fixt eyes unmov'd,  
 And dares not *b* trust the Gods, which she had prov'd.  
 But when their face, and th' *c* *Argo's* flampe she notes  
 835 On their forsaken swords ; and on their coates,  
*d* *Jason's* imbroider'd picture : sighes depart ;  
 So great a present does or'echarge her heart,  
 And downe she sinkes : then were her eyes bedew'd  
 With other tears. Signes from the *e* sky were shew'd :  
 840 And whilst the joyfull crowd their shouts do reare,  
*f* *Bacchus* his drums and trumpets rend the aire.  
*Oiclides* then, when first their rage did breake  
 To silence, and he might be heard to speake,  
 Begins : Thou *Neman* ruler, and the rest

& Either harnessed double in his wary Chariot, or double shape  
 halfe horse, halfe fish. *y* The Sea-Nymph, daughter to *Nereus*,  
 for the Sea. & *Bacchus* from whom *Thoas* sprung. *a* *Hypsipiles* two sons  
 for whose safety she was so solicitous before. *b* Doubting the truth of  
 what she saw. *c* Impressed upon their Armes. *d* Left them for a m  
 moriall of their father. *e* Which seconded the joy of the car

\* Which might demerit at *Joves* hand : This Parenthesis is to be re-  
 ferred to what followes. *Si vilem tanti premere, &c.* ——. *s* Who  
 either saved his son nor protected him. *t* One in the City, the o-  
 ther in the fields where *Lycurgus* was. \* By the *Gracian* army quar-  
 tering in the towne, who mutinied upon the news. *u* Conceived be-  
 fore the death of *Archemorus*, flies now at the fear of war, on *Hibris*

The Peeres of *Greci*, hear what is plaine exprest  
By *g* constant *Phœb*: this grief of late pursues  
The *Græcian* Armes; the Destinies do use  
To *h* winding paths now. Thirst does first destroy  
The river, then the deadly snake, and boy.

*Archemorus*, nam'd from our fate: All this  
By heav'n's supream decrees appointed is.

Take off your edge: Quick armes must be delaid:

This infant must have lasting honours paid,

To's merit: Let *k* couragious hands appease

This Ghost with faire oblations. Might it please

*Apollo* to beget more stops, and fright

Our tropps with new mischances from the fight!

Still may the thought of fata!l *Thybes* abate!

But happy *m* you, that have out-strip't the fate

Of your great Parents: hence, shall ages tell

Your everlasting name, whilst waters dwell

In *Lernæ* pool, and *Inachus* shall flow,

And *Nemææ* shades dance on the fields below:

Let not prophaning teares be shed upon

This sacred tombe, doe not the Gods bemone:

He is inroll'd a God: Nor would he rather

Enjoy the fate of *n* *Nestors* age, or gather

The long experience of *o* *Phrygian* years.

He ends, and night heav'n's sable mantle weares.

*g* Who forbade this war, by this Prophet: Lib. 3. *h* Being constant

on occasions of sorrow. *i* ἀρχὴν ὀνείδου: For his death foretold his de-

struction. *k* By the solemn games offered to his memory, in the next

booke. *l* Which he knew would be destructive to all the Army. *m* His

parents which lived to see their off spring deified, which none of their

predecessours did before them. *n* Whose three ages are famous. *o* El-

der *Priamus*'s, who lived to see Troy sack'd, or rather *Tithonus*'s *Auro-*

us beloved, who lived to be so waste with age, that they feigned him

at last to be converted into a grasshopper.

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